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# HAMPTON

AND

# RECONSTRUCTION

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BY

EDWARD L. WELLS

Author of "Hampton and His Cavalry in '64"

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"A Heart to resolve, a Head to contrive, and a Hand to execute."---*Gibbon.*

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1907

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## PREFACE

I venture to ask a favor of the reader—that he do what I myself often shirk, it must be confessed—read this preface.

You would naturally infer from the title of this volume that it is the biography in part of a man whose career was very remarkable. So it is, but it is also—or is intended to be—something more. You may be inclined, at the first glance, to suppose that it can possess no interest for the present generation except as “ancient history.” If you will read the narrative, I think that you will find this first impression an error. This sketch is part of the biography of a people, the American people, at a most important period of its life. The past is the parent of the present and of the future of a people’s life, as it is with every man’s life. Hereditary inclinations, good and evil, influence a people’s career just as they influence that of an individual, and they should be equally subject to the guidance and restraint that experience imposes through conscience. Although this is an account of events happening many years ago, yet the causes producing them, at present in the background, are as full of vitality now as then—they are sleeping lions. Where treasure is, near at hand will always be lurking thieves. Because you may be sailing on summer-seas, free of care and with no thought of tempests, you do not doubt that the ocean, now so harmless-looking, will some time or other be lashed into angry waves mountain-high by blasts at present slumbering in the caves of the winds. So will the demon of storms reappear from time to time in your political summer-seas. You cannot prevent this by ignoring it, but you can save yourself from shipwreck by profiting by the experience of others. The miseries of Reconstruction were rendered possible only by the subversion of representative government—“the consent of the governed”—without which all government is simply despotism, however disguised. This thing can never again take place at the South under the same pretext—the negro—for that humbug has been exploded by the unanswerable logic of the

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*reductio ad absurdum*. But wily, unscrupulous politicians, hungering for plunder, will sooner or later manufacture other pretexts to "fool the people." Next time the North or West may become the scene of such planned wholesale burglary. When that time comes, the afflicted section will sorely need a political heir of the qualities of Hampton, and also sorely stand in need of the experience taught to the Southern people by their affliction.

It may perhaps be said that, granting all so far, the account of this period should be written only by one who has grown to manhood since its close, for he would write in a more "judicial spirit," as the phrase is, than an older man. But this view seems to me wrong, and a little reflection will convince anyone of its error. The keen interest that animates an observer of contemporary events stamps on his mind exact impressions of facts, and these impressions are durable as brass. If he be fairly intelligent and educated, and becomes an earnest, conscientious, lifelong student of the subjects involved with the facts graven on his mind, he is likely to arrive at approximately correct conclusions. On the other hand, a mere academician, cold, unimpassioned, totally inexperienced in the heartbeat of sympathy evoked by the personal sight of human misery, of "the agony and bloody sweat" of his fellowman, who undertakes to gather materials and impressions from lifeless, moldy volumes, nine-tenths of the contents of which consist of *ex parte* testimony from the side that was the stronger in numbers, is like an artist attempting to make a faithful portrait of a dead stranger by glancing at his corpse; or, rather, like a surgeon dissecting a cadaver and assuming to analyze and set down on paper all the glorious characteristics that the immortal soul, which formerly inhabited that now senseless clay, may have possessed. But when he who has been a personal observer of "times that tried men's souls" becomes conscious that he is an old man, standing on the verge of the grave, very well aware that he must soon render a truthful account of his stewardship, he finds that his own vain aspirations, animosities and prejudices fade away into nothingness, but that the noble, unalterable principles of right, the basic elements of the social compact,



loom up before his eyes in all their vast proportions. That man will not—dare not—misrepresent.

The responsibility for Reconstruction as carried out has been, so far as I know, ascribed only to negroes and carpet-baggers or to the refractory spirit of the South, unwilling to accept the legitimate results of the war. But neither of these had anything whatever to do with it except as deaf, dumb, blind instruments in other hands. It was not the outgrowth of racial antagonism, nor was it a war legacy. The cause was but the pirate's instinct of a few, deluding the many, to wreck the ship of state in order to plunder the cargo and rob the passengers; and this could be accomplished only by murdering the pilot, representative government. How and by whom the murderous dagger was used will be made clear by these pages. It will also be made clear how the State's resurrection from the grave was brought about by Wade Hampton, and that in the pacification of the entire country, in the restoration of fraternal feeling, no man's handiwork was so widely beneficent as his; that he was in the truest, most patriotic, most exalted, and most all-embracing sense of the term, a Union man.

E. L. W.



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## CHAPTER FIRST

### FAMILY, EARLY LIFE—CHARACTERISTICS—SECESSION

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful and in honor clear;  
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.

—Pope.

Wade Hampton, the subject of this memoir, was born on March 28, 1818.

Before attempting to describe his personal characteristics, as exemplified by his career, or his individual antecedents, it is necessary, for a proper understanding of the man, to examine into his ancestry. This is not done here in the narrow spirit of the "family-dendrologist," for nothing is more worthless by itself

Than a successive title, long and dark,  
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark,

but because, like all others of the human race, he was the necessary product of hereditary traits far more than of the evolution of environment. His irrepressible instinct, as a soldier, to join in "freedom's battle once begun": his undying belief in representative government, so that "Give me liberty, or give me death" did not express to him merely a burst of fiery eloquence, but contained a solemn, sober conviction; these were as much parts of his natural self by inheritance as were the clear, calm, well-balanced mind, and amiable disposition, the exalted moral nature, and the magnificent physique, which he possessed.

Hampton first saw the light in his mother's former maiden-home in Charleston, S. C., where the mingled blood of Saxon and Celt, of Briton and Huguenot, had built up a civilization and culture inferior to none in America, or anywhere in the mother countries. But on his paternal side he came of that sturdy stock, large and vigorous in frame, active in mind and body, brave men, and true women, the Virginians, who did such patient work and gallant deeds in winning empire

from the wilderness, in extending the boundaries of the United States from the Atlantic over the Appalachian barrier, across the Mississippi, tapping the Rockies, through the treeless deserts, and planting the flag of their country on the shores of the Pacific, and spanning the territory from Canada to the Rio Grande, wherever they went carrying with them the principle of representative government and manly, generous honor.

Anthony Hampton, the great-grandfather of our Wade Hampton, was among the first settlers from Virginia in the frontier of what was then the English colony of South Carolina, locating his family on Tiger River in what is now Spartanburg County. In 1776 the British allied themselves with the Indians against their own flesh and blood, and, as a strategical measure, in connection with the attack on Charleston delivered by their army on Sullivan's Island, thundered by their fleet at Fort Moultrie, let loose the savages to ravage and murder in the frontier settlements, where cruel misery was thus produced. Anthony Hampton, and Mrs. Hampton, as well as one son, Preston by name, and an infant grandchild, were butchered, the other sons being absent from home and thus escaping the fate of parents and brother. Wade Hampton, the grandfather of our Hampton, was serving with the army defending Charleston at its capitulation in 1780, and was paroled and took "protection." It was not long, however, before the terms, to which the British stipulated to adhere in accepting these paroles, were violated by them, and this the Americans correctly considered as releasing them from their promise, on the legal and moral ground that a contract broken by one side operates as a release to the other from obligation under it. So Wade Hampton again drew his sword in the American cause, and was to be found from that time foremost among the militia in the interior operating against the British. They, in spite of having been the first to annul by non-observance the contract of surrender, did not in theory recognize the right of the paroled to resume their arms, and killed many of them, when captured, without even the formality of a drum-head court-martial, but the Americans took care to pay back the debt



thus created in similar coin, which kept this practice within certain bounds. Hayne thus fell a victim at the hands of the British. But it imparted a character of ferocity and desperation to the contest, and a general exasperation, which served to bring good hard fighters to the ranks of the "Rebels," and thus proved indirectly a benefit in the end. The Hessians, hired by the English to subdue the Americans, were given almost free license to plunder friend as well as foe, and this, too, had a happy effect on enlistments. But, besides this, an organized system was put into effect by which the property of "Rebels" was divided up among the British regiments like piratical booty, the officers receiving according to rank, and the privates their pro rata share, nor were they at all particular to inquire whether the belongings of the Americans thus pillaged under general orders did not belong to the "loyal." So this, also, proved a most excellent recruiter for the "Rebels" and sharpened their swords mightily. The people formed militia, and partizan bands continually attacking and cutting the British lines of communication from the coast with the garrisons, which they tried to maintain in the interior, destroying convoys as well as posts, and injuring them in all possible ways, dispersing, when hard pressed by too great numbers, but always to assemble anew, and strike again and again. They possessed advantages in being better acquainted with the topography of the thickly wooded country, and were much abler horsemen than their antagonists, and very deadly with the rifle at a range at which the smooth-bore musket of the regular "shot wild," and comparatively harmlessly. These militia and partizan bands were of a very much higher class in military efficiency than would usually be understood by the title. The colony of South Carolina had been, from its commencement, a foster-child of the wilderness, and a step-daughter of the Mother Country. Separated from the northern colonies by interminable miles of trackless forest, and cut off by sea at Hatteras, the reputed hotbed of tempests: with three thousand miles and more of ocean dividing her from the parent, who at best looked upon her as a hewer of wood and drawer of water to administer to her "sheltered lives": the

colony found it necessary to rely upon herself for protection against the Indian at her doors, and the fierce relentless Spaniard lurking ever watchful to the southward. So an effective militia system had been the result—not mere effeminate “trained bands”—and it has left a permanent impress upon the people “to the manner born,” which is apparent even today. It was these militia and partizan bands that practically reconquered the State from the British, with scant support from anywhere but from North Carolina and Georgia, and who, by this, and its indirect consequences did very much to gain the independence of the thirteen States. They saw vastly more service than did the Continentals, who did not possess the same spirit and endurance.

It was in this school of war that the elder Wade Hampton first learned and then taught. In proportion to the numbers engaged, the losses sustained and inflicted there make warfare of the present day, with huge masses of troops of all arms and enormous amounts of ammunition expended at long range, and a fearful hurly-burly of sound, with but small percentage of casualties, look tame. In South Carolina there were during the war recorded one hundred and thirty-seven engagements. It was here, too, that he learned, from object lessons burned into the soul, not from academic discussions, the far more important but correlated lesson of the inestimable value of representative government; that it was not a matter, as the cynic says, of indifference who rules, but of paramount importance. He had seen his aged parents, and brother, butchered by allies operating under the orders of the British: he had witnessed the nation, which had rejected for themselves, by the expulsion of James, the dogma of

The right divine of kings to govern wrong,

endeavoring to impose upon his own people this exploded fallacy grotesquely inappropriate to the surroundings, and the halter and fire and sword and pillage chartered to perpetuate it on the virgin soil of his country. All this was a ten thousand times more efficient mode of teaching the value

of representative government than could be had in a century of post-graduate courses in the best of modern universities. Heart and brain charged full of convictions thus acquired were transmitted in proportionate intensity to the grandson of the elder Wade.

Of Wade Hampton, the Revolutionary hero, we hear in 1781, as abandoning all his property to the British and Tories, and raising a Regiment of Cavalry for service under General Sumter. Just before this, he had been arrested by the British and was being taken to prison by a party of twelve men, when he wrenched away from two of them their muskets, and effected his escape. He notably, from this time, figures in the hot fights continually raging. He was with Sumter on his expedition in Rawdon's rear in the neighborhood of Charleston, sweeping up the enemy's detachments and breaking up his power. Hampton, with his own command and some other troops, performed the exploit of penetrating to the Quarter-house within four miles of Charleston—nearer than anyone had gone since the surrender—and capturing there after some resistance the entire guard, and taking them along as prisoners, leisurely withdrawing. After the completion of this expedition to the low-country, Hampton was left in command of Sumter's Brigade until the arrival of a ranking officer.

At the important battle of Eutaw Springs Hampton commanded Sumter's Brigade after the wounding of his ranking officer. He performed signal service at a very critical juncture against the enemy's right flank, thereby saving the day for the American army, and also later covered Greene's withdrawal by a brilliant and successful charge. He was in fact the hero of the day. He had now become one of the most famous, trusted, and successful of the American leaders. Of the Legislature convened in January, 1783, he was a prominent member. That was an assemblage remarkable, in that almost every representative had earned a title to legislate for his country, not by the arts of the politician, but by the achievements of the soldier in defense of the government of the people. After the war he served one term in Congress, from 1803-5. On the apprehension of war with England in



1808, he went to New Orleans as colonel, U. S. A., and in 1813 was made major-general, operating on the Canadian frontier.

After the war Hampton's sword, turned into a ploughshare, became to his country an even more beneficent instrument of peace than it had been conspicuously a safeguard on the battlefield. He was one of the first—probably the very first—to have the foresight to grasp the idea of the paramount importance of cotton to his own section, and to the world at large, and planted it on a very extensive scale. If he who makes two ears of corn grow where one had grown before is entitled to the gratitude of mankind in a greater degree than the foremost "statesmen," what shall we say of the man, and

Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing  
The source wherefrom doth spring  
That mighty commerce which, confined  
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,  
Goes out to every shore  
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships  
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips  
In alien lands;  
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;  
And gladdening rich and poor,  
Doth glid Parisian domes,  
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,  
And only bounds its blessings by mankind!

At his death he left a large fortune, and rich estates in Mississippi and Louisiana, as well as in South Carolina. He was a man of strong individuality and will; one destined to make his mark anywhere. But he seems also to have taken in all matters peculiarly broad, liberal views, uninfluenced by prejudice. It is related of him on good authority that on one occasion, when political feeling was running high, he astonished people by voting for a party-opponent for an office in an educational institution, on the ground that the candidate was the best fitted for the duties of the place, and that the character of the studies pertaining to the chair was entirely outside the realm of politics.

His son, Wade Hampton, in his youth was an officer of dragoons in the United States army, and served with distinction at the battle of New Orleans on the staff of Jackson, as inspector-general. He therefore prominently associated

his name for all time with the most remarkable battle, taken all in all, of which there exist authentic records. There are others looming through the mists of time, the vague reports of which are as mythical as Homeric legends, which might perhaps stand some comparison with it if the accounts of them were true and unexaggerated, but such cannot be assumed to be the case, whereas the facts of New Orleans are definite and undisputed.

After Napoleon was shut up in Elba, the English nation had a breathing spell and leisure to give undivided attention to their war against the United States, and they put forth strong efforts in that direction. Among other things, an expedition was fitted out to capture New Orleans, and thus wrest from the United States, and permanently hold either for herself or Spain, the vast region of which the Mississippi was the only line of transportation and New Orleans the sole outlet before the introduction of railways. Their fleet consisted of one man-of-war carrying eighty guns, five carrying seventy-four each, five of somewhat lesser armament, fourteen other men-of-war and gunboats, manned by 10,000 sailors, and a large number of transports and schooners. These war-vessels were commanded by the elite of the British navy. The army, numbering over 10,000 men, was made up almost entirely from the flower of Wellington's Spanish veterans, commanded by his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Pakenham, also a Peninsula hero, who led the storming party at Badajoz and the splendid charge at Salamanca, for which latter exploit he received knighthood. The three generals next in rank had, too, brilliant war records. A number of civil officials were also brought along to administer the country, which they counted upon conquering.

Jackson had, at first, to oppose this formidable array but 700 United States Regulars and about 1,000 State militia, which was all that the general government was able to supply him with after putting Commodore Patterson in charge of the naval defenses and river forts—which were antiquated and weak—and two armed schooners and five smaller boats. But Jackson set about in earnest raising troops through his personal influence and the prestige which his name had

acquired, assuring the inhabitants that "no British soldier should enter the city, save as prisoner, except over his dead body," and all knew that this meant sober truth, not boasting. Fortunately the Creoles, at that time none too friendly to the United States, were eager to fight their hereditary foemen, the English, and therefore all the local organizations responded with great alacrity to the call to arms. There were even some companies of quadroons, numbering in all 330 men, which volunteered, and were assigned to duty. The negroes seemed to be imbued with almost as much enthusiasm as the whites, and did effective service with the spade on the defenses. But Jackson's chief reliance was on his old comrades, the riflemen from Tennessee and Kentucky, whom he was energetically hurrying forward to give him indispensable reinforcements.

Jackson reached the city of New Orleans on December 2, 1814. The English effected their first advance and developed their plans on December 23 by getting into position a portion of their force on a plantation on the river a few miles below the city, where Pakenham came on the following day with the greater part of the remainder of his command. Jackson established his outer line behind a canal and embankment confronting his enemy, and about three miles distant from the city, with his right flank on the river and his left resting on an impenetrable swamp. He worked night and day to strengthen his position with the spade, and to get guns into place, besides putting one battery, supported by 800 men, on the other side of the river to enfilade an attacking column, and to cover his own right flank.

It will be remembered that on this very 24th day of December peace had been signed, unknown in America, and, therefore, if the cable had then existed, the life of many a brave man would have been spared and the British arms saved from a memorable defeat.

But it will not do to say that the battle of New Orleans, unknowingly fought after the treaty of peace had been signed, was for that reason a fruitless slaughter, for unless there had been a decisive American victory in Louisiana the English would not have been willing to relinquish possession of the



territory on the right bank of the Mississippi. The veiled expressions of their commissioners at Ghent before signing the treaty, dissenting from Napoleon's construction of international law, meant this—meant that they did not recognize the validity of Napoleon's transfer of Louisiana to the United States. So our country is indebted to Jefferson for that vast vaguely defined empire then termed Louisiana, which has been the means of our breaking from what would have been our prison-pen on the east of the river, and of our legitimate expansion to the Pacific ocean and from Mexico to the lands on the north of the continent now temporarily held by England in trust for us—which will eventually be ours. True, but what does it owe to Jackson for safeguarding those countless States which were to be born from that prolific mother—for causing the title-deed to the land in fee simple to be signed in the blood of the invader? And in this grand transaction in history-making the name of a Hampton is associated, the one from whom the great soldier and pacificator derived his being.

After some skirmishing, and much artillery fire, the real action came off on January 8, 1815, over a fortnight after the treaty of peace had been signed. The British were throughout overmatched in the previous artillery fighting, which seems unaccountable, for they could have brought up, in addition to those attached to the army, a far superior force in guns and gunners from the fleet, which, equally unaccountably, made no serious demonstration to coöperate with the land forces, nor itself, to capture the city.

Jackson's force equaled about 4,000 men, of which 800 were on the western bank of the river, which probably included not only those in the actual firing line, but nearly every efficient man that he had. Pakenham had his 10,000 men, of which he detached about 1,000 to cross the river and silence the battery there, and drive away its supports, which was easily accomplished, but too late to help the main attack. He then attacked with 6,000 men, holding the rest in reserve, for the purpose of storming Jackson's line. But he only converted the field in front of the Americans into a slaughter-pen for his own troops. It was the old, old story of English

physical pluck undirected by military skill—a frontal attack in mass over open ground against a resolute fire of “straight-shooters” behind cover. They came on in close order, in a beautiful red column, spick-and-span in uniforms and accoutrements, armed mostly with the comparatively harmless smooth-bore musket, and went down like sheep before the famous rifles of the Western frontiersmen. In twenty-five minutes by the clock Pakenham was a dead man, his two generals next in rank wounded, one mortally, and his troops—what was left of them—in pell mell retreat covered by the reserves. The English acknowledged a loss of 1,929 killed and wounded, but the Americans put it at 2,600, besides 500 prisoners, the discrepancy consisting probably in the counting by the British of only the badly wounded, whilst we counted all put *hors de combat* and prisoners. The American loss was exactly eight killed and thirteen wounded. Some writers—and among them very recent ones—put down the British losses at over 3,000 killed and wounded, but there is no dispute about the number of American casualties as above given. The two British West Indian regiments were “no good” either in fighting or endurance. They were composed in part of negroes.

This battle ended the campaign. The British withdrew to their ships and embarked for home. Reaching there they found Europe again ablaze, Napoleon escaped from Elba. Many of them were sent to Belgium and took part in the Battle of Waterloo.

The unique features of this battle were that it was fought more than a fortnight after peace; that a force of regulars, the flower of the British army (save two partially negro regiments from the West Indies) 10,000 strong, attacked 4,000 militia and heterogenous nondescripts, say with odds of two and a half to one, or, counting only the attacking column actually engaged, exclusive of reserves, one and a half to one; that the enemy lost, by their own count, of the troops engaged, 33 per cent., and by our count about 52 per cent., and that the American casualties were in all twenty-one men, or about half of one per cent. But Jackson had only 3,200 men on the east side of the river against Paken-

ham's 9,000. Other remarkable circumstances attending this movement are: why the British did not act with their fleet against the city, nor make any serious demonstration against it, and why Pakenham blundered so egregiously in his operations, as he was not a "tin soldier," but accounted a good one. Perhaps this latter was caused by his inexperience in a separate command. Another strange thing is that the expedition, so ambitiously prepared for a great object, should have been abandoned so lightly, with the fleet intact and a land force remaining still nearly double that of Jackson. In point of fact, the American infantry actually engaged on the east side of the river did not exceed 1,600.

Whatever honest differences of opinion there may be as to Jackson's qualifications for a political career, we do not think that there can be any doubt about his place among the world's greatest commanders. Unquestionably, a man in whom the military instinct predominates may be very dangerous in civil life, but, all the same, he may also be a weapon of inestimable value to the people in time of war. It has been given, indeed, to very few possessing military genius to unite with it unswerving obedience to the vital principles of representative government—among those few was the subject of this memoir. During Jackson's campaign in Louisiana, his tactics—taking into consideration his inferior numbers and the heterogenous character of his force—were faultless. In his strategy there is only one point open to criticism, and on this it is provable that he was not in fault. It may be said that the provision on January 8th to cover his right flank from across the river was inadequate, and that the disaster which occurred there might have proved fatal if the enemy had vigorously pushed their advantage. But Jackson read his adversary aright. He correctly divined that Pakenham, already disheartened and bewildered as to the numerical strength of the Americans, which he greatly exaggerated, would not dare to separate his force by detaching a strong body to cross the river to turn his enemy's flank, but would—as English commanders still usually persist in doing—make a frontal attack, a head-on rush. Meantime Jackson had sent a detachment across the river sufficient to hold the position,



and that this was not done was not his fault. The greatest of generals may have his plans foiled through failure of subordinates to obey orders, as happened to Jackson at New Orleans, and to Lee at Gettysburg and at many another battle.

After the battle Hampton was sent by Jackson as bearer of dispatches to President Madison at Washington, who thus first received the news. Inspired by the thought of conveying to his countrymen the glorious report of such a victory, which he knew would ring like a bugle-blast throughout the land, giving fresh courage to friends much in need of it, for the rest of the war on land had been far from glorious, and was only redeemed by the splendid achievements on the ocean; and unaware, as all were, that peace had been arranged, he sprang without a moment's delay into the saddle and galloped forth on a ride of about seven hundred and fifty miles to Columbia, S. C., and thence to Washington. Three hundred miles of this distance were through uninhabited country and swamps, where he must carry on saddle forage for horse and food for himself—if he ever thought of the latter. He took the shortest practicable route, regardless of obstacles, plunging in on horse and swimming the rivers where bridgeless. One day it was impossible to make over seven miles, owing to being obliged to swim streams swollen by floods, but he made the ride nevertheless in ten days and a half, which, counting the one day referred to as a *dies non*, would be an average of seventy-nine miles a day, including detentions by swimming rivers and otherwise. He rode the same animal during the entire journey, a magnificent thoroughbred, and brought him in entirely undistressed—"not a hair turned," so to speak—equally splendid horse and rider.

After the close of hostilities Hampton left the army and settled down upon his estates. His residence was at Millwood, some five miles from Columbia, but only the stately columns on the front of the mansion, and ruinous walls are left to remind one pathetically of the warm, open-hearted, unostentatious hospitality and happiness that once reigned there, for it was burnt by Sherman's troops in 1865. Hampton possessed large means, and was never so pleased as when

he could help along some one less fortunate than himself, or do a good turn to a friend. Kind-hearted above all things, with the natural, attractive manners of the well-bred, his home-circle drew toward it all that was best in the country, with a welcome accorded not because of a full bank account, or foolish fashion, but on individual worth. Here, too, was his private race-track, where he trained his thoroughbreds, of which he raised some of the finest in the country. Here, also, were "ancient oaks," and the fragrance and delicate beauty of the rose in every hue, queen of flowers in this, her most congenial realm, and all the other delights of country-life, in a climate, which made it most charming. At the large plantations in those days when a gentleman came to stay as a guest, to him was assigned a horse to suit him and a "boy," both to be his during his visit. He was left quite independently to his own ideas of enjoyment, not bored by being "entertained," nor obliged to be "agreeable," during the mornings, up to dinner-time. He could be with the family, or other visitors, or by himself, as he liked: could ride, shoot, fish, or sit in the sun and read, and smoke, always with the faithful "boy" at his bidding; or he was at liberty to follow beaux yeux to the rose-garden. The Colonel's negroes were fat and happy, as well they might be, where light work and kindly attention in health and sickness from infancy to old age, were as well an hereditary instinct as a recognized duty in the kind-hearted master. In politics he took no active part, but lived the life of a spotless, noble gentleman.

It was in this atmosphere that his eldest son, the subject of this biographical sketch, was reared. He could not have been born in one better adapted to develop his fine nature, and impart the friendly thoughts and ways and the gracious manner, which made him liked by acquaintances and loved by more than it has been granted to many men to be. There he learned to ride, as a duck does to swim, "and witch the world with noble horsemanship." His was riding, not the artificial mechanical product of riding master and sawdust, but of the lightness and grace so grateful to the eye, and making a heavyweight in pounds a burden easily and pleasantly carried by the horse. Natural hereditary aptitude,

life-long daily practice, and a sympathy with animals, which makes their minds and hearts your own, subject to the will without external sign or motion, such are what go to make up a perfect horseman. He rode with single rein and curb bit, wearing spurs with horizontal rowels. When a young man he was to take part in a militia parade in Charleston. His horse was brought to the door for him to mount, but the animal being young and fiery and excited by the surroundings, plunged and reared, so that it required three servants to lead him up, and he would not remain quiet long enough to enable Hampton to mount in the usual way. But he vaulted into the saddle without touching the stirrup, and before the excited creature knew it, was firmly seated. Cantering up the street a hundred yards or so, the horse and he had come to a perfect understanding—there is something in the sympathetic contact of the person, and the “feel of the mouth,” that convert the horse and the perfect rider into a centaur, no longer dual but animated by a common will—and as he turned and came “loping” back past the place where he had mounted he stooped gracefully, when at speed, and picked from the ground a glove which had been accidentally dropped when springing into the saddle. A friend turned to his father and said:

“Are not you afraid he will be hurt?”

“Not unless he ‘shucks’ his skin,” replied the Colonel, smiling.

On his Mississippi plantation before the war were often assembled hunting parties, as well as other guests. It was here that he was so famed as a bear hunter, and was the only one known who could, unassisted, put a dead bear on a horse to be carried home. On one occasion a young Englishman was his guest, a man of the class who are bred from boyhood to hunt across country, and he himself was a noted dare-devil rider, following the hounds through thick and thin. After the first day’s hunt was over he remarked to a fellow guest:

“There are few men in England who can ride with him,” indicating Hampton.



After the second day's hunt he said :

"There are not three men in England who can ride with him."

On the third evening he made no remark for a while, and then said quietly :

"There is only one man in England who can ride with him."

On the fourth night he sat after dinner silently and thoughtfully smoking his cigar in front of the generous chimney, where were blazing the huge yule logs cut from the adjacent forest. At length he jumped up, turned his coat-tails to the fire, and as he stood before it toasting that portion of the human form divine which most touches the saddle, exclaimed excitedly :

"By Jove! There is not a man in all England who can ride with him!"

Like many who have associated much with men in public life, or in social affairs, Hampton possessed the faculty, to a wonderful degree, of remembering faces and names, but he never forgot a horse once seen. Nor need it be one of high degree, for as his was the broad, genial, democratic temper of the true natural aristocrat with men, so it was with four-footed friends. It was believed that during the war he knew individually not only every private but every horse in his command, and certain it is, from the writer's own observation, that he frequently noticed when a trooper was riding some animal not his own, and would inquire the reason.

With a shotgun over dogs he was a capital and quick shot, noted far and wide, and a perfect sportsman. It is unusual for any one to be a past-master both with gun and rod, for they seem to require different temperaments, but he could throw a fly to attract from the depths the most fastidious of trout, salmon, and bass, and, once struck, they had but a poor chance ever to get away from that firm hand and those steady nerves.

After graduating at the South Carolina College, of which his father was a trustee, he studied law, but not with the view of practising it as a profession. Although before middle life much occupied with social and other duties, and agricultural cares, as well as field sports, he found time for reading, and

would thus pass many an agreeable evening that would otherwise have been lonely in the absence of guests in the cheerful light of the logs in his plantation home in Mississippi. So, when living friends were not within call, or when weather prevented looking after plantation matters, or enjoying the woods, and field sports, there would be the book-shelves containing, after all, the best friends a man ever has; who are cheerful with you in prosperity; considerate always, and never give the cold shoulder when luck is against one; ready to laugh, or to cry with you; never a bore by oversitting their time, but always coming promptly, when asked, to chat alone with you; so tactful and thoughtful, too, that they will unobtrusively whisper useful hints in your ear during the sleepless nights, and brace you up for the dreaded tomorrow; or in the trenches or on the charge, perhaps, when you feel *cui bono*, one of them will come to you in memory, button-hole you for a moment, remind you of some hero who has been made corporeal in song and story perhaps for a thousand years or more, or possibly within your personal recollection; and then, soon your comrades are saying, "That man would rather fight than eat!" but it is all the doing of your old friends, the books, and you are only hypnotized by them.

Once when Hampton was in the United States Senate at Washington, he was taking a stranger from California to introduce him to President Cleveland. On the way there, the conversation somehow fell upon the odes of Horace, and there arose a difference of opinion between them as to the correct quotation of a certain line. They afterwards settled their controversy—for, I believe, Mr. Cleveland declined the responsibility of referee on this Hague tribunal—by a copy of Horace, and it turned out that Hampton was right. On his return home, the Californian, who cultivated a vineyard as well as letters, sent to Hampton a cask of choice claret in graceful acknowledgment of having been in the wrong, and from personal knowledge the writer can testify that his taste in claret was good, if his recollection of the Latin poets might be now and then a little inaccurate.

Hampton was a splendid specimen externally of the genus homo. Standing just six feet in height, broad-shouldered,

deep-chested, well proportioned in waist, and narrow-hipped, with legs which, if he chose to close them in a grip, could make a horse groan with pain, he possessed an iron constitution, and great "muscular strength, gifts of nature and inheritance, never marred by any excess, and kept in vigor by habits of out-door exercise. Tobacco he used in no form, and wine or liquor very sparingly. Up to old age, and until for years his active habits had been at times interfered with by suffering from the results of his amputated leg, he never knew by personal acquaintance "that curs't hag, dyspepsia." And let no one flatter himself that he can achieve and maintain the position of a very great cavalry leader, whatever his other qualifications may be, unless he possesses, in large measure, such a constitution, and the endurance, mental and physical, which accompanies it. Many thousand lives were needlessly sacrificed in the war of 1861-65, many a critical position lost, or cause perhaps almost ruined, because, at "the time that tried men's souls," the *body* of the commander was unable properly to do its part of the work. I think I know of an infantry general of great eminence, one of the best militarily educated of the officers in the old army, a fine strategist and very able tactician, who ruined a campaign, which probably decided the result of the entire contest, because stomach complaint, become chronic, curtailed his personal activity, and, of course, reacted disastrously upon temper, nerves, and reasoning powers. Nor could any but an iron constitution have carried a statesman unruffled and calm, unsleepingly vigilant and energetic, through the political campaign of 1876.

Hampton, in eyes, complexion and hair was of the Saxon, not the brunette type, but not too markedly so. His eyes were large, and gray in color, but having a "suspicion" of blue, when in repose, and could be on occasion steel-gray. The troopers used to assert, and I think correctly, that they sometimes "snapped fire" when he was in action. Ordinarily in friendly intercourse, they had a frank, honest, open, kindly look, which at a glance carried conviction of truth, sincerity, and honor. During the war he wore a full beard, but afterwards only whiskers and mustache. His voice in conver-



sation, up to his death, had that smooth, flowing-water sound, which is supposed to be the gift of a mild climate usually free from atmospheric rasping influences, a voice which seeks out the hearer's heart, and yet possessed an undertone denoting the firmness of his character.

Though free from all undignified levity in social intercourse, he yet always was cheerful and genial and enjoyed a joke, and at times could perpetrate one. Though perhaps having been engaged in more single combats with sabre and pistol than any other officer in the army, and never hesitating to strike hard with his command, neither soft-handed in action with foe, nor hesitating to exact obedience and courage to the death from his men, yet, the battle over, his humanity and personal kindness to the wounded and prisoners of the enemy were a very marked characteristic; and not the life of a single one of his troopers was ever risked or paid out intentionally otherwise than thriftily, and for a larger equivalent in military value. As a consequence, he was beloved above all by his men, who considered "following Hampton" the greatest honor of their lives, and was held in almost as much esteem by his foes, and with them, as well as with friends, his intercourse was often marked by an amiable humorousness, which left a pleasant flavor behind it ever afterward.

Once during his Virginian campaigns, when scouting alone, which he was very much addicted to doing, he happened to come upon a single Federal soldier, who was bathing in a stream of water presumably secure from Confederates, and had left his clothes on the bank. Hampton covered him with his pistol, and summoned him to surrender, which he promptly did, and came ashore. Hampton could not help feeling amused at his woe-begone looks, all naked as the day he was born, and probably showed it good-naturedly, for the fellow put up a most piteous plea to be released. He asseverated, in the first place, that he served in the quartermaster department, and was therefore a non-combatant.

"And so, you know, General," said he, "I could not possibly have hurt any of your friends, but must, on the contrary, have supplied them with lots of nice captured things."

Moreover, he stated that he had just obtained a furlough,

and was going home to be married, and was taking a bath—most unprecedented proceeding for a soldier in the field—before starting. So Hampton could not stand his supplication any longer, and laughingly said :

“All right. You can go, then, for it is a fact that your department is very useful to us, and you do not look as if you could do any of my men much harm.”

So the soldier went to put on his clothes, but Hampton put a stop to that proceeding, remarking :

“Oh, no! I let *you* off, but not your *clothes*. I want *those* for my men, who are in need of them.”

In spite of all entreaties, the General was obdurate in the matter of the clothes. Of course it was not their value, which was very little, but the joke of the thing. So the poor wretch had to leave without them, nude as a Venus arising from the sea-foam, and on leaving expressed profuse thanks for his liberation, and said :

“I’ll name my first son Wade Hampton, after you.”

Many years afterward, when the General was a United States Senator at Washington, he was going up to his room in his hotel in the elevator, when he was spoken to by a young man there, who asked :

“Are you General Wade Hampton?”

On his replying in the affirmative, the stranger inquired whether he remembered capturing and releasing a naked Federal prisoner at a certain time and place in Virginia, and Hampton replied that he recollected it perfectly.

“Well,” said the stranger, “he’s my father, and my name is Wade Hampton. Good morning, sir,” and stepped out of the elevator at his landing.

On March 11, 1865, Johnston’s army was crossing the Cape Fear River at Fayetteville, N. C., the cavalry, of course, being the rear guard. When all but a portion of the army had effected the crossing, a detachment of Federal cavalry, consisting of a captain and sixty-eight men and officers, in advance of the Federal army close behind them, rode through a by-road, which by somebody’s inattention must have been unpicketed, and came near to causing a very ugly situation; in fact, did cause it. No other troops being immediately



available, and no time to lose, the bridge over the river being already sufficiently crowded, and a panic possible, Hampton caught up seven followers (there were no others coöperating) and flung himself on the intruding company in a hand to hand combat, driving them pell-mell from the town, a large percentage being killed, or captured. Among the latter was David Day, a noted Federal spy, dressed in Confederate uniform. When, after the charge, brought to the General to know what disposition should be made of the spy, the General told him that he had no time to attend to him then, but when he had crossed the river he would be obliged, to his regret, to have him hanged. The fellow was accordingly turned over with the other prisoners to the keeping of some Junior Reserves, and, when asked for at night, it was discovered that he had made his escape. He was an exceedingly active, efficient spy, one of the best Sherman possessed, and had been captured and managed to get away three times before this.

Thirty-one years afterward Hampton was in Denver, Colorado. A stranger called upon him at his hotel, and said that he had been among the Federals in the Fayetteville charge. Hampton spoke about the spy in gray uniform, whom he had intended to hang, but who had escaped.

"I'm the man," remarked the stranger.

"Well," replied Hampton, "I said that I would have you hanged as soon as we got across the river. I certainly would have done it, if you had not got away, but I am glad the hanging did not come off."

"So am I," said the man, laughing.

The next morning Day published in the local newspaper a full account of the charge, and his intended fate and escape, and was almost as laudatory and enthusiastic about Hampton as if he had been one of his troopers instead of a spy condemned to death by him. Some people do favors in such a churlish, disagreeable way, that they make enemies by them, but it is not often that you find anyone who can condemn a man to death and thereby make a friend of him.

One of the junior officers on Hampton's staff was a young man whom he had well known from boyhood, and for this

reason and others, was warranted sometimes in making a little joke at his expense. Once, while in quarters in mid-winter, not even Hampton's energetic spirit could contrive any useful operations for his command—except, of course, the everlasting picketing in hunger, cold, and wet, but from that staff officers were exempt. He became tired, after a while, of seeing the young officer referred to loafing around and smoking all the time, with nothing to do. The headquarters of General ——— were some ten miles away, and the roads in Virginia in those days in winter were bottomless pits of mud. Hampton wrote a dispatch to General ——— and said to the young staff officer, whom we shall call "Blank":

"Please be kind enough to take this to General ———."

Now, as I have said, the roads were almost swimming depth in mud, and Blank was very careful about the appearance of his dress and accoutrements, top-boots always shining, steel spurs, stirrups, and bit as bright as silver—the pride of his "boy"—and horse well groomed. He "hated" that ride, but nothing was to be done but "mount and away." After a nasty ride, horse and rider, covered with mud, clothes and accoutrements in the same plight, he reached the headquarters to which he had been ordered, and delivered the dispatch to the general for whom it was intended. The latter opened it, laughed, and handed it back to Blank to read. It was:

DEAR ———

Please give Blank a drink, and send him back.

He had another "good story" on Blank. It was in the Mine Run campaign in November, 1863. Hampton had ascertained by heavy skirmishing during the day, that Meade was in force in his immediate front and reported this to General Lee. So the Commander-in-Chief rode down to go over the ground with his general of cavalry, and see for himself the situation. Meantime, some members of Hampton's staff, including Blank, had managed to find a small house, where there was one room with a fireplace, which looked to them on that wet, raw November night exceedingly pleasant for cavalry headquarters, and they accordingly arranged to

establish them there for the night, sending a courier to meet General Hampton on his return from the front, to show him the way. When General Lee with Hampton arrived at the house, they found Blank and one or two others of the staff toasting themselves before the fire, in a high state of comfort. After warming their hands, Hampton turned to General Lee, and said:

"General, where are your headquarters tonight?"

"Indeed I do not know," replied the General; "These *were* my headquarters this morning, when I left them, but these young gentlemen have made themselves so comfortable, that I do not know where they are *now*."

Profuse apologies and explanations were made. They had not, of course, known they were his headquarters. They would all move out at once, Hampton said. But General Lee would not hear of such a thing, and so it was arranged by the two generals occupying the only bed in the room, a staff officer of each to lie on the floor in front of the fire ready to receive the dispatches arriving during the night. The other members of the two staffs were turned out to sleep huddled together in the damp on a small piazza. It fell to Blank's good luck to be the officer whom Hampton told to remain with him, and it is said that he snored all night long in front of the fire, and that Colonel Marshall, General Lee's attendant, was up about every ten minutes receiving the dispatches pouring in by couriers for both generals. In the morning, of course, they all breakfasted together, the meal consisting of the contents of a basket with some tough "bull-beef," and one slice of nice boiled Virginia ham on the top of it—this naturally intended specially for General Lee—which had been sent—the best certainly, probably all, she had—by some lady residing in the neighborhood. General Lee presided at the table with the same dignity, grace, and urbanity as he would have shown at Arlington, and to each in turn said:

"Which will you have? This is some rather tough beef, and here is a nice piece of ham."

Everybody said "beef," until it came to Blank's turn, who promptly answered "ham."



As they rode away after breakfast Hampton said chaffingly to Blank:

"Don't you think it was an impudent thing to take all General Lee's breakfast? You did not leave him a mouthful."

"No, indeed, I don't think so at all," replied Blank, "That old gentleman is always presuming on his rank with us. See how he turned us all out in the cold last night [as a matter of fact, he himself had been all night snoring by the fire]. I had to take him down a bit."

About a year after this, General Lee stopped one morning to see Hampton at his headquarters and took breakfast there. The menu was boiled rice, and sweet-potato coffee, and nothing at all else. Hampton presided at table, and asked General Lee if he could help him to some rice.

"Yes, thank you," said General Lee, "and, if convenient, I would like to be helped before Captain Blank."

So the General had remembered that ham incident all that time, and Blank was "taken down a bit." But he had his chance to make amends, for he was a rice planter, and after the war had the pleasure of sending barrels of rice from time to time as presents to General Lee, in memory of the breakfast of which he had deprived him.

It was at this time that an incident happened, which General Hampton used to relate.

General Lee was riding with him over the outer lines to inspect the ground. Each had left his staff behind, for there was nothing to be gained by risking more lives, and, besides, the fewer there were the less likely it would be that the attention of the sharpshooters would be attracted to them. After a time they reached a position where for some little distance the direct way, which they would have to go, was open, and very much exposed to sharpshooters, but by making a slight detour this could be avoided. When this point was reached General Lee turned to General Hampton, and showing him the detour said:

"General, there is no use for you to risk it by riding here. You had better go that way and I will meet you over there," indicating the place where some cover began again. It is

needless to say that Hampton did not adopt the suggestion, but it illustrates how thoughtful and considerate General Lee was of everybody—except himself.

Hampton's largest agricultural interests were in Mississippi, and there he spent much of his time prior to 1861. His principal crop was cotton, which that season reached 5,000 bales. At ten cents a pound this crop would have been worth a quarter million dollars. Besides this, corn and other provisions were raised. There was a large stock of mules for work, as well as other animals, and then there were hundreds of negroes to be looked after. It was, therefore, an occupation which was very far from a sinecure. It required a careful attention to details, as also a broad grasp, and the able management of a large capital. This training, and the spirit of command and management on a large scale thus learned were no bad preparation for much of a military officer's duties. He was to his negroes kind, considerate and wise for their happiness: a more contented people were never to be seen. They were always attached to him, and his influence over them survived the war and "freedom."

Everything pertaining to country life was dear to Hampton, the simplest as well as the more important. It is related of him that once when required to prepare an important State paper, he remained home from church on a Sunday, for the purpose of writing it out, at his place in the country not far from Columbia. As his family returning from church drove up to the door, he met the carriage to help the ladies out, and was asked if he had finished his paper.

"No," said he, "but I have found where the old turkey hen has made her nest in the long grass behind the stable!"

Cashier's Valley, in Western North Carolina, was his favorite home in summer. Up to thirty or forty years ago, there was good hunting there for large game, as well as pheasants (ruffed grouse). Trout at first existed only on one side of the watershed, but he carried them in buckets over the ridge, where they have since flourished. Sport of any kind enjoyed in that beautiful region, or mere existence, is rendered vastly more pleasurable than elsewhere by the surroundings. Mountains, the highest this side of the Rockies,



usually clothed with magnificent forests to a considerable altitude, and beautifully verdant to their summits; plateaus four thousand feet above the sea, swept by health-bearing breezes; sheltered nooks among the picturesque "coves," and along the clear, cool streams rushing among the mossy rocks; it was from this mountain-home of his youth that Hampton came forth to redeem his people in 1876, and well that heart and mind and hand were charged full and braced up with pure vigor of the "everlasting hills."

Among the many other gentle traits in Hampton's character was his goodness to children. In Cashier's Valley, before the sixties, in the summer time on Sundays—there were no churches there then, and he would never fish, shoot, or hunt on Sundays—he would often be seen wandering about with children, making hooks of bent pins and with a cord attached helping them to catch minnows, and otherwise amusing them. When little Miss Ruth Cleveland was infant queen of the White House he met her once in the hall as he was leaving from an interview with her father, and stopped to talk with her for a few minutes to their mutual delight. At length, when the elevator stopped at the floor to take her upstairs, she pointed to it and said:

"Go, now."

So he obeyed the royal command, and they were great friends ever afterward. He related the incident to Mr. Cleveland, saying laughingly: "She must have caught that phrase from hearing you so often use it to importunate office-seekers."

Not very long before his death, when, in fact, he was suffering from a cold the effects of which probably ended his life, the writer told him of the great mortification and distress felt by a son of his, then a small boy, who a day or two before had missed a fine buck by overshooting him. He smiled and said:

"Tell him, to comfort him, that accidents will happen in the best regulated families. Old Mr. Taylor, Squire Taylor, as they used to call him, was considered in my young days the greatest of deer hunters. One day he was on a stand at the bottom of a small hill, and a herd of deer, six in number,

I think, came to the top of the hill, stopped, and looked at him; he took aim, fired, overshot every one of them, and was so disgusted that he did not fire his second barrel."

"Then shall I give him your order, General," said I (quoting Ben Pump's favorite phrase from Cooper's "Pioneers"), "to fire low, and hull your enemy'?"

"Yes," he said, laughing, "tell him to fire low and hull the enemy."

Wounded and helpless people, as well as children, always attracted kindness from him, as has been said before this, but an example often shows a trait of character better than the mere statement of a fact can do. It was the Monday morning after the two days' fighting at Trevillian in 1864, when he had, by an exhibition of military ability rarely surpassed in the annals of war, extricated his command from almost hopeless defeat and destruction, caused by no fault of his own, and wrenched a signal victory out of the bloody jaws of disaster. On following up, at the head of his column, the retreating foe, he happened to pass, lying close by the roadside, a wounded Confederate trooper, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy on Saturday morning during the serious complication then occurring, and whom they had left behind in their retreat, as supposedly *hors de combat* permanently. It has been remarked, that Hampton was believed to know every man and horse in his command, but few indeed have been the great leaders, of any age, the wide world over, who could or would have paused to do this thing, which I am about to relate, for, remember, he had for two days and nights been engaged in a death grapple and was now eagerly following up the retreating defeated foe. He recognized the poor, miserable, dirty private as one who was farther from friends and home than most, halted a moment, and then sent one of his staff—it was "Blank"—to say a kind word and lend him some money. It is only fair to add, that a half hour or so before this, had passed by the rear-guard covering Sheridan's retreat, and that the colonel of a New Jersey regiment, a quondam college friend and brother Delta Phi from old Princeton, had got down from his horse and tendered his brandy flask.

This subject suggests very agreeable recollections of other kindnesses received, which I cannot bear to pass over, and for that reason will ask to trespass further on the reader's patience by relating them, although insignificant personal incidents.

When wounded, I fell into the hands of the Federals, and remained a prisoner until they retreated about forty-eight hours afterward, as has already been related. During that time the attentions of the hospital authorities were not pressing by any means, and I was a good deal the worse for wear, which lying unsheltered in the sun all day, and in the rain during one night, did not have a tendency to better. As it chanced, there was a boy of about my own age in the hospital slightly wounded, who belonged to the Second United States Cavalry, that corps d' elite of the old army of which Albert Sydney Johnston had been colonel and Lee lieutenant-colonel, and in which several other officers on both sides, afterward generals, had served. Of Confederates there were Hardee, Van Dorn, Kirby Smith, Evans, Hood, Field, Chambliss, and Phifer; and of Federals, Thomas, Palmer, Stoneman, Johnson, and Garrard.

This boy, from the moment that he saw me, was as kind and friendly as possible; obtained some food for me, and even a drink of whiskey, which latter was like a refreshing shower in the desert of Sahara. Observing that I wore a signet ring on the little finger of my left hand, he advised me to take it off and hide it at once in my clothes, for he said, "Those other boys [from which I understood him to mean the conscripts] are none too good to steal it." I replied that I had thought of that, but could not remove it from the finger, because the joint was swollen. He said that it must be concealed somehow, for otherwise "the boys" would be very likely to cut the finger off to obtain it. So he tore a piece from his handkerchief and bound it around the finger, as if it were wounded, and thus effectually hid the ring. A few minutes afterward he brought up a sergeant in his regiment, a much older man, also slightly wounded, and I at once recognized in him another "friend at court," for I had seen him once



before under peculiar circumstances, some three years previously. It was impossible not to recognize the man, for he was a remarkable looking fellow, immensely tall, strong and wiry, with a very pronounced "Cape Cod nose," and a shrewd, but honest face. When seen before, he was talking with comrades about the merits of the commanders on both sides, and I had heard him say:

"I tell you men, Albert Sydney Johnston was the best man that God Almighty's sun ever shone on. I served under him in the Salt Lake expedition."

On this occasion I led up to that subject, and his expression was exactly the same as used nearly three years before. That man did every kindness he could to me—from his limited resources—and I verily believe it was chiefly for the sake of Albert Sydney Johnston. I was *his* beneficiary.

Hampton's amiability and good judgment prevented his entertaining ill-feeling against any former antagonist of honorable record after the smoke of battle had cleared off, and the same was true of political opponents conscientiously entertaining their views, and pursuing them by legitimate methods. During his twelve years' residence in Washington, while Senator, he had many personal friends among Republicans, besides others, President Arthur, with whom he often enjoyed a gallop, and a fishing excursion for Potomac bass. At the time of his death a letter was published in the *Philadelphia Record* from the well-known Colonel A. K. McClure, in which it is said, "From the day the war ended no expression of bitterness or resentment ever came from Wade Hampton. On the contrary, he earnestly urged the restoration of peace and fraternal brotherhood." The letter, after referring to incidents of the Chambersburg raid in 1862, when McClure first met Hampton, continues: "I did not again meet Hampton until after his election to the governorship in 1876. At our first meeting we had a pleasant evening, recalling the interesting incidents of the Chambersburg raid. From then, until the last few years, I met him many times in Washington, and was always delighted to enjoy his genial and kindly companionship. . . . In 1876, when the people were goaded to desperation by the licentious 'carpet-bag' rule of the State,

Hampton was forced into the campaign for governor. The contest was one of unusual desperation, but with all the power and the machinery in the hands of the State authorities, sustained by the army, and by a State constabulary that permeated every precinct, Hampton was elected by 1,134 majority. I doubt whether Hampton rendered more heroic service in the flame of battle than he did in restraining his friends from resorting to violence, when the election fraud was perpetrated, and driving the corrupt 'carpet-baggers' from the State, but he held his people steadily to law and order, feeling assured that in time the right would triumph. . . . During his twelve years' service in the Senate he was always one of the most conservative and patriotic of Southern law-makers. He exhausted his efforts to suppress sectional strife, not only by example, but every deliverance he ever made, he pleaded for the suppression of sectional bitterness, and the restoration of fraternal relations between the North and the South. He was one of the most delightful of all the Senators to meet in social intercourse, and his magnificent physique, soldierly bearing, and honest face commanded the admiration of all who came within the range of his acquaintance."

Ex-Governor Hugh S. Thompson, prominent in Washington in Mr. Cleveland's administration, wrote of Hampton: "In the United States Senate he acquired wonderful influence. It was remarked by one, who was in a position to know of what he spoke, that Hampton had more influence in the Senate than any other man. His brother Senators respected his high character, his judgment, and his patriotism, and they were always glad when party affiliations permitted them to follow him in any measure. Shortly before his term in the Senate ended, he made a speech upon the then exciting question of the day—the force bill. His speech was delivered late at night during one of the long sessions of the Senate, while there were but few auditors in the gallery, but it made a profound impression upon all who heard it. At the close, Senator Plumb, of Kansas, one of the strongest Republican partizans, shook him warmly by the hand and said: 'General



Hampton, whatever may happen to you in the future, remember that, after that speech, I am always your friend.' Vice-President Levi P. Morton, who was presiding, said afterward, that he wished every man in the country could have heard that speech, which abounded with the highest patriotism, and that in all respects it had made more impression upon him than any speech which he had heard while he presided in the Senate."

At the same time the late Judge C. H. Simonton of the United States Circuit Court—who would have sat on the Supreme bench if selection always went by desert, and not political "pull"—wrote about Hampton words which have unusual weight, coming from such a distinguished source:

"My relations with General Hampton became closer and my opportunities of knowing him were more frequent after he became a candidate for governor, and whilst he filled that office. He had a wonderful faculty of reaching his conclusions, as it were, by instinct. State to him a proposed line of action and, at once, without any hesitation, he gave his opinions, apparently not reasoned out, but the result, as it were, of intuitive perception. In nine cases out of ten he was right.

"As a member of the Legislature, and on the Judiciary Committee, he would send for me occasionally to explain some Act, which had gone through that committee, and was submitted to him for approval. On one occasion, particularly, I recall, that he objected to an Act.

"‘It will not do,’ he said, ‘I will veto it. I am busy with these other Acts; suppose that you write the message.’

"The result of a careful examination of the Act showed that his intuition, or instinct, call it what you will, was correct. The veto was unanimously sustained. So it was in a great many ways with him.

"General Conner used to say that during the campaign of 1876, those who were in his closest intimacy were often startled to find General Hampton reaching at once a conclusion as to a course of action over which, in his absence, they had been debating long and anxiously. He was a born woodsman, and carried into all his pursuits the tastes and experiences of this character. It was this adjunct to his genius for

fighting which made him the great cavalry leader, and this, which in civil life made him *abnormis sapiens et crassa Minerva*, wise without the aid of scholastic rules, and full of strong common sense.

"So long as manhood, and honor, and devoted patriotism are appreciated, his name will be remembered and revered."

As to the bearing of woodcraft on war, it is recalled that Macchiavelli in his *Prince* recommends hunting for developing topographical skill.

I have been told by Judge Simonton that one afternoon during the crisis of the campaign of 1876, a consultation of the gravest importance was being held, only two or three persons, besides the General, being present. He was silent as to his own views, but listened attentively to those of the others. Before any conclusion was reached there was a knock at the door, and it was announced that a certain man was waiting outside to see the General, one who had been a good old soldier of his, of whom he was very fond, and on whom he frequently relied for hunting expeditions. Hampton at once rose and said that he regretted, but he would have to adjourn the meeting until the next morning, as he must talk to his hunting friend, who had come a long distance to see him. There was nothing to be done, of course, but to adjourn, but the gentlemen present, without saying anything, looked at one another significantly, as much as to say, "At last Jove is nodding." But they found out their mistake next morning, when the meeting was reconvened. The supposed hunt had been on the instant seized upon by him as a convenient means of delaying the decision until the next morning, when he expected to receive information having a most momentous bearing upon the matter, and about which he was not at liberty then to speak. The information was received during the night, and totally changed the decision which had been contended for on the previous evening.

The writer could furnish almost numberless quotations similar to the above, from newspapers and letters, which he has preserved, but space forbids the introduction of more.

After being admitted to the bar Hampton devoted a portion of his time to politics, as was but the duty of the eldest son

of a family, which, from historical fame, social position, and wealth, justly held so much influence in the community. His opinions on the burning questions of the day were very conservative—not at all in accord with extreme views. The best interests of his country, not his own private advantage, were those nearest his heart, and his judgment was never found at fault. While, of course, believing that negro slavery, which at that time had not long ceased to exist—from climatic causes alone—in the Northern States, was, being an established institution, right and proper for his people, yet he was no fanatic, and resolutely opposed any public opinion directed toward the toleration of the reimportation of negroes. His speech, as a member of the State Senate, on this subject was greatly applauded by the *New York Tribune*—at that date the most extreme radical journal of any consequence in the country—which called it “a masterpiece of logic, directed by the noblest sentiments of the Christian and the patriot.”

When the crisis of 1860-61 was approaching, there were in South Carolina—and indeed in all the “Cotton States”—three, and practically only three, groups of opinion on the momentous question of Secession, or Union. Strange as it may perhaps seem to those of a purely material turn of mind (who ignore sentiment, as being of enormous controlling power), the personal status of a man, whether poor or rich, slaveholder or non-slaveholder, appeared to make no difference at all in the nature of his opinions, and not one in five was in fact the owner of a single slave. Those are jaundiced minds that now think that it was “a rich man’s war, and a poor man’s fight.” The two clauses of the sentence are equally incorrect. Moreover, the hope of an ultimate well-considered plan, with due regard to humanity toward both races, of the gradual abolition of slavery, where entertained at all, would be found almost exclusively among the richest and most cultured slaveholders wearied of the responsibilities and duties imposed upon them by the system.

The first group above referred to would have expressed its views, in substance, as follows: they would have asserted that they were Americans in every fibre of their being, devotedly attached to the Union, and would have pointed to



their record in the past, in peace and war, as a proof of this; that they believed that any State, acting through a constituent assembly, or convention of the people elected by them for that purpose, possessed the legal, and moral right to secede from the Union, when the people elected to do so, but that nothing, short of the necessity of self-preservation, should ever cause them to exercise this right: that the Territories were the common property, and undivided asset of all the States, and that consequently all were coequal in their rights there; that as long as these remained Territories, the citizens of all the States had the equal right to emigrate there, carrying with them all their property recognized as such by the existing laws of the United States; that when a community constituting a Territory adopted a Constitution and applied to Congress for admission into the Union, as a State, such community had the right to decide whether the new State should, or should not admit negro slavery there, as an institution; that, if they did not maintain these, their Territorial rights, there would be no more States made having the institution of negro slavery, and consequently they themselves would become in a hopeless minority, and be exposed to ruinous legislation leveled against them, even to the suddenly turning loose upon them of their own forcibly emancipated slaves; that the election of Mr. Lincoln on a "free soil" (i. e. their exclusion from the Territories) platform should be the danger-signal for Secession.

There was a second group, which held to the right of Secession, and the rest of the contentions of the first group, except that the election of Mr. Lincoln should be the signal for Secession; they held that his election, and the incidents leading to and connected with it, were not a justification for Secession; that self-restraint should be practised, and every means made use of to remove the necessity for Secession, before going into it. Nevertheless, they admitted the right of a State convention to take the State out of the Union in spite of their wishes and to bind them by this action, allegiance to the State being, in their opinion, a paramount duty.

There was a third group, consisting of those who, while freely admitting that Secession had existed as a right



originally at the adoption of the Constitution, and for many years afterward, yet contended that, as time had gone on, the States had entered into mutual agreements by contracts, made transactions together, consented to Acts of Congress, and to decisions of courts establishing precedents, which had by now created a condition of affairs inconsistent with the exercise of the former right of Secession; in other words, that, since the adoption of the Constitution, they had, as States, entered into what were virtually implied treaties with their sister States not to secede. Those of the third group, however, believed in the right of revolution, as presumably every one else does. There were not very many in South Carolina belonging to the third group, and it was found there, as elsewhere in the South, that, when the war actually began, nearly all of these threw in their lot with their neighbors, and none were more resolute or more gallant in the field. General Lee would probably have been enrolled in the third group, if he had resided in South Carolina, and like him many and many a man there belonging as well to the first and second, as to the third group, would gladly have given freedom to his slaves—if he could honorably, and without the stigma of compulsion, have done so—to save the Union, and avert bloodshed.

In the second group, it would seem that General Hampton should be classed; certainly not in the first. Immediately after the Ordinance of Secession was passed he resigned his seat in the State Senate on the ground that he was about to enter the army. Thus, mailed from head to foot in the armor of duty, he drew his "stainless sword" to defend a cause, which the verdict of the people, the principle of representative government, according to his conscience, bade him defend, in a war, which he had done nothing to produce, and which he had used his utmost exertions to prevent; with nothing possible to gain, and everything to lose. In this, he was not unlike Cromwell at the commencement of his career, nor does the similarity end here, for Cromwell first took to war at the same age as Hampton, and, like him, without any previous military training, also became the greatest cavalry general of his time at a period when the

horse was the most important part of an army. Moreover, Cromwell, too, was a great lover of fine horses and fond of field sports, and affectionate and irreproachable in his family relations, but there (unfortunately for Cromwell's fame) the comparison must end.

## CHAPTER SECOND

## WAR

Forth from its scabbard, high in air  
Beneath Virginia's sky!  
And they who saw it gleaming there,  
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear  
That where that sword led, they would dare  
To follow—and to die!

—*Father Ryan.*

Hampton was forty-three years of age when he first drew his sword. He had had no military training whatever, unless a connection with the militia may be considered such. This was, as a matter of course, a great impediment to promotion in the army, firstly and evidently, because technical knowledge had to be acquired by experience, by practical study; and, secondly, because there was a very natural, and proper prejudice among the professionals, the old West-Pointers at Richmond, against amateurs, and "political generals," and all are naturally supposed to be such, until they prove themselves of different stuff. But, in spite of this, he rose to be one of the two officers in the Confederacy commanding cavalry who attained the rank of lieutenant-general, the other being Forrest, who, singularly enough, had also received no military education prior to the war. There were no other lieutenant-generals of cavalry in the Confederate army. As they operated in entirely different spheres of action, and were subject to quite dissimilar conditions, there is no need to attempt to argue about their respective rank in the world's gallery of great cavalry leaders: let us say, then, *par nobile fratrum*. Forrest possesses a biographer worthy of him in Wyeth.

This narrative is not intended as an account of Hampton's military career, but only as an attempt to give the reader some idea of him as man and statesman; but, in order to do this effectively, it is necessary to point out the most marked of his characteristics developed in war, which constituted, in great measure, his strength when at the helm in civil storms, and the knowledge of which gave his people un-

bounded confidence in him. Only a short outline will be given of his military career, and a few incidents related illustrating his possession of the qualities referred to. Such an account, to be of any value at all, must be not only conscientiously accurate in intent, but the writer of it must also be in a position to know what is true in regard to friends, and the same with respect to former antagonists: he must be able to sift the evidence and arrive at the real facts. The present writer believes himself to be in this position. He has already published an account of the chief parts of Hampton's military career (*Hampton and His Cavalry in '64*), and in writing it had the advantage of access to private notes and memoranda of the General kindly lent him for that purpose, which were afterward burned in the destruction of the Hampton residence in 1899; he also made use of and studied other available original sources of information, as well documentary as oral data from persons then living, and himself possessed some personal knowledge of the subject. It is not for a moment denied by the writer, that recollections of the "long ago," when

Forth from its scabbard, high in air  
Beneath Virginia's sky,

he first beheld Hampton's "stainless sword," or that the impressions of some few great events of which he happened to be a spectator, still send a very vivid thrill through the long interval of years and stir the blood. But he does emphatically deny that these feelings bias his judgment of military events, or affect his relation of them. To magnify or exaggerate about one's own side in the past contest would be unpardonable; to misstate about the other, contemptible.

In May, 1861, Hampton was commissioned as colonel, and authorized to raise a body to be composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, combined in a "legion" designed to act together as an independent command. After a little experience in a great war, it was found that such an organization was impracticable: the infantry became a body to itself, and the cavalry and artillery were otherwise incorporated. A considerable portion of the cost of organizing and arming the Legion was paid for by Hampton from his



own purse. He went to Virginia with his Legion in June, and they took part in the first battle of Manassas (Bull Run). This was a great historic battle, much written about, and the important part taken in it by the General is not widely understood. We shall, therefore, quote here the exact words of Major T. G. Barker, who was adjutant of the "Legion" in that engagement, and whose military services during four years of war, and subsequent high position at the bar, and personally, are a guarantee of accuracy:

"The Legion was formed and became the apple of his eye. It went to Virginia in June, 1861, and in a few short weeks thereafter it received its first baptism in war. On July 21st, before daylight, the Legion was dropped from the cars at Manassas Junction and at eight o'clock a. m. it was marched thence under the very indefinite order 'To go in the direction of the firing.' Under these orders it preceeded westward on the Sudley Ford road toward the left of General Beauregard's line, where heavy firing was heard, and at ten o'clock it took position on the Warrenton turnpike, on the brow of a hill, on which stood a farmhouse known in history as the 'Robinson house.' After half-past nine on that morning, this hill was the extreme left point of the Confederate line, facing north, and it became the pivot of ground around which the Federal Army, advancing from the north, from the west, and finally from the south and rear of the position, wrapped the apparently irresistible folds of its great flank movement.

"It is very slightly known in history, but it is none the less a fact, that on that day Colonel Hampton, with six infantry companies of the Hampton Legion, held that 'Robinson hill' under a continual fire from before ten o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon; that, after twice refusing to withdraw, he at last retired under peremptory orders from General Beauregard communicated by General Barnard E. Bee; and that, when he did at last withdraw his command, the Legion fell back upon the plateau upon which Stonewall Jackson's command was posted. Before the Legion left the 'Robinson hill' the enemy was firing upon it from the north, and from the west,

and from the south, and rear, with infantry and with artillery.

"The Legion had held its position on the 'Robinson hill' all day without any supporting force near it. When it withdrew, under orders to fall back upon General Jackson's position, it took position on the right of the new line, which General Beauregard had formed, by facing to the rear, and the Legion kept that position on the extreme right in the two charges, which were made, first up to, and afterward past the 'Henry house.' In the first of these charges Colonel Hampton was wounded, and the Legion, under command of Captain James Conner, occupied the right of the line in the second charge. Conner's company, the Washington Light Infantry, from Charleston, was right company of the Legion, and, therefore, the extreme right of Beauregard's line in the charge past the 'Henry house,' which charge of the whole line, simultaneously with the movement of General Kirby Smith on the left, put the enemy to flight and decided the fate of a most eventful day.

"I do not propose to attempt to recount General Hampton's work in the war, but this, his first experience in battle, has been so little known and so clearly revealed the possession by him of the true military instinct, and of the qualities, which made him afterward a great soldier, that it is not out of place to speak of it at some length.

"In his subsequent career I never knew him to encounter the responsibilities of a new and larger command, or to be thrown in contact with troops to whom he was a stranger, or with officers, who met him with more or less prejudice against him, as a civilian, or a volunteer officer having had no military education, without witnessing the effect of his force as a commander upon all who came under his command or in contact with him.

"I do not believe any officer in the Southern Army received such deep and loving personal devotion from his soldiers and officers as General Hampton seemed to compel by his irresistible charm of character. No commanding officer was more implicitly trusted by his men in battle; or in camp, or on the march.

"I cannot pretend to paint him, or to recall his brilliant career as a military hero, but if any one wishes to know what he was, let him go to the survivors of the men, whose lives he so often held in his hands, with whom he so constantly risked his own life during four memorable years of danger and of death, and let him ask those men how his officers and men valued General Hampton, and why they thought so much of him, and he will learn from the best witnesses the secret of his power and success as a commander of men."

In the May number, 1885, of the *Century Magazine* will be found an article written by General Hampton himself on the Legion at Manassas.

After Hampton resumed command of the Legion, on sufficiently recovering from his wound, he was presented with a regimental flag by President Davis in person, the command being formed in three sides of a square to receive him. An account may be found in the *Richmond Dispatch*.

At the commencement of the War General Hampton had accumulated unsold on his Mississippi plantation 4700 bales of cotton. At the time of which we are about to speak it was worth in United States currency probably about \$1,200,000, but later on nearly four times that amount. He urged upon the Confederate government to ship this cotton to Europe, invest the proceeds in arms and bring them back to the Confederacy for the army's use. But nothing was done about it, and when New Orleans was captured, and the Mississippi threatened, the cotton was burned lest it fall into the hands of the Federals. Major Barker relates the conclusion of this matter:

"On the afternoon of the day when the news of this heavy loss reached camp, I rode out with Colonel Hampton, and I wondered at the equanimity with which he bore the loss. It was a revelation of character. I truly believe that he felt the disappointment of his pet scheme for procuring arms for the soldiers far more than the large pecuniary loss. I remember his then repeating as he rode along the favorite lines:

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies,  
Deeply buried from human eyes.



"Such was the temper, and such the philosophy or faith of this heroic man."

It is rather remarkable that out of the officers and men originally composing the Legion there were two who became lieutenant-generals, one a major-general, and three brigadier-generals.

After Manassas Hampton continued, on recovering from his wound, to serve with his Legion in General Joseph E. Johnston's army in Virginia. When McClellan commenced his campaign in the following spring at Yorktown, Hampton was there confronting him. At Seven Pines he was wounded in a desperately fought field.

In May, 1862, he was made brigadier-general of infantry. Early in the autumn of 1862 he was assigned to the First Cavalry Brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia, "MacGregor on his native heath," a fish put in its element. It was after Sharpsburg, in October, that J. E. B. Stuart struck out on his famous raid to Chambersburg, Pa. Hampton was second in command, and it was then that he and A. K. McClure first met, as described by the latter, which has been referred to. Hampton was responsible for safe-guarding private property, and it was safer so than it would have been under the present police of most of our cities. Nothing whatever of private property was touched, except for subsistence, and for that and the horses impressed the regular quartermaster receipts were given the owners, thus enabling them to claim and receive compensation from their own government. Mr. McClure had a "model farm" just outside of the town, and was spending a day or two of holiday there. None of his fancy poultry or blooded calves or lambs were molested, or the favorite trout in the spring, or anything else. No soldiers were allowed to enter private houses. Mr. McClure invited some of the officers to take coffee after dinner, and smoke in his library, and there they talked together about the current topics of the day, just as gentlemen would do in time of peace, but Mr. McClure noticed that, in the free references to the relative merits of different commanders, no allusion was ever made to the *position*, or *numbers* of troops at that time. We cannot help thinking, though,



that, in this instance, the host was inclined to "speed the going guest."

In the winter of 1862-63 Hampton guarded the crossings of the upper Rappahannock, near Brandy and Stevensburg, and from there led in person a number of daring expeditions in the rear of the Federal Army near Fredericksburg, capturing prisoners and commissary and quartermaster stores in large quantities. He was fond of choosing the most inclement weather, particularly snow-storms and sleet, for these expeditions, and would thus pounce down unsuspected in the darkness and confusion, and be off with his "plunder" before daylight. At the celebrated cavalry battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, he exhibited conspicuous personal valor and professional ability. It was here that his brother Frank Hampton—noted, among other things, so greatly for amiability that he never had a private enemy—met his death in the forefront of battle. At Gettysburg he was with Stuart's command. There is—and probably always will be—a controversy as to how far General Lee was placed at a disadvantage from being deprived of the use of "the eyes and the ears of the army," through Stuart's being on the right (east) flank of Hooker's (Meade's) marching column on its advance to Gettysburg. However that may be, Hampton had no responsibility whatever in the matter, having been second in command, and not consulted about the movement. Hampton reached the field in time for effective fighting. He received two sabre-cuts in the head, and a shrapnel wound in the thigh, and was disabled, but not before he had successfully repelled and driven off after a sanguinary engagement a vastly superior force. The brigade had twenty-one of its twenty-three field officers killed, or wounded during the Gettysburg campaign. But Hampton was soon back in the field again, as will be remembered from the incident about "Blank" in the Mine Run campaign of November, 1863.

On August 3, 1863, he was commissioned major-general. During the winter of 1863-4 he was near Milford picketing the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers on the right of the army, about sixty miles by road from Richmond. On the morning of February 29, it was discovered by his scouts

that the Federal infantry and cavalry were moving. This proved to be merely a feint on the part of the infantry to divert attention from Kilpatrick, who marched with a cavalry force of nearly 4,000 picked men on Sunday evening, February 28th, for the purpose of dashing round the right flank of Lee's army and capturing Richmond unawares, Dahlgren, leading the advance with 460 men, intending to cross the river above the city, and coöperate from the south side with the rest of the expedition. Ascertaining this, Hampton started in pursuit without a moment's delay, taking with him 306 troopers and a part of a horse-artillery battery, all that could be spared from pickets at such short notice. Sunday night had been almost summer-like in temperature, but it proved a "weather-breeder," as Hampton thought and prayed it would, for Tuesday opened with a snow and sleet storm, which increased in severity as the day advanced, and the night closed in pitch dark, as well. About ten o'clock at night the camp fires of Kilpatrick were made out near Atlee's Station, about ten miles north of Richmond. Hampton decided at once to attack with vigor, counting upon the storm and darkness concealing the small number of his men. He dismounted one hundred troopers, supported by the rest mounted on each flank, with orders, when the pickets were encountered, not to return their fire, but to rush in on the main body. Complete silence was enjoined, until the camp itself was reached, when all the yells that throats could furnish were to be poured forth, for dear life. In connection with this, his two pieces of artillery were to open, firing as rapidly as possible, and making all the noise practicable. The plan worked out perfectly. It was a complete surprise, and Kilpatrick, supposing himself attacked by a large force, made haste to get away, leaving rations cooking on the fires and other good things—much to the satisfaction of Hampton's famished troopers—and also one loaded wagon with horses attached, and a caisson of ammunition. He was cut off from return to his own army, pursued, and forced to seek Ben Butler of the Army of the James, and his command had to be shipped back by steamers to the Army of the Potomac. He says in his official report, that learning Hampton "was

after him”—as he expressed it—“with a large force of mounted infantry and cavalry, and four pieces of artillery,” who had attacked him the night before, he “decided to move by the nearest route to General Butler’s lines at New Kent Courthouse.” The “large force” numbered, after deducting the necessary details for scouts and pickets, less than three hundred men. The losses officially reported by Kilpatrick on his expedition were 340. Meantime Dahlgren’s small party had been otherwise destroyed, and Richmond was saved. Hampton was thanked for his succor thus rendered in a general order from the Commandant at Richmond.

On May 11, 1864, J. E. B. Stuart, senior major-general of cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, was mortally wounded and died on the following day. General Hampton became by this event senior major-general of the cavalry. The generals commanding the other two Divisions—the Second and Third, his own being the First—would have to report to his headquarters, when their Divisions were under his immediate command, but otherwise to army headquarters. If considered a corps, all division commanders would report always to corps headquarters. On August 11, 1864, by “Special Order No. 189. vii,” this drawback to the efficiency of the cavalry was removed, and he was assigned the command of all the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, and division commanders were ordered to report to him. It is a pity this had not been done before.

Taking command on May 10, 1864, Hampton assumed the responsibility for the cavalry in the hardest fought, most sanguinary, and most momentous campaign of that war—or of any other. How he acquitted himself, the results, and the commendations of General Lee illustrate. He commenced at the battle of the Wilderness, closely succeeded by Spottsylvania, and followed by almost continuous fighting until the Thirty-days “Overland Campaign” of General Grant was ended by his final defeat at Cold Harbor, and the transfer of his army to the siege of Petersburg, with losses aggregating during that terrible month far over sixty thousand men—as many as Lee’s entire army. During that awful month there was not a day that the cavalry was



not engaged, and picketing always where not fighting. Hampton seemed to be omnipresent, always at hand. For the cavalry it was hopeless fighting, too, and that is the most trying kind, for it well knew that it must always ultimately fall back daily before vastly superior numbers, its duty being to check, as much as possible, and develop the position of the opposing army, and allow its own infantry and artillery time to come up.

To appreciate what Hampton accomplished, when in command in 1864, it is necessary to have some idea of what his means of carrying on the struggle were, compared to those of his opponent; of what his resources were in number of men, subsistence, equipment as to arms, and supply of horses and forage.

The regular rations intended for each man daily were a half pound of bacon, or salt pork, and a pint of corn meal, or flour, but frequently this was from necessity reduced to one half, and even this often could not be had for days together. This was all; no tea, coffee, sugar, or any stimulant. No foraging was allowed. Now and then "bull beef" would be issued instead of bacon; and, in winter quarters, but not until then, infinitesimally small doses of sugar and coffee were doled out.

In armament, the cavalry had usually only muzzle-loaders, whereas its opponents were armed with excellent magazine (breech-loading) rifles. Some Sharp's single-shooting, breech-loading carbines, which had been captured, were used, but there were few of them and they were very poor weapons. But not only were the rifles used by Hampton thus inferior in class, but frequently they were not sufficient in number.

The horse supply was another weak point. In the cavalry each man furnished, at his own expense, his horse, and when unserviceable, must supply another, which necessitated giving him a furlough home to obtain the remount, and this always at the most inconvenient time to spare him.

In forage supply there were equal disadvantages. As to disparity in numbers of men, it is, of course, needless to point out that.



Hardly had the carnage at Cold Harbor ended, and Grant decided to abandon his attempts from that direction on Richmond, when Hampton was called upon for another supreme effort, perhaps the most important of his life, and one of the most important that any cavalry leader ever embarked upon, the result of which, if he had never achieved anything else, would entitle him to a place among the greatest of the world's commanders. Early on the morning of June 8, his scouts reported that a large force of cavalry and artillery had crossed the Pamunkey River, and were moving north. Hampton at once signaled this news to General Lee, and dispatched him a letter giving his interpretation of the movement; that Sheridan's plan was to strike at Gordonsville and Charlottesville, to destroy the railroads and stores, and then to unite with Hunter, who was moving on Lynchburg. Assuming this to be the plan, he urged that he be allowed to endeavor to frustrate these purposes, and after full consultation with him, General Lee agreed to this.

General Hampton had read aright General Grant's intentions. General James H. Wilson was to be ordered out from Grant's left flank to destroy the railroads on the south of the James River as far as Lynchburg. Hunter was directed to move up the Shenandoah Valley toward Staunton, and Lynchburg. Sheridan with two divisions of cavalry, with artillery, pontoon bridges and all the appointments of a powerful flying column, was to pass around Grant's right and proceed by the way of Charlottesville to unite with Hunter and bear down upon Lynchburg, destroying all railroads and supply depots on his route and, on his return, the James River Canal. This was an admirably conceived plan, and if it had been carried out successfully would have necessitated the falling back of Lee from his line of defense at Petersburg and Richmond, and thrown open to Federal occupation all eastern Virginia and North Carolina, for the lines of communication being destroyed, the army would have been like a human body without arteries to maintain life. And there was good reason for Grant to suppose that the plan would succeed, for, as he was to besiege Petersburg, he could spare most of his cavalry and he knew that Hampton's force must be much depleted in both horses and men by the losses of the

last month, and that, after all, there is a limit to the endurance of human nature.

Hampton was at Atlee's Station with the First Division (after this called Butler's Division, because commanded by General M. C. Butler), and Fitzhugh Lee with the Second Division at Cold Harbor.

Hampton, with the First Division, in light marching order, but carrying, nevertheless, three days' rations, and horse-corn on saddles, hurried away on June 9, at daylight, and the Second Division was ordered to follow. Not a soul knew where they were going, not even the brigade commanders.

This was to be a cavalry duel, pure and simple, there being no possibility of infantry supports for either side, if Hampton caught up with Sheridan before the latter's junction with Hunter. Hampton's force did not exceed 4,700 men in his two divisions, and he had three batteries of horse-artillery numbering in all twelve guns. Sheridan had his First and Second Divisions, numbering about 9,000 men in all, and six batteries of four guns each, making twenty-four pieces in all. These figures are correct, not guess-work. It must be remembered, too, that they carried magazine rifles against Hampton's muzzle-loaders.

Although starting one day behind Sheridan, Hampton had the advantage of shorter interior lines, and rode lighter and faster, thus heading him off from his objective point, arriving on the evening of June 10, at Green Spring Valley, three miles from Trevilian Station, the Second Division reaching Louisa Courthouse, five miles distant, at about the same time. On this evening, Sheridan crossed the North Anna River at Carpenter's Ford, about sixty-five miles from his starting point, camping on the road leading to Trevilian Station, a few miles distant. Hampton had intended that his coming should be a surprise to his antagonist, and it was a surprise. A scouting party of Hampton's, sent out that night to ascertain definitely Sheridan's position, was supposed by the latter, as we learn from official reports, to have been merely some country militia, and the same was thought of Butler's division, when encountered the next morning. So far all had gone exactly as intended.

There was a burning drought just then, which had prevailed for weeks. The march had been a very hard one for men and animals. But in the evening the air was crisp and bracing, coming from the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, which were lighted up by a glorious sunset, and the air was laden with the fragrance of clover. Then for the first time did officers and men know what was before them; that they were to grapple by sunrise in a death struggle with more than double their number.

Each look'd to sun and stream and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again,

and then peacefully smoked a pipe, cracked a joke or two, and lay down beneath the stars to sleep the sleep of the just—a sleep which was to have short waking for many a poor boy.

Hampton introduced into the cavalry tactics of the Army of Northern Virginia, when he took command—a new departure. Previous to that time, the mounted operations had been those most practised: he made the dismounted fighting by far the most important feature, while equally, as before, preserving efficiency for mounted charges, picketing, and scouting. As a consequence of this he possessed mounted infantry, as staunch and effective as their brothers of the line, which could be dispatched mounted from place to place with great rapidity, and “put in” and “drawn out” with dazzling suddenness, thus multiplying their effectiveness in a manifold degree, and creating, particularly in a wooded country, the impression upon antagonists of a very much larger force than really was present. Owing to the “property qualification” of being obliged to furnish their own horses, the troopers were usually of a higher average of quality than the run of the infantry, mostly coming from farms, or plantations, acquainted with country life, and knowing how to ride and shoot and take care of horses, or else they joined the cavalry from the towns generally because of possessing some sporting proclivity. In fighting, after being “put in,” they deployed always in open-order, and the line was not usually rigidly held to mathematical accuracy, each man—though nominally “by the books” fighting as one of three “comrades in battle”—selecting for himself the best cover he



could find—a tree, log, rail-fence, ditch, or any irregularity in the ground, or even a bush, if nothing else offered—to furnish protection, behind which, lying at length on the ground, he would fire—never by “volley, always at will”—covering his object. Although slowness of fire was a terrible disadvantage with the muzzle-loaders, yet there was in expert hands a very much larger percentage of hits, and these were much more serious than wounds from the magazine rifle of those days, because the rifled-musket with Minié ball was more accurate and had a far greater range, and the ball was a heavier missile. Hampton, therefore, used his cavalry as a “jack of all trades,” and “maid of all work” for the army, and when the siege of Petersburg settled down they manned the trenches on the extreme right flank. Unless otherwise stated, by a “charge,” we always mean a dismounted charge, or operation.

During the night of June 10, Hampton matured his plan of battle for daylight on the following morning. It had in view no less than the total destruction of Sheridan's two divisions, which, if accomplished, would have left Grant in a very awkward position, practically without cavalry, as the Third Division (Wilson's), operating toward Lynchburg on the south of the James River, was handled so roughly that it had to be reorganized before regaining efficiency.

From Trevilian Station, near where Hampton was, in person, with the First Division (Butler's), a road ran in a northerly direction to Carpenter's Ford on the North Anna River, and on this road was Sheridan, south of the river. The Second Division (Fitzhugh Lee) was near Louisa Courthouse, from which a road ran toward Carpenter's Ford, joining the Trevilian road at Clayton's store. A third road on the left, leading from Gordonsville, converged on the Trevilian road.

Butler's Division was to proceed on the Trevilian road and attack. The Second Division was ordered to move down the Louisa road toward Clayton's store, and engage vigorously the foe, when met. A brigade from Butler's division (Rosser's) was placed to bar the passage of the Gordonsville road. If carried out in the way intended, Butler's



division's right flank would cover and be covered by the Second Division's left flank, drawing Sheridan back as they advanced toward Clayton's store, where the two divisions forming a junction would strike on front and flank. Hemmed in and crowded together thus, with a river in rear and a bad ford, Rosser at the same time operating on the other flank, Sheridan would be destroyed. This was no wild-cat scheme, but a carefully planned, prudent, practicable measure, which ought to have been thoroughly successful, and would then have exerted a momentous influence at a critical juncture militarily, when public feeling at the North was very despondent.

Butler's Division moved forward promptly in good style, met Sheridan's main force advancing on the road, engaged them, first checked, and then pushed them back, thus carrying out completely its part of the programme. But unhappily the Commander of the Second Division was not fortunate in performing his share of the enterprise, but moved so slowly and ineffectually that a large interval remained open between his left and Butler's right, perceiving which, Custer, a very alert officer, pushed his brigade through the gap, thus getting in Butler's rear, stampeding his led-horses, and placing the division in jeopardy of utter destruction, as Sheridan's entire force was concentrated upon it, the Second Division (Fitzhugh Lee) at this moment being isolated and out of action. So far from destroying Sheridan, it would have now been said by any ordinary observer, that Hampton himself was devoted to destruction. But never did he show in a greater degree military genius, and unswerving equanimity. With the rapidity of lightning, he took in the situation, and applied the remedy. Flinging Rosser's brigade mounted, like a thunderbolt, upon Custer, he swept him back with much loss, and pushed him into the Second Division (Fitzhugh Lee), which then engaged him. The led-horses, wagons, and reserve caissons taken from Butler were all recaptured. Meantime Butler's Division was being fearfully pressed by Sheridan's entire command—except by Custer—and lost heavily, but in spite of this, Hampton drew them back, and took a position to the west on the Gordonsville road covering that place

and Charlottesville, never for a moment having abandoned the purpose of barring the way to Gordonsville. Any one else would, under the circumstances, have been quite content, if he could save the remnant of his force by getting away, but not so Hampton. He had come there to destroy Sheridan, failing which (through no fault of his) he was still unalterably determined to turn him back from his objective points, if he had to do it with one division alone. His natural eye for topography, developed in many a hunt, and since then put to practice in battle-fields, enabled him to seize at a glance a favorable place for making a resolute stand. Sheridan attacked, as he was compelled to do, if intending to continue his expedition, but made no impression, and desisted until the following day, when at about three o'clock in the afternoon, he renewed with great vigor, and finally, with desperation, making seven distinct and gallant charges all along the line, which were all repulsed. At about twelve o'clock that day, the Second Division Commander (Fitzhugh Lee) got up and reported. One of his brigades reinforced the left of the line, and the other made a detour and attacked on Sheridan's right flank. Sheridan was defeated with a loss of 695 prisoners, and retreated back to his army without accomplishing any of the objects of his expedition. Hampton pursued, and inflicted considerable further injury, but was hampered by having no pontoon train, which he never possessed at any time, while Sheridan was well equipped in that, as in other respects. None of the railroad track was injured, except about two hundred feet, if so much, at Trevilian Station, which was as quickly replaced. Hampton had no infantry reinforcements and no infantry were at Gordonsville, or anywhere nearer than Richmond. In his official report of this expedition made to General Grant, Sheridan says, "I regret my inability to carry out your instructions." The only result was some two hundred feet or less, of rails temporarily removed at Trevilian Station. On June 25, General Lee wrote to General Hampton thanking him and his command for causing Sheridan's "expedition to end in defeat." The official report of General Hampton commends the Second Division Commander for his conduct in the evening of the

Sunday (last day) fighting, but generously makes no reference to the first day.

Sheridan having crossed to the south side of the James River, and rejoined his army, Hampton quietly crossed, too, for Lee had other and immediate work for him. General James H. Wilson with his own, and Kautz's Division of cavalry, numbering together 6,714 "effective mounted men," had been sent on June 22, by Grant to destroy Lee's lines of communication on the south side of the river, as has been stated was the plan in connection with Sheridan's operations on the north of the James. This latter plan was based upon the supposition by General Grant that Sheridan would be able to detain Hampton from molesting Wilson. Indeed it is merely justice to Wilson to add that he had only expressed the opinion that he could attain the objects desired, provided Hampton were prevented from following him. Wilson having had several days head-start, succeeded in doing some harm to the South Side Railroad and collected about 5,000 horses, according to Federal reports, in spite of the gallant efforts against him made by W. H. F. Lee with a portion of his division (Third), an inadequate force in numbers. At Staunton River Bridge he was turned back, or decided to go no farther, but unhappily in returning he was to encounter Hampton. He fortified, as well as he could, when attacked, but the result was rout, with the loss of over 1,300 prisoners, all the horses and other property taken from the inhabitants, and all his artillery, consisting of sixteen pieces, and all his wagons. The remnant of his troopers, many having been killed and wounded, reached camp eventually entirely disorganized, and broken up as a command. If the officer in charge of the Second Division had realized the importance of keeping closer in touch with his commanding general, thus being an integral part of a complete whole, rather than an independent unit, it is probable that hardly a man of Wilson's but would have been entangled in the meshes of the net which Hampton was drawing.

Thus had Hampton ended the project to starve out the Army of Northern Virginia by destroying its lines of communication.



Another remarkable performance of Hampton's was the cattle-raid in September, 1864, by which he brought into camp a herd of beeves sufficient to furnish rations of one pound of meat a day for forty days to fifty thousand men. If it had not been actually done, the exploit would be thought impossible, and yet it was not a wild, sensational affair, but wise and prudent, when you understand it.

Near Coggin's Point on the James River, less than five miles east of City Point, and opposite to Westover, was a herd of 2,468 fine large beef-cattle belonging to the Army of the Potomac. This Hampton determined to capture. To do this, it would be necessary to go almost within a stone's throw of City Point, General Grant's headquarters, and the base of supplies for his army, where immense stores were kept. One would have supposed the locality to be safer from intrusion than Washington. It was behind the immense masses of infantry of the army, all the approaches carefully guarded; easterly an unfordable river—Blackwater—all picketed; on the James River, forts and gun-boats only three miles or so from the cattle-yards—within hail of General Grant's own headquarters. If before it had been done any soldier of either army had been asked if the deed were practicable, he would have answered not more so than to capture the fortress of Gibraltar with a steam-launch. And yet it *was* practicable, in great measure because deemed by everyone impossible, and therefore never thought of.

On September 14, Hampton started on this expedition, taking with him a very light flying column consisting of the Third Division, two detached brigades, and 100 picked men, in all about 3,000 troopers. He marched rapidly in a southeasterly direction, thus throwing hostile scouts off the trail of his intentions, no one in his own command among the men, or among the officers beyond the staff, knowing where he was going, and bivouacked quietly for the night. Making a very early start the next morning, he dashed forward on a nearly northerly route, thus going round the left flank of the Federals, and reached Cook's Bridge on the Blackwater River, during the day. He was now due south of Coggin's Point, and only ten miles from where he intended to break



through their pickets. The bridge at this point had been destroyed and it was for that very reason that he selected this place for crossing. He was aware that his opponents very well knew that he was possessed of no pontoons, and would therefore not keep as close watch, as they ought to have done in this direction. In a few hours at night a temporary bridge was constructed by the engineers, horses and men meantime resting and eating, and by midnight the river was crossed and the march resumed. About nine miles north of the Blackwater, near Sycamore Church, was the largest picket detachment nearest to the herd, about two miles further on, and to the right and left were smaller pickets. By an impetuous charge the large picket was demolished after a stiff fight, and scattered, and then the smaller ones dealt with in detail. By another detachment Hampton at the same time dislodged a post about three miles from Fort Powhattan on the James River, and held the roads to prevent relief from there, while another detachment rushed forward and seized the roads from City Point, thus preventing interruption from that quarter. As much noise as possible was made, and everything in sight incontinently ridden down, in order to create a belief in large numbers and to produce a panic, in which great success was attained. Flying pickets, as well as fleeing "reliable citizens," reported "an immense force," and "more coming." General Kautz, whose cavalry was driven in, estimated the number with Hampton at 14,000 men. Great alarm was felt on account of the immense stores in peril. To make matters worse, General Lee had, by pre-arrangement with Hampton, made a feint to divert attention, and Butler's (First) Division did the same, and it looked on the lines as if a general engagement was inaugurated. General Grant was temporarily absent at Harper's Ferry, and General Meade, with the entire responsibility on his hands, was under great anxiety and excitement, making the wires hot in every direction with calls for help. It is said that he used some strong language, as he would sometimes do on occasion. No doubt he thought of curses as did the royal ladies—

Let them have scope, though what they will impart  
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

General Hampton could not obtain relief in that way, for he never "swore like a trooper," or at all. Meantime Hampton had some stores taken and some destroyed, in order to blind his opponents to his real purpose, and worked quietly at removing the cattle. This was easily done by dividing them into small herds, when they followed each other with docility. It was hardly later than eight o'clock a. m. when the withdrawal began toward Blackwater River, and before reaching the stream all portions of his command were united, when he crossed and destroyed the bridge. He kept the roads open with his cavalry and got his cattle safely to camp. Never was such a cheering heard, as burst from the soldiers, when they saw all those "Hampton steaks," and understood from where he had "lifted" them. General Lee wrote a letter complimenting and thanking him for this exploit and the valuable addition to the army's larder. In addition to the beeves, many horses, and eleven wagons were taken, and a considerable quantity of blankets and army stores was brought off, and many burned, and there were sardines, pickles, and the like, galore for many a day. The prisoners taken away amounted to 304; Hampton's entire losses to sixty-one. Grant remarked to Meade in a telegram from Harper's Ferry, that it was "a big haul."

In conformity with the intention to give but a brief outline of Hampton's military career, only referring to a very few of the notable incidents illustrating his characteristics, the writer will now submit a short account of the salient features of the battle of Burgess Mill, as it is usually called, occurring on October 27, 1864. This battle has special historic interest, because it is the counterpart of that of Five Forks, which took place about five months later, and there the right flank of Lee's army was turned, which compelled the withdrawal from Petersburg and Richmond, and the extinction of the Confederacy. It also serves the writer's end by showing the distinguished ability displayed by Hampton with decisive effects upon the action fought. These battles were alike in all respects, save the results, as the reader will perceive, if he will follow this narrative assisted by a glance at a map.

It will be remembered, that the plan of General Grant's siege operations at Petersburg, after his assaults had been repelled, was to cut the lines of communication of Lee's army, and thus compel the withdrawal from Petersburg and Richmond—each of which was but part of a whole, in a military sense. To effect this purpose he had dispatched Sheridan and Wilson, but they were frustrated in their attempt by Hampton, as related. Grant then proceeded to press forward systematically on his left flank westerly to obtain possession of the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad. There was persistent fighting for weeks for that object, and he finally effected it. The other line of communication left to Lee, and which was essential to maintaining his hold on Petersburg and Richmond, was the South Side Railroad from Petersburg, forming a junction at Burkeville with the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and thence south and west. The possession of this railroad was vital to Lee. In October, 1864, and for five months later, it was covered by the extreme right flank of the Army of Northern Virginia, the cavalry being concentrated, as far as possible, in that neighborhood to picket approaches and repel attacks, the works on Hatcher's Run, and contiguous ground being held by such infantry as could be spared for the purpose, as well as by dismounted cavalry in the outer trenches..

Great discouragement was prevailing among the people at the North with the stationary position of Grant, and he was strongly urged by the authorities to move faster. Grant had replied by demanding reinforcements of 40,000 additional men, and at the period of which we are writing, these had been received. No more time could be lost, if anything of importance was to be achieved before the setting in of winter would put a stop to active operations. It was determined, therefore, to make the final great effort of the campaign.

Orders were accordingly issued by General Grant to portions of his command to move out by half-past two a. m. on October 27, other bodies to march at later hours, depending upon position, so that the advance would encounter the opposing forces at the desired point by the first daylight. All



the troops which could be spared from manning the fortifications were employed, consisting of all of the Second, Fifth, and Ninth corps not left in the trenches, and Gregg's Division of Cavalry, the latter numbering 5,471 troopers after the battle, thus making the entire force about 40,000 strong, provided with four days' rations, so as to hold the positions intended to be taken. Benjamin Butler on the north side of the river was instructed to deliver an attack there, so as to distract attention from the movement south of the river, and prevent the transfer of troops by Lee's short interior lines.

The Federal force initiated the operation in admirable form. The Second Corps (Hancock's) had the left, marching down the Vaughan road to Hatcher's Run, the extreme right of the Confederate line, and in connection with this corps Gregg's cavalry operated. The task before them was to extend around Lee's right, and thus cut it off from the South Side Railroad. If this had been accomplished, the battle of Five Forks would never have taken place, for it would have been forestalled. It need not be pointed out, that the covering of Lee's necessarily extended lines, with troops so wonderfully inferior in numbers to those of his antagonist, required—among other things—unsleeping vigilance in transferring sufficient force to the particular points attacked.

By daylight on the morning of the 27 October, Hampton's pickets were driven in all along his line, from Armstrong's Mill on Hatcher's Run to Moncks-neck Bridge, on his extreme right, a distance of about two miles. Hancock's infantry crossed Hatcher's Run at the Vaughan road, and Armstrong's Mill, and Gregg's cavalry at Moncks-neck Bridge, two miles further south, at the juncture of Hatcher's Run and Gravelly Run.

General A. P. Hill, with a part of his corps and some of the cavalry, occupied the works on Hatcher's Run.

I do not think it well to recount the details of the magnificent cavalry (dismounted, and mounted) fighting of the day, for it would prolong this part of my narrative too much, and, besides, I have already written about it ("Hampton and his Cavalry in '64"), and the correctness of the account has been



approved by General Hampton. Suffice it to say, that up to four o'clock p. m. the cavalry under Hampton covered and successfully defended the right flank of Lee's army from the operations of Hancock's Corps, and Gregg's Cavalry, and without assistance, up to that time, from any source. With the stern, resolute determination of infantry, with the wonderful flexibility of mounted-infantry, with the lightning-like suddenness of light cavalry mounted, all combined in the same men, and with horse-artillery up to the line of battle, "covering themselves," and flashing their guns into the very faces of the foe, Hampton on that day safeguarded the life of the army.

At four o'clock p. m., General Heth, of Hill's Corps, with his Division, crossed over Hatcher's Run and made an attack in concert with Hampton. As soon as Heth's rifles announced that he was engaged, M. C. Butler charged with his whole line (dismounted) across an open field and drove the force encountered toward the Boydton road. At the same time W. H. F. Lee advanced down this road, his left uniting with Butler's right. The Federals were thus enveloped on three sides from a point on the Quaker road to Burgess mill-pond. Hancock was in this way driven from his position on the roads, became piled up in the fields east of the Boydton road, isolated from the support of the other corps—defeated and obliged to retreat after night had set in, back to the lines of his army.

The operations of the two other Federal corps against the works effected nothing. In fact, when they struck the thick wooded country and the twisting of the runs, they became separated from each other and out of touch with Hancock's Corps, which caused considerable disputation afterward between the different corps commanders. To deploy troops in fields or open ground is easy enough, but in the woods it is quite a different matter. An officer not possessing some familiarity with wood-craft, is as much bewildered as a coal-heaver in a ballroom, and hence many defeats, and many thousand valuable lives frequently sacrificed. It was the intuitive and developed skill of Hampton in topography, that formed a great part of his strength in action.

So in this way the right flank of the army was hermetically sealed up against intrusion for five months. General Hampton received thanks for himself and his command from General Lee.

There was a very sad occurrence that evening. As Butler swept forward to connect his right with W. H. F. Lee's left, Hampton was in front, and his son Preston, who was aide-de-camp on his staff, fell mortally wounded, and almost at the same moment another son, Wade, temporarily attached to his staff, was also struck down by a bullet. It was only possible for the General to stop an instant, leap from his horse, bend over Preston, kiss him tenderly, whisper some words in his ear, which only he and the angels heard, and then gallop on with his men. After daylight that morning the air had the fresh crispness of autumn, and the hoar-frost glistened like silver in the bright sunlight, and the forest leaves were gorgeous in color. It was a beautiful day until toward evening, when a cold wintry rain set in, and a black wet night followed.

Not that in sooth o'er mortal urn  
Those things inanimate can mourn,

but to the General, lying on the ground unsheltered beneath the cold, dripping sky, sleeplessly awaiting the morning to resume his arduous duties, the father's heart all the while with those two boys, one stiff and stark, as he knew, the other perhaps so too, it must have seemed that nature was mourning with him. Later on in this narrative I shall point out how, when his own spirit was hovering on the borderland of death, the father's heart seemed to go back to this dreary night.

If the reader is sufficiently interested to look into the subject further he will find that this battle of Burgess Mill is very similar in the main features to that of Five Forks, except that it was an incomparably more formidable demonstration, and the tragic memories of the momentous result of Five Forks lend to this engagement a special importance.

At the battle of Five Forks there were three Confederate divisions of cavalry, numbering in all about 7,000 men, about one-third more than Hampton could muster at Burgess Mill,

and nearly a third more than he had at Trevilian. Sheridan had but 13,209 men by returns, considerably less than double the Confederates, and the latter should have known the ground well. The Confederates faced nearly in the direction of Dinwiddie Courthouse, with Picket's Infantry in the centre, all the cavalry on the right, except one division, which was held in reserve north of Hatcher's Run, and never made use of at all. The Federal infantry (Warren) came up the run (westerly) unobserved, turned Picket's flank, and getting in his rear, doubled him up. Thus was practically ended the war, and that this would not have been the case if Hampton had been in command, was General Lee's opinion, as will be seen from the following letter to General Hampton:

New Cartersville, August 1, 1865.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I was very much gratified at the reception of your letter of 5th ultimo. I have been very anxious concerning you, and could obtain no satisfactory information.

\* \* \* \* \*

You cannot regret as much as I did, that you were not with us at our final struggle. The absence of the troops which I had sent to North and South Carolina was, I believe, the cause of our immediate disaster. Our small force of cavalry (a large portion of our men, who had been sent to the interior to winter their horses, had not rejoined their regiments) was unable to resist the united cavalry under Sheridan, which obliged me to detach Picket's Division to Fitz Lee's support, thereby weakening my main line, and yet not accomplishing my purpose. If you had been there with all of our cavalry, the result at Five Forks would have been different. But how long the contest could have been prolonged, it is difficult to say. It is over, and though the present is depressing and disheartening, I trust the future may prove brighter. We must at least hope so, and each one do his part to make it so.

\* \* \* \* \*

That every happiness may attend you, and yours, is the earnest prayer of

Your friend,

R. E. LEE.

The parts of this letter omitted are about matters having no connection with the quoted portion.

At the time Five Forks took place Hampton was in North Carolina, commanding all the cavalry of Gen. Joseph Johnston's army.

In January, 1865, the troops being in winter quarters, and the campaign ended, General Hampton was ordered to South Carolina to command all the cavalry of Johnston's army. While he had commanded the cavalry of Lee's army, the prisoners taken by his corps, and which were recorded in the returns, amounted to 11,000, but more than that number were captured, for many were unrecorded during very active



periods. By the returns of December 31, 1864, Hampton had in his command 7,063 men, but by the return of October 20, 5,375 only, and it should be remembered that "present for duty" in Confederate reports meant those in camp, whether with or without serviceable horses. The last mentioned figures certainly fully averaged the effective strength of his force during the campaign.

When Hampton was ordered to South Carolina he was made a lieutenant-general. Butler's Division was then sent to South Carolina, but it numbered, by the return of December 20, 1864, only 1,526 effectives. Hampton's Corps with Johnston's army was composed of this division, and that of Major-General Wheeler, the latter made up of troops from Hood's old army rendezvoused at Columbia, S. C.

Columbia was an unfortified and ungarrisoned town. There was some little skirmishing, a few miles distant from it, with Sherman's advance, but the Confederate force was totally inadequate in numbers to cope with such an adversary. Consequently, early in the morning of February 17, all troops were withdrawn from the neighborhood. Hampton commanded the rear-guard, which passed through and left the town at a very early hour in the morning. The city was burned after dark on the same day, it having been formally surrendered by the Mayor and taken under safeguard by the Federal army more than eight hours before. At first there was a disposition, in some quarters, to attribute the burning to General Hampton's order, or to some part of the Confederate army, which would amount to the same thing, as he was in command of the rear-guard, and, therefore, responsible. To a man of his humanity, and whose ideal of a soldier's honor and duty was so high, this was very painful, and he indignantly repudiated the imputation. Indeed at first General Sherman charged the burning against Hampton, or his troops, but subsequently explicitly withdrew the charge, and it has been proved before the "Mixed Commission," and otherwise, that it was set on fire at night on February 18. No cotton was set on fire during the day by the Confederate army, or by any one else, except by some Federal soldiers, who got hold of liquor on entering the town,



and mischievously stuck their cigars and pipes into some cotton piled in the streets, but they were at once arrested by their provost-guard and the fire entirely extinguished, and it amounted to nothing of importance, having no connection at all with the fire that night. It so happens that the writer himself rode into the town after all troops had been withdrawn, and as the Federal column was about entering, and the cotton was not then fired, nor were there any persons, white or black, in the streets, all having retired within doors. Moreover, with a small detachment, he remained for several hours after the Federal column had been seen to occupy the town, up to after two o'clock p. m., on a hill beyond the Charlotte depot overlooking the city, and could not have failed to observe any fire had there been any up to that time; but there was none.

General Hampton remained in command of the cavalry corps of Johnston's army until the cessation of hostilities. During the march of the hostile army he accomplished very much in curtailing the swath of destruction, and in saving property by assisting in its removal, many horses and much stock being preserved and returned to the inhabitants after Sherman's columns had passed by, thus enabling the poor people to plow their fields and obtain after a while subsistence. The sufferings of those living along the route were, however, terrible to witness, particularly those of the women and children, and no conscientious men made cognizant of them by personal contact, but would forever afterward oppose the initiation of all wars not purely defensive in their nature: it would cure all good men of any imperialistic sentiment previously entertained.

Only one incident showing "Hampton's way" during this period will be here given. The ninth of March had been a rainy day and the night was very dark. Early in the evening before the halt was made for the night bivouac, a picket of about forty men coming from the opposite direction was met, and made prisoners in the darkness without the firing of a shot, or any other noise. Until too late they thought themselves among friends. It turned out to be the detachment sent out by Kilpatrick, commanding the cavalry of Sherman's

army, to picket that road for the night, he having gone into camp not far distant. Scouts at once dismounted, and felt their way cautiously down the road, and to the camp, finding no guard between, every one there relying in perfect security upon the picket, which had been captured. All night long the scouts lurked in the cover, reporting the camp undisturbed, having quietly captured two or three men on their way to the picket station. Hampton conferred with Butler and Wheeler, and communicated to them his plan, and gave them instructions in detail. The opportunity presented was just what was desired, for Kilpatrick was endeavoring to block the roads leading to Fayetteville on the Cape Fear River about eight miles distant, and Johnston wished to pursue that route.

Butler's division remained during the night near the road, no fires, or even pipes being lighted, all talking prohibited. Each man sat on the ground holding his bridle-rein and keeping his horse from conversing with his friends in whinnies, as they are inclined to do when perceiving something unusual afoot, or when scenting danger,

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull air.

At the first faint streak of daylight Butler was to strike, and, on hearing him, Wheeler was to coöperate from his position, which would be at about right angles to Butler, thus enveloping their antagonist on the two sides not contiguous to his infantry. On the third side was an impenetrable swamp.

Just before daylight the regiments of Butler, intending to attack, moved out on a slow walk and proceeded to within about two hundred yards of the outskirts of Kilpatrick's camp, and quietly halted there. Gradually the first faint light preceding dawn began to be perceptible. As it had rained all the day before and most of the night, the ground was wet and soft and the air charged thick with vapor, serving to muffle sounds. There was profound stillness, except for two little birds disturbed in their morning nap twittering alarm from the dripping bushes, while the ghostly pines, shrouded almost to the ground in mist, were all that sentineled the sleepers near by. The rest of the division

remained where it had bivouacked, and was deployed dismounted to act as a reserve, or repel a possible counter-attack.

At length Butler rode quietly to the head of the column, uncovered his head and cried:

“Forward! Charge! Troops from Virginia, follow me!”

With irresistible, sudden impact the regiments were hurled horse and man into the profoundly sleeping camp. It was as if supernatural foes had leaped up among them from the bowels of the earth. Awaking in wild alarm, trampled by horses’ hoofs under their flies, bewildered and half asleep, while horses rushed over them, pistols flashed, and sabres swished like devil’s music, they fled pell-mell they knew not where, if fortunate enough to get away. A wild sight it was—one never to be forgotten.

There could not have been a more complete and successful surprise. Kilpatrick himself, whose headquarters were near the point of entrance, escaped in shirt and drawers, not being recognized in the dim light. This opening was supported by a portion of the reserves, and the entire camp was in Hampton’s possession. Unfortunately Wheeler’s troops, which were expected to be up by this time, were detained in getting through some wet ground, and did not coöperate, as had been intended. They, however, made a good showing in assisting in covering the withdrawal from the camp.

The fugitives carried the news to the nearest infantry, which was set in motion on the double-quick for their protection, and they themselves soon rallied very well, Kilpatrick acting gallantly. Then a sharp fight ensued, while prisoners and a large number of captured horses were removed by Hampton. The artillery and most of the wagons could not be got off in time, because the horses pertaining to them had been stampeded and much of the harness was gone. A considerable number of arms and accoutrements were secured. There were released 173 Confederate prisoners, and over 500 Federals were carried off, which was about half of Butler’s effective force at the time. Kilpatrick’s Corps numbered about 5,000; Wheeler’s division about 3,000, if it could have been gotten together at one time.



This affair pretty badly demoralized Kilpatrick's Corps. He said of it in his official report:

"Hampton led the centre division (Butler's) and in less than a minute had driven back my people and taken possession of my headquarters, captured the artillery, and the whole command was flying before the most formidable cavalry charge I ever have witnessed. Colonel Spencer and a large portion of my staff were virtually taken prisoners."

This effectually opened the roads to the Cape Fear River. General Hampton said that the returns of prisoners captured by his corps during the campaign in the Carolinas were quite incomplete, owing to irregular attention to these matters in some quarters, and the loss or destruction of papers consequent upon the break-up, but that the number was between three and four thousand.

When Mr. Davis was on his route southward from Richmond, accompanied by some of the members of his cabinet and by his family, General Hampton wrote to him from Hillsboro, N. C., under date of April 19, of which letter the following are extracts:

The military situation is very gloomy, I admit, but it is by no means desperate, and endurance and determination will produce a change. There are large numbers of the Army of Northern Virginia who have escaped, and of these many will return to our standard, if they are allowed to enter the cavalry service. Many of the cavalry, who escaped, will also join us, if they find we are still making head against the enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Give me a good force and I will take them safely across the Mississippi.

\* \* \* \* \*

I write to you, my dear sir, that you may know the feelings which actuate many of the officers of my command. They are not subdued, nor do they despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you will allow me to do so, I can bring to your support many strong arms and brave hearts.

Not hearing from Mr. Davis in reply, General Hampton went to Greensboro, proposing to go from there to Salisbury to meet him, but learning that he was not at the latter place, wrote him a letter dated April 22, from which we quote:

I came here intending to go to Salisbury to see you, but hearing that you are not there, I am not able to reach you at present.

\* \* \* \* \*



If you should propose to cross the Mississippi, I can bring many good men to escort you over. My men are in hand and ready to follow me anywhere.

\* \* \* \* \*

My plan is to collect all the men who will stick to their colors, and get to Texas. I can carry with me quite a number, and I can get there.

On April 22, General Hampton received the following telegram from Mr. Davis—either in answer to the letter just quoted from, or to the first one:

Letter not received. Wish to see you as soon as convenient. Will then confer.

The word “not” is probably a telegraphic error for “just.”

There were other communications between them, when on April 26, Mr. Davis wired from Charlotte, N. C.:

If you think it better, you can, with the approval of General Johnston, select now, as proposed for a later period, the small body of men, and join me at once, leaving General Wheeler to succeed you in command of the cavalry.

The meaning of “the small body of men” is, that Hampton had proposed to join Mr. Davis with a mounted force numbering at least 5,000 men, and Mr. Davis had objected to so large a column for his escort, on the ground that it would attract attention and pursuit, have difficulty in foraging, and not be sufficiently mobile.

General Hampton met Mr. Davis at Charlotte, and, after a full consultation, the latter approved of the plan suggested, and gave the General a letter authorizing him to join him with all the men willing to volunteer, and take as many of the artillery and wagon-horses as might be deemed advisable, for mounts. Having received this authorization from his commander-in-chief, Hampton returned to Hillsboro to carry out the plan agreed upon, arriving there at eleven o'clock p. m., April 26, and found that the army had surrendered. This defeated the plan, for Hampton, of course, recognized that the convention entered into by Johnston and Sherman included his command—the entire cavalry corps present. He then informed General Johnston, that, being absent at the time under special orders from the commander-in-chief, he did not consider himself embraced in the surrender, and that he would at once endeavor to join Mr. Davis, but would take none of his command with him. Learning that a large part.

of his men had refused to surrender and had left the camp, he sent a courier after them with orders to halt, until he could come up with them, and at twelve o'clock midnight left his headquarters, accompanied by several of his staff, and seventeen scouts and couriers. At sunrise he came up with the men to whom he had sent orders halt, and besought them to prove themselves then, as they had done throughout the war, good soldiers, by obeying the command of General Johnston by whom they had been surrendered, as part of his army. He assured them in most affecting words, that he knew they were ready to share his fate, but that this they could not honorably do, as they had been surrendered with the army, but that he himself was acting under the orders of the commander-in-chief, and could therefore join him. The writer was not present, but has been informed by those, who were there, that it was a most impressive and pathetic scene, old soldiers with tears streaming down their faces, and many sobbing like children, the General's eyes wet and his voice shaking with emotion.

After having thus taken leave of his old comrades, many of whom had been with him since the beginning of the war, Hampton pushed on toward Charlotte, accompanied only by the men attached to his headquarters originally following him from camp, expecting to find Mr. Davis at that place, but on reaching there in the evening, it was discovered that he had left for Yorkville, S. C., about thirty-five miles distant. Leaving his escort, whose horses were tired out, at Charlotte, Hampton procured a fresh horse, and at once pressed on alone to Yorkville, swimming the Catawba River during the night, and arriving at Yorkville at two o'clock a. m. only to find that Mr. Davis was reported gone to Abbeville, S. C. Thus disappointed in overtaking Mr. Davis and not knowing his plans of route, Hampton dispatched a letter to him by General Wheeler, whom he met at Yorkville, and also sent two couriers with communications for him, but all these failed of reaching him.

Thus, faithful to the last, but hearing nothing further from Mr. Davis, General Hampton eventually accepted a parole in

accordance with General Lee's views that resistance was to cease, and, from that moment, there was no man, South or North, more sincere in accepting the legitimate results of the war, or in using his influence more conscientiously to bring about a Union restored in good faith and fraternal feeling.

## CHAPTER THIRD

## RECONSTRUCTION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES

A pilot! God, a pilot, for the helm is left awry,  
And the best sailors in the ship lie there among the dead!

—*Sidney Lanier.*

At the end of the war of 1861-65 began the Reconstruction Period, which lasted in South Carolina over ten years, if we consider the Hayes-Tilden election as its termination. It is necessary for the reader to have a clear general conception of the condition of affairs in the State during that period in order to appreciate the priceless services rendered by Hampton to his country. In trying to effect this, the writer will give a mere outline of the situation before the State and Presidential contest of 1876, and only sufficient details of that time to illustrate the value of what Hampton accomplished. This he will do in the spirit of candor and truth, without exaggeration, and free from intended offense to anyone.

The war ended, as everyone knows, by the surrender in the spring of 1865 of all the organized armies of the Confederacy. It is characteristic of men imbued with the true military spirit, to fight hard, to the death, if you like, but, when surrendering, to do so in good faith, without any mental reservation whatever, accepting as irrevocably settled the points which have been at issue. It is not of this nature to complain and regret, still less to plot and conspire. The true soldier, after a fair fight, and his acknowledgment of defeat, has an inclination to shake hands and "make up," expecting his adversary to be possessed of a like generous feeling. The Southern armies were composed of true soldiers, as they had proved on many a field, and when we say "the Southern Armies," we mean the Southern people, for the rest were not of sufficient consequence, either in numbers, or character, to be worth considering. Moreover the Southern soldier knew full well that, with good cause, his name and fame were engraved for all time in the memories of brave men everywhere, and that he did not come home to his family like a whipped cur, but to be welcomed there as a hero by



mother and sisters, wife or sweetheart, so that he was spared personally much of the bitterness of defeat. Then, too, the great mass of them were Americans—far more generally so than was the case with the Northern armies chiefly recruited from foreigners, or those of near alien descent—a race, which had comparatively lately conquered their homes from the wilderness with their own sturdy arms, and finding them again and again devastated by the savage, had always returned there to rebuild before the ashes were cold, and to run a furrow in the fields still wet with the blood of the red man. In the same resolute spirit they returned now to their homes equally devastated, determined to recreate their fortunes, as best they could. If you desire confirmation of this in substance, read the report of December, 1865, made to President Johnson by General Grant, on his return from a trip to the South, where he had been sent chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiments of the people there, and surely he cannot be suspected of overstating the case. You will never find, I think, search the pages of history as you may, at the end of any sectional or civil war, a brighter prospect of quick pacification, complete reconciliation, and speedy rehabilitation. Even the abolition of negro slavery was not as sore a subject, as many suppose it to have been, for at least four fifths of the Southern people were not slaveholders, and had been fighting for independence, not negro slavery; many of them in their hearts were not sorry that the perpetual, worrisome, political wrangle over the negro would thus be ended forever, as then they supposed it would be.

The points which had been at issue and which had been conceded by the South by the surrender, were primarily the right of secession and incidentally the right to own negro slaves, but they had not given up their inherent rights, as Americans, to life, liberty, and property—other than that in negro slaves—while rendering obedience to the laws of Congress passed in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. This was the agreement—a mutual one—as evidenced by the words contained in the paroles. This was the well-known programme of Mr. Lincoln for “reconstruction,” and it was that of Mr. Seward, Governor Andrews of

Massachusetts, and similar statesmen, as also that of General Sherman and of General Grant, until the latter threw in his fortune with the party that originated the policy embodied in what are known as the Reconstruction Acts. There can be no doubt at all that, if the Confederate armies had known what awaited them at the hands of those whom they trusted in good faith, they would never have laid down their arms. General Lee, whose opinion will doubtless be accepted on this point as representative of his section, when in Charleston while traveling for his health not long before his death, was asked whether he would have surrendered, if at that time he had foreseen the frightful condition of affairs, which was to ensue, caused by the Reconstruction Acts. Drawing up his still commanding figure to its full height, with flushed face and kindling eyes, he replied :

“No, sir! never! never!”

It is useless now to investigate the animus that brought about the policy referred to, and I have no intention of doing so. It is immaterial how much was due to an honest misunderstanding of the South, and how much to mere distrust; how much was owing to want of knowledge of the true nature of the negro, and how much to anxiety lest he be ill-treated by the white population; how much to a cold political purpose to establish permanently a “solid South” in the interest of the then dominant faction through negro supremacy, and how far party discipline and dread of being ostracized deterred opposition, that could have prevented the worst excesses.

We do not know what proportion of each of these ingredients went to the making up of the bomb, but we do know that it shattered society at the South, almost destroyed the elementary bonds of the social compact, and has crippled her progress for fifty years or more.

A measure more unspeakably cruel to the negro race than emancipation, as it was managed, cannot be conceived. I am not condemning emancipation in itself, but the manner in which it was effected. I believe that the time had come for emancipation in the South, just as it had come a few years earlier in the Northern States, and for precisely the

same reasons—not for moral but for industrial reasons—because negro labor was so much inferior to white labor that it kept back the material and, through that, the intellectual growth of the South. But if emancipation with compensation to owners (which it is known Mr. Lincoln favored) had been adopted in an equitable spirit, on a principle akin to eminent domain, the then existing cordial relations between the two races would have continued, and under friendly guidance the negro would have remained happy and attained the highest moral and physical development of which he is (or, rather, was,) capable. But, instead of this, the plan adopted by the anti-Lincoln faction was a combination of vindictiveness toward the whites, and to the negroes the color of philanthropy “cheaply” effected altogether at the expense of the whites, but which in the end proved very “dear” to the entire country. Thus several millions of a race stamped inferior by nature, intellectually as helpless as children, accustomed only to daily “tasks” so light that they would have been laughed at by an average white laborer, and innately indolent, were turned adrift into the cold world to make the struggle for existence in competition with the superior race. The only real, comprehending friends they ever had, the Southern whites, who could and would intelligently and sympathetically have helped them, were placed against their will in a position of hostility, and the poor negroes were mercilessly turned over by their new “friends” to the exploitation of cranks, carpet-baggers, scalawags, and mulattoes, the latter inheriting some of the intelligence, and all the vice and rascality of the lecherous white blood from which they sprang. Then the ever-ready aid of those congenial missionaries of “civilization,” alcohol and lust, was called in to honeycomb them with loathsome disease, which has poisoned for all time the blood of a frightfully large percentage of the race, and rendered them in spite of themselves degenerates, unable to do good work, even if willing. The result was just as certain beforehand as it is the due working out of a chemical formula, and this was earnestly pointed out at the time. But the “experiment” at the expense of others, the vivisection of the “specimen,” was taken up with as much



light-heartedness as would be shown by a young medical student in dissecting a frog, and with as little sense of moral responsibility as children playing with matches in a powder magazine.

And the end is not yet, for the grievous wrong done the race is irreparable. The last refuge for the negro from being extirpated by the vigorous white immigrant is in those parts of what is sometimes called the "black belt," where in swampy, undrained lands malaria holds high carnival during the summer months. Booker Washington (who for obvious reasons always speaks of himself as a "negro," when in fact a mulatto) foresees this full well, as evinced by recent utterances. But when these same lands are drained, malaria is eliminated and the song of the mosquito stilled forever. The climate then becomes healthful and pleasant all the year round, and the soil is second in fertility to none in the world. All these now malarial sections eventually will be effectively drained on a large scale—if not by the present owners, then by new-comers, for the cupidity of mankind can be trusted for that. Then they will become densely populated by an industrious, hardy yeomanry, eager in the struggle of life, and, as new-comers, without any sympathy for the negroes, a sentiment which has never been eradicated from the hearts of the original soil-owners. If it be asked what will then become of the negro, the answer is, what has become of the Indian?

The fact is that emancipation without compensation is based upon the principle that the will of the majority of the people (that is to say, the will of the majority of those allowed to vote) is the supreme law vested rights, constitutions, and statutes to the contrary notwithstanding; that private and corporate property are not held by any natural right, but by a privilege granted under the social compact, which is revocable at the will of the people, those termed owners being in reality only temporary trustees for their principal, the people. This doctrine, which is as old as the hills, has naturally never been a favorite with the "trustees," but they have been always reluctantly compelled to obey the *de facto* government, and give up unto Caesar the things



which he says are his. Not only emancipation, but much other legislation in this country, and a great deal in England also in recent times, can only be legalized on this principle. It applies, of course, in full force to the proposed expropriation of unduly large private and corporate estates. The indirect effect of these measures will be to generalize property, but the immediate result, the appropriation by government of vast sums, which can be employed in public utilities, among others the furnishing free transportation to Africa for negroes and giving them when there the long-promised "forty acres and a mule." It is a solution of the "negro question" quite in harmony with "the eternal verities."

There can now be no doubt that President Johnson conscientiously endeavored to carry out in good faith the well-defined policy that Mr. Lincoln had bequeathed to him, but he could not stem the tide let loose by Thaddeus Stevens and Oliver P. Morton, and there was no other able to do it, and but few inclined to make the attempt. Mr. Johnson was honest and patriotic, but wanting in tact, temper, and judgment, and without the commanding prestige of Lincoln, who, kindly in nature, firm of will, and beneficent in purpose, might have stayed the hand upraised to smite the defenseless. The vile, cowardly assassin, an outsider to the South, a wretched non-combatant, he, who at the most momentous point of the crisis, murdered in cold blood the best friend the South then possessed, by the consequences of that fiendish crime consigned many another man to a death of despair, broke many and many a poor woman's heart, condemned countless children to mature, if at all, dwarfed mentally and physically for want of normal nutriment.

As soon as practicable after the disbandment of the Southern armies civil governments were organized in the previously seceded States, and these communities admitted to their former rights of statehood under Mr. Johnson's (or, rather, Mr. Lincoln's) programme, after they had renounced the right of secession and accepted the abolition of negro slavery. In the interests of society and property Federal troops were maintained there in sufficient force to ensure,

if necessary, tranquillity, a measure the wisdom of which was not doubted by any one, in view of the feeling of unrest, and socialism among the negroes, stirred up chiefly by the emissaries of the Freedmen's Bureau, with free rations and promises of "forty acres and a mule." The result was a sort of quasi-civil government.

It became necessary, as well for the good of the negroes, as of the whites, in fact absolutely indispensable, to define the rights and responsibilities of the blacks under the new order of affairs. The Freedmen's Bureau, though in its origin beneficent in intention, did much more harm than good to the negroes themselves. By free rations they were encouraged to be idlers and vagrants, and by constant interference between them and the whites, and the creation of demagogue "carpet-baggers," the mutual kindly regard for each other originally entertained was weakened, or changed altogether. Good judgment would have dictated a course that could have left this unimpaired, as they were to live together in the same community, and as, in the long run, the racially weaker side would suffer most loss by the change. To organize society, therefore, upon a living basis for all concerned, statutes were passed by the State, which, if they had not been interfered with by Federal legislation, and had been modified, as they would have been, as time showed the propriety of doing so, would have greatly advanced the well-being of both races. Any one, who will now dispassionately and carefully examine the statutes referred to, will, I feel sure, come to this conclusion. All the civil rights of the negro were secured under these laws, and the provisions as to labor and vagrancy were such as good judgment would provide and kindly feeling approve, if the characteristics of the negro were understood. Racial friction would have been avoided, and the blacks gradually and naturally developed into a capacity for citizenship.

Under this government, though anomalous in character, and leaving much to be desired, yet all that could be expected during a temporary transition period, the whites took up earnestly and in good faith the struggle of life, and General Hampton among them. But he was handicapped by being of

the large number who were disfranchised, and was thus rendered unable to get possession of his landed estates for some time. His large, extended, and complicated interests were in South Carolina, and Mississippi, principally in the latter, States necessarily most upset by the changed conditions of labor, in consequence of the negroes outnumbering the whites. The problem presented was one very difficult of satisfactory solution, but, as far as labor was concerned, he was advantageously placed, as he was and always had been much looked up to, liked, and admired by the negroes, and their misleaders found it, throughout his life, a difficult task to poison the black man's heart against him. But, under such circumstances, reserve-capital required for running crop expenses destroyed, cash hard to obtain and only procurable, if at all, at high rates of interest; with assets of all kinds diminished in value by emancipation and the losses incident to it, and liabilities ever increasing, it may easily be appreciated that success could have been attained only by a hard and patient struggle. Yet he was a man well fitted to gain the day in such a battle with fate, and would probably have succeeded, but for the overturning of President Johnson's policy, and the substitution of chaos under the Reconstruction Acts. Then the majestic oaks went down uprooted in the storm, and he among the number, and the poor little saplings were blown prostrate on the ground.

The Reconstruction Acts were passed over the President's veto, amid derisive cheers and uproarious shouts of laughter on the floor of Congress, and black night settled down upon South Carolina for a weary decade. The previously seceded States were divided into military districts, or proconsulates, each under the command of an army officer with absolute control over property and power of life and death, the writ of habeas corpus being abolished, as well as trial by jury, indictment or even accusation under oath not required, and appeal barred; all this without limit in time. Thus these Acts were originally passed, but, in order to ensure the two-thirds majority that would be required to pass them over the President's veto, they were modified to this extent—but only to this extent—that before actually putting to death a



condemned man, the General Commanding must obtain the approval of the Executive just as now on courts-martial, and that, when these communities should be organized into embryo States under the General Commanding, and should present to Congress a Constitution acceptable to that body, and should accept the proposed Fourteenth Amendment (negro suffrage and partial white disfranchisement) not yet ratified by a sufficient number (two-thirds) of the Northern States to make it binding; that Congress might then, if it elected to do so, admit them, as States, into the Union, when military government would cease. Not long after this votes were had in Ohio and several other of the principal Northern States on conferring the right of suffrage on the negroes residing there, and the proposition was voted down by large majorities. In fact the Fourteenth Amendment was declared adopted through the thus obtained acceptance under duress of "Reconstructed States" admitted on this as a condition precedent.

Relief applied for from the enforcement of these Acts, so patently subversive of organic law, could not be obtained by legal means, for the Supreme Court of the United States decided that political questions were involved, and that in such cases it was without jurisdiction.

Morley ("Oliver Cromwell") in speaking of the tyrannies of Charles, says:

"A stout-hearted merchant of the City of London brought the matter in a suit for false imprisonment before the King's Bench. There one of the Judges actually laid down the doctrine, that there is a rule of law, and a rule of government, and that many things, which might not be done by the rule of law, may be done by the rule of government. In other words, law must be tempered by reasons of state, which is as good as to say, no law."

A professor (Burgess) of political science and constitutional law in one of the greatest of our American universities, in lectures published in 1902—assuming "State suicide," in spite of the impassible barriers in the way of his argument, such as Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Constitution, and others, as well as the natural rights of man in which all



these are rooted—gives it as his opinion, that a Congress representing only some of the States was acting within its legal powers, when assuming to legislate to deprive of life, liberty, and property the citizens of other unrepresented States. If this were correct doctrine, where would be for the physically weaker the aegis of fundamental law, including the right of representation? We should have “Thorough” indeed. It is too much the tendency of exclusively academic minds, busied with speculations in political ethics, to demand that facts shall conform to their theories, and if they do not conform, so much the worse for facts. The professor referred to thinks that the power of a legally constituted Congress to legislate for Territories furnishes a sanctioned precedent for legislation (including, of course, taxation) without representation. But the citizens of Territories, are *not* unrepresented. The Territories are composed, as far as Americans are concerned, of citizens from States, and they are represented by these States, which are properly and constitutionally legislating in Congress for the Territories, with the “consent of the governed,” and for their welfare, until they form new States. This is, therefore, not a precedent of legislation without representation, and the same reasoning applies to martial law exercised within prescribed constitutional limits. Here it should be recalled that although representation is an inalienable right of the American citizen, suffrage is not, and never has been so considered by anybody anywhere, for nowhere have minors been allowed the suffrage, and only in some few places has it been accorded to women, and then as a privilege, not as a right, although they are all citizens represented by the qualified voters through their chosen delegates. Bacon wrote three centuries before this, that “the use of the law consisteth principally in these three things”: to secure the person (including, of course, his liberty), the property, and the reputation of the subject. But “the law” was either “common law” (immemorial custom, which implies original “consent” either direct or representative) or else statutes of representative parliaments.

It is well known that Thaddeus Stevens was the head and front of the opposition to Mr. Lincoln’s policy of Reconstruc-

tion; that it was his masterful will, unrelenting purpose, and unquailing courage, that carried through Congress the Reconstruction Acts, and humbled Andrew Johnson to practically a nonentity in the government, and only narrowly failed of consigning him to the infamy of a convicted traitor to his office. It was Thaddeus Stevens, whose stentorian voice issued the commands, his strong arm, which cracked the party whip, that kept subject to him the majority in Washington, and it was he who pronounced the doom of political death on all refusing to obey. His unswerving purpose was irretrievably to destroy the dominant race in the Southern States, and on its ruins to erect the rule of a population of hybrids. Against all pity for the unspeakable miseries to be inflicted, for tottering age, for helpless infancy, for the womanhood of his own race, his heart was relentlessly steeled. But what was the paramount passion, which must have shut his breast against human sympathy? Some have said that it was a vindictive feeling engendered by pecuniary losses sustained during the war; but this, though no doubt a contributing cause, totally fails to furnish an adequate explanation. Others have imputed his conduct to ambition of leadership; but this could much better and more easily have been acquired in other ways. Public plunder has been suggested as his motive; but there is no proof that he was a noted spoilsman personally, though using money lavishly for corruption purposes. What, then, is the true explanation? To answer this question we must lift the veil from his private life. This is only permissible where the private life of a public man furnishes the key to his course in public affairs. Then it is not only permissible, but the duty of the student of history to lift this veil as a guide—as a warning—to the future.

The “colored” race (meaning those persons with half or a lesser proportion of negro blood) is the product of the lust of the Aryan race, which has never encountered an inferior one without some degrading illicit admixture. It shames the British rule in India; “Alas and alackaday” is the epigram on its lust and plunder. In America it “follows the flag.” Indeed, the allurements of Circe, the daughter of the

Sun, were too much for even the "Saints," nor were they able to stop their ears to the seductive strains of the sirens. We find that to "deliver us from temptation" it proved necessary in the early days in Massachusetts to pass Exclusion Laws expelling all of the mixed blood. The necessity for so "heroic" a remedy—the driving out of their own flesh and blood—is evidence that satan was hot upon the trail of the "Saints." It was a crime no more general in the English colonies, which have now expanded into the Southern States, than on any other part of this continent, if estimated on the percentage of local population of the lower race. Here it had one redeeming feature, for it branded the lack of female chastity as the despised vice of an inferior race, and thus contributed in raising to a preëminently exalted standard the character of the Southern woman, the whitest and most fragrant rose in Christendom. Still, it was the one and only spot on the fair escutcheon of the "old regime," and must be admitted. As to the negro, the conscience of the Southern man is at rest, for to him he has been and is a kind and uplifting friend. Would that there were an equal freedom from responsibility in the problem of the mixed race, but its existence is an indictment in the court of conscience to which he must plead guilty. His own race, as well as his spurious offspring, has paid the penalty—the innocent are saddled with the responsibility involved—for the status of the negro has been fixed by nature, but that of the colored people presents difficulties. Fortunately the number is comparatively small. This sin of the fathers has condemned the hybrid product to a position in the world which cannot but call forth pity from anyone possessing a human heart. The colored branch is fettered by its inferior blood to the negro race, whom they look down upon and often loathe—now and then with the despair of a vainly aspiring soul consciously pent up hopelessly in a body unworthy of it, the soul of the Aryan chained down to the physical attributes of the colored race; but, also, now and then with the pride of that Nemesis possessing the attractive beauty of the children of God but the spirit of the earthy black. On the other hand, the white blood in their veins, sometimes derived from masterful and



intellectual sources, makes them long with insatiable craving for social equality with the higher race, but they well know this to be hopeless. So they hang suspended between the hell, as they consider it, of negro degradation, and the unattainable heaven of white equality. Pitiable? Oh, pitiable beyond the power of words to express, because irremediable, so mercilessly does nature avenge her outraged laws. Some of them bear their cross in life in a subdued and chastened spirit; others make the best of the situation, take the happiness the world offers to them; others, again—and these are those, usually, inheriting most strongly the masterful and ambitious characteristics of the higher race—rebel against the inevitable, and there is a perpetual warfare going on in their hearts against their unfortunate fate. This resentment against the inexorable law of nature, which through their fathers' sin presses so cruelly upon them, often develops, by long-continued brooding, into an intense hatred of the white race and a corresponding contempt for the black. Under normal conditions these fires smolder unknown to others, but when a vent is provided they blaze up into devouring flames. Such a vent was provided by the Reconstruction era when Lincoln's policy was frustrated by Thaddeus Stevens and his associates.

It is a law of nature, as fixed as that which makes the world turn on its axis, that where there is a permanent illicit connection between a man and a woman of markedly different moral status, one of two things happens: either the higher nature uplifts toward it the lower, or else the lower draws down to it the higher. The former very rarely happens, the latter almost invariably; and in the case of Thaddeus Stevens this was necessarily so, for his mistress was a mulatto. In accordance, then, with this inexorable law of nature, he was dragged down in race sentiment to her level, and became as thoroughly saturated with hatred as she herself was. He thus was made her instrument for vengeance upon America through hybridization, of which the South was to be the first field. Through his mouth she thundered in Congress the vehement words which cowed the hearers into submission to



her will. Through his brain she forged the fetters, by his iron hand she fastened the manacles.

When persons possessing markedly strong characteristics have left the plane of middle life and entered upon old age, those characteristics write their record in unmistakable marks on face, feature, and form. It is a process of the gradual molding of the exterior to conform to the nature of the soul. We have all of us in our own experience known people who in their youth had not a trace discernible of beauty, and yet became in later years transfigured into loveliness. Unfortunately the reverse is also true; the evil passions burn in their brand with hideous letters of flame. The latter was the case with Thaddeus Stevens. His picture engraved on the mind is terrible to look at, compelling a morbid fascination. He was an instance of the inevitable penalty exacted by natural law, and we try to turn away our eyes from the revolting sight. As in some of Rembrandt's works, from a dark, gloomy, portentous background we see the strong face of a man, originally in the image of God, stand out from the canvas with the Satanic expression of the fallen angel, and the memory we carry to our dying day

Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate.

It is a most remarkable thing, that the purpose of Thaddeus Stevens, parented, conceived and born of hatred of the white race, should have in fact brought to it a great moral gain, a result exactly the opposite of that intended by him. Instead of hybridizing the South; instead of converting it into a Haiti or Santo Domingo, his measures rent asunder the races, destroyed forever the former patriarchal feeling, and formed a public opinion deep in conviction and passionate in sentiment against all illicit association. Even upon those incapable of rising to this moral plane racial self-respect has imposed its will by decreeing such a connection to be "bad form," a social stigma, a bar, the badge of Circe's "swine" and the product the sign-manual of treason against Aryan blood. Thus was this smirch wiped from the face of the South. She

hath mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain  
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

But history is never tired of bringing its surprises, presenting apparent anomalies, for truth is stranger than fiction. The Thaddeus Stevens faction not only tore to tatters Lincoln's programme of Reconstruction, dashing in ruin his dearest hopes and aspirations, but also, besides this, during the eight years following Andrew Johnson's administration and until the people called a halt under Hayes's conscientious work, ran counter to almost every other ideal, which Mr. Lincoln cherished. Hence it came about that Lincoln, the true Lincoln, became an honored name at the South, whereas his picture was turned to the wall by the dominant faction in the other section.

If Mr. Lincoln had remained at the helm of the ship of state he would have steered her aright, clear of the Charybdis of Reconstruction as he had kept her off of what he regarded as the Scylla of disunion. The opposite in nature of a visionary or fanatic, he was a man of strong practical common sense, which is as much as to say he possessed wisdom. Devoted to the preservation of the Union, because he sincerely believed it to be of paramount importance to the welfare of all, his devotion was the offspring of love of country, not the product of protectionist self-interest, or imperialist ambition, and he wished the end accomplished with the least practicable dislocation of existing law. He had advocated before the war the exclusion of negro slavery from the Territories, knowing full well that this meant its ultimate extinction in all the States and was willing to see it abolished even by extra-legal means, when the time came with the triumph of the North, but in all this he was actuated only by a determination to do his utmost, according to his lights, to preserve the Union, and not from any sentimental abstract love for the negro. Of Southern origin, he looked upon the negro as did the other plain people of the section from which he sprang, and to him negro social equality, or political power on an important scale, would have been as repugnant, as it was to the large land-owners, for whom—unlike Andrew Johnson—he did not entertain any personal animosity. Toward the "poor whites" of the South sectional feeling could raise no barrier in his heart against sympathy in their distress, for he

was one of them in blood. At the time of his death he was so strongly entrenched in the affection and imagination of the people of the North, that he would probably have been able to hold at bay Thaddeus Stevens and his followers—many of whom were very unwilling followers—and the great warm heart of the South would have gone out to him with a passionate impulse of gratitude that would have bridged with the celerity of the pontoon and the durability of the granite arch the gulf of former misunderstandings.

Let me try to illustrate one Southern soldier's feeling when realizing justice and magnanimity from a conqueror's point of view, though so different from his own. The man, who had previously served in the Army of Northern Virginia, was on detached service with the cavalry from Columbia to the final surrender of Johnston. Every day he had seen homes—the humblest ones, as well as stately mansions—causelessly burned without military reason, decrepit age, defenseless women, helpless infants turned out without shelter or food to the mercy of God alone. Each night he had witnessed the skies lighted up far and wide, a swath of flame, a hell on earth. There was hardly a day when he was not a spectator or participant in fighting. To run down "Sherman's Bummers," like wolves, seemed to him a sacred duty. He was an enthusiast, a fanatic, if you like. The contest ended, he regarded Sherman as the incarnation of all that is most horrible and detestable in unjustifiable methods of war. Years passed and he became an old man, but time had not modified his sentiments in this respect. Happening to be in New York after the unveiling of St. Gaudens's statue to Sherman, he went to see it as a work of art—only because it had been executed by St. Gaudens—never having seen illustrations or read descriptions of it. When at length he looked at the statue, the feelings, which I have described, were never more vividly alive. But he looked, and saw in the idealized conception of the artist a stately conqueror on a noble charger, but in advance of him, pressing forward, shining golden in the sunlight of Heaven, strode the angel of peace proffering the olive branch. Then, as if by a flash of lightning, stood revealed a glimpse into the heart of the conqueror, and the



man's own heart thrilled in touch, as if by an electric shock; the memory of that convention, which Sherman formulated with Johnston—repudiated at Washington—rushed into his mind like a new revelation. The artist in that second of time had changed the man so that, altering not at all his convictions as to the merits of the past contest, but allowing for a different point of view in others, he could sincerely feel for his country,

Thy Past sings ever Freedom's song,  
Thy Future's voice sounds wondrous free;  
And Freedom is more large than Crime,  
And Error is more small than Time.

And how did military government “work” considered from the view-point of the governed. It was infinitely preferable to the negro supremacy that followed. This was certainly true of South Carolina. But not for any trivial, silly sentiment did the representatives of our race “riot” at Runnimeade, or behead Charles, or drive out James, nor for such was George Third ejected from America. Nor were our forefathers all fools, because they dreaded and would not tolerate standing armies in time of peace. Reconstruction has left many legacies of evil to the American people, but not the least of these is the precedent established for all time of despotism unresistingly endured by one side, loudly applauded by the other.



## CHAPTER FOURTH

## RECONSTRUCTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Our hearths are gone out and our hearts are broken,  
And but the ghosts of homes to us remain,  
And ghastly eyes, and hollow sighs give token,  
From friend to friend of an unspoken pain.

O! raven days, dark raven days of sorrow,  
Will ever any warm light come again?  
Will ever the lit mountains of Tomorrow  
Begin to gleam athwart the mournful plain?

—*Sidney Lanier.*

Reconstruction in South Carolina was the same in general scope as in other Southern States, but the effects here were more ruinous at the time, and the injury more permanent, than elsewhere. This was because, through the large preponderance in numbers of negroes over the white population, black supremacy under the aegis of Federal support became at once established, and ran riot at will. "Red-Rock," by Mr. Page, besides being a charming story, is no doubt a correct picture of Virginia during that period, but it is as far from representing conditions then existing in South Carolina, as an autumn gloaming would be from a black wintry night. The counties from the centre of the State to the seaboard suffered most, as in that section was concentrated the great mass of the negroes and also because, in those times, was there the greatest amount of previously acquired wealth, which proved a magnet for attracting the keenest and most voracious "carpet-baggers." It will require the efforts of more than the life-time of two generations born since 1865, say fifty years, or more, to make up for the material injury then sustained. It is from this cause chiefly that Charleston, possessing admittedly a very fine deep-water harbor and a healthful climate at all seasons—by far the best port in natural advantages on the South Atlantic coast—finds herself today handicapped in her interior transportation-lines, as well as her coastwise and foreign ones by water. It is true that it also required a decade for Florida and Louisiana to pass back into the government of their own people, but the

plight of those States during that period was not so desperate. In Florida at that date there was not so much to steal and therefore she did not attract so many first-class robbers. Louisiana had been reorganized as to civil government by Mr. Lincoln before the end of the war, without the imposition of negro suffrage, and, although this government was overthrown by the Reconstruction Acts, yet the organization of party previously created survived in a measure the cataclysm, and was able to effect much good by lessening the practical effect of the evils. Thus all the other States got "head-start" of South Carolina in the struggle for bread and in the steeplechase for wealth.

Under the Reconstruction Acts of March, 1867, the commanding General in South Carolina during October registered voters to elect delegates to a convention "to frame a Constitution and civil government." All male negroes, who had presumably attained twenty-one years of age, and whites over twenty-one, not disfranchised, and who took the "iron-clad oath," which excluded nearly all, could be registered at his discretion by the military officer. This excluded a very large proportion of the whites, and all the prominent ones. On a fair registration in the State there would probably have been a negro majority of about twenty thousand or more, even if no whites had been excluded. With a large percentage of whites disfranchised, and almost unlimited "repeating" on the part of the blacks, any majority desired could be obtained for the latter. A Constitutional Convention thus organized met in Charleston on January 14, 1868, consisting of a sprinkling of whites—strangers to the State, almost all—and the rest negroes, very few of whom could read or write or had the faintest conception of what legislation meant.

Perhaps it will be sufficient to quote the opinion on this point of Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain, who was a member of the Convention:

("Atlantic Monthly," April, 1901.) "The property, the education, and intelligence, the experience in self-government and public affairs in this State, were, of course, wholly with its white population. Numbers alone were with the rest. It

[the Convention] did not contain one Democrat, or one white man, who had high standing in the State previously."

On March 6, 1867, an address was issued from Columbia by the "Conservative" Party appealing to Congress and their countrymen generally against the imposition upon them of the Reconstruction legislation just passed. The language is dignified, eloquent, and touching in its calm and earnest statement of the case, and the words seem now, in the light of results, like inspired prophecy, but the outcome of Reconstruction was in fact what any one possessing common sense, and knowledge of the negro could not fail to foresee. Later on the Conservatives protested to Congress against the Constitution, about to be presented to the latter by the Convention, in these words:

"The Constitution was the work of Northern adventurers, Southern renegades, and ignorant negroes. Not one per cent. of the white population of the State approves of it, and not two per cent. of the negroes, who voted for its adoption, understood what this act of voting implied.—We do not mean to threaten resistance by arms, but the people of our State will never quietly submit to negro rule. We may pass under the yoke you have authorized, but by moral agencies, by political organization, by every peaceful means left us, we will keep up this contest until we have regained the political control handed down to us by an honored ancestry."

Adverse criticisms of the conduct of the whites in taking virtually no part in the Constitutional Convention—not heard at the time—became quite frequent after the pernicious effects of the Congressional programme had become too palpable to be denied. It was alleged that the white population could and should have shaped the course of the Convention. But they, on their part, assert that it was impossible for them to do so, and that, because of its being self-evidently impossible, it was not attempted; that the registered negro voters were in an enormous majority and under the control of the white "carpet-bag" demagogues, and that a fair vote was out of the question; that the influence, which the white population might otherwise have, to some extent, exerted over the blacks, was practically nullified by the large per-



centage of the disfranchised, whose hands were tied and whose discredit thus created with the negroes reacted upon the hold that others might have in a measure maintained upon them. Besides, they declared their conviction that, even if it had been practicable for them to organize a possible civil government, this would have been unacceptable to the faction then ruling at Washington and would have been upset, just as the Lincoln-Johnson State had been overturned. They believed it to be self-evident that the programme "Thorough" was inexorably decreed for them; that, either because of a doctrinaire belief that negroes were as competent to rule as the white population, and that the majority of all ought to rule; or else that, to perpetuate political factional triumph at Washington, to the blacks was to be given free hand to plunder the property of the whites—the only community-assets existing—or, if they could, Africanize the State, provided that, in return for this, they handed over to their friends at Washington the presidential electoral votes, and the congressional delegation at every general election. Meantime the only part left the white population in the picture was to supply cash exacted for taxes, to furnish the carcass to fatten negro and "carpet-bagger." Believing thus, they determined on the course of conduct set forth in this protest to Congress, which I have already quoted:

"We do not mean to threaten resistance by arms, but the people of our State will never quietly submit to negro rule. We may pass under the yoke you have authorized, but by moral agencies, by political organization, by every peaceful means left us, we will keep up this contest until we have regained the political control handed down by an honored ancestry."

They knew that at least one element of strength was ensured to them by the attempt to force upon them negro supremacy; the only part of civil society then worthy of the name would spontaneously close up shoulder to shoulder, in a solid phalanx, and remain so, and that it would be reinforced by every honest immigrant coming to the State from whose eyes the scales of prejudice would soon fall when confronted with facts. Very much they counted for a power-

ful ally upon "the sober second thought of the people" at the North, for well did they remember Lincoln's saying, that "you can fool all the people some of the time, you can fool some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

So, as soon as the empty form of civil government had been set up in spite of their earnest protests, they, without having compromised themselves by a quasi-sanction of the proceedings through a nominal participation in them, began to take part in politics, as far as disfranchisement would allow. Their patient purpose was, not to set up candidates of their own, as a rule, but to support one, or other of the factions developing from time in the local Radical (i. e., Straight Republican) party, which factions always styled themselves "Reformers." They were never successful in important elections, were "counted out" again and again, but they kept hammering on the wedge of cleavage of the Radical party, a policy which bore fruit in 1876, and which exercised some mitigating effect throughout the entire miserable period preceding. But all the time, in the foresight of the wise, and in the blind unswerving faith of the multitude, was kept firmly fixed the inexorable resolve that true representative government was the goal in view, and that skirmishing meanwhile was only for tactical advantages; that representative government they would eventually attain to, or else, failing this, again a military despotism of white men; but that negro supremacy was never, except temporarily and under transient duress, to be endured.

The first Governor elected (virtually by himself) with State officers and Legislature, in 1868, under the above regime, was R. K. Scott, Brigadier-General of Volunteers from Ohio, and agent of the Freedmen's Bureau. He was reelected (in the same way) in 1870 for a further term of two years, and was succeeded by F. J. Moses, known as the "Robber Governor," though why specially honored by this distinction above his predecessor it would be hard to say. In 1874 Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain was the regular Republican ("Radical") candidate for Governor against John T. Green, a Republican and so-called "Reformer." The majority

reported as counted for Mr. Chamberlain was about twelve thousand. The Governor-elect was a native of Massachusetts, and in politics and personal feelings an extreme original abolitionist of the Garrison school. He had graduated at Yale, and then pursued law studies for about one year at Harvard. In the spring of 1864 he entered the United States Army as lieutenant in a negro cavalry regiment just then organized, which served during the last year of the war in connection with the Army of the James, guarding depots of military stores. He came to South Carolina for the first time in January, 1866, when in his thirty-first year, was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and attorney-general under Scott during the next four years. Owing to factional dissensions he was thrown out of office until 1874, when he was elected, as above stated, as Radical candidate for Governor.

As this narrative will now have to deal with the period of 1876, and the events immediately affecting it, when Wade Hampton performed services for his State and the country in general of inestimable value, it will be necessary to endeavor briefly to give a fair idea of the condition of affair then existing, political, industrial, and social. We must try to picture the actual results of "Thorough." Heretofore we have said something about the seed-time, but now we have the harvest before us. In order to effect this purpose in a manner that must be necessarily convincing to the reader, because unquestionably free from Southern bias, I shall ask but two witnesses to take the stand, both Republicans of unquestioned party loyalty, and both admirably informed upon the subject. The first of these is Mr. James S. Pike, formerly United States Minister at The Hague, who spent about two months in Columbia, S. C., in the spring of 1873, and published during 1874 a book called "The Prostrate State." Speaking of the Legislature he says:

"They were of every hue, from the light octoroon to the deep black. Every negro type and physiognomy was here to be seen, from the genteel serving-man to the rough-hewn customer from the rice, or cotton field. Their dress was as varied as their countenances. There was the second-hand



black frock-coat of infirm gentility, glossy and threadbare. There was the stove-pipe hat of many ironings, and departed styles. There was also to be seen a total disregard of the proprieties of costume in the coarse and dirty garments of the field, the stub-jackets, and slouch hats of soiling labor. In some instances rough woolen comforters embraced the neck, and hid the absence of linen. Heavy brogans and short torn trousers it was impossible to hide. The dusky crowd flowed out of the capitol into the littered and barren grounds, and issuing through the coarse wooden fence of the enclosure melted away into the street beyond. These were the legislators of South Carolina. In conspicuous bas-relief over the door of exit on the panels of the stately edifice the marble visages of George McDuffie and Robert Y. Hayne overlooked the scene. 'My God! Look at this!' was the unbidden ejaculation of a low-country planter clad in homespun, as he leaned over the rail inside the house, gazing excitedly upon the body in session.—Here, then, is the outcome, the ripe perfected fruit of the boasted civilization of the South after two hundred years of experience. A white community that had gradually risen from small beginnings till it grew into wealth, culture and refinement, and became accomplished in all the arts of civilization; that successfully asserted its resistance to a foreign tyranny by deeds of conspicuous valor, which achieved liberty and independence through the fire and tempest of civil war, and illustrated itself in the councils of the nation by orators, and statesmen worthy of any age, or nation. Such a community as this reduced to this. It lies prostrate in the dust, ruled over by this strange conglomerate gathered from the ranks of its own servile population. It is the spectacle of a society suddenly turned bottom side up.—In the place of this old aristocratic society, stands the rude form of the most ignorant democracy that mankind ever saw, invested with the functions of government. It is the dregs of the population habilitated in the robes of their intelligent predecessors, and asserting over them the rule of ignorance and corruption through the inexorable machinery of a majority of numbers. It is barbarism overwhelming civilization by physical force.

It is the slave rioting in the halls of his master and putting that master under his feet. . . . As things stand, the body is almost literally a Black Parliament, and it is the only one on the face of the earth, which is the representative of a white constituency, and the professed exponent of an advanced type of modern civilization. But the reader will find almost any portraiture inadequate to give a vivid idea of the body and enable him to comprehend the complete metamorphosis of the South Carolina Legislature, without observing its details. The speaker is black, the clerk is black, the doorkeepers are black, the little pages are black, the chairman of the ways and means is black, the chaplain is coal-black. At some of the desks sit colored men whose types it would be hard to find outside of Congo: whose costume, visages, attitudes, and expression only befit the forecastle of a buccaneer. . . . It is in the unpremeditated language of the leading Republican newspaper of Columbia in advocating compulsory education, that the negroes are termed 'ignorant, narrow-minded, vicious, worthless animals.' This is the spontaneous criticism of an editor who is a child, and a champion of black rule, betrayed accidentally into the expression of his real sentiments through the urgency of his advocacy of compulsory education. . . . The black constituency of Charleston itself is today represented by men who belong in the penitentiary. . . . It is bad enough to have the decency, and intelligence, and property of the State subjected to the domination of its ignorant black pauper multitude, but it becomes unendurable when to that ignorance the worst vices are superadded. . . . In viewing the condition of South Carolina one naturally is led to inquire into the political situation of its chief city, Charleston. The last remaining privilege of counting and recording its own vote has been taken away from it by the last Legislature, apparently for the reason that a majority of its citizens are opposed to the ruling dynasty. That body has passed an act giving to the Governor the appointment of commissioners and sub-commissioners, who are to take entire charge of the city elections, control the ballot-boxes, count the votes, and, of course, manipulate the electors in such way as

they please. With such wholly unscrupulous persons, as they have in Charleston to manage elections, this scheme is equivalent to subverting the right of election altogether. . . . The rule of South Carolina should not be dignified with the name of government. It is the installation of a huge system of brigandage. The men, who have had it in control, and who now have it in control, are the picked villains of the community. They are the highwaymen of the State. They are professional legislative robbers. They are men who have studied and practised the art of legalized theft. They are in no sense different from, or better than, the men who fill the prisons and penitentiaries of the world. They are in fact of precisely that class, only more daring and audacious. They pick your pockets by law. They confiscate your estate by law. They do none of these things even under the tyrant's plea of the public good, or the public necessity. They do all simply to enrich themselves personally. The sole base object is to gorge the individual with public plunder. . . . The present government of South Carolina is not only corrupt and oppressive, it is insulting. It denies the exercise of the rights of white communities, because they are white. . . . As it is morally, so it is intellectually. These same rulers of a great State, speaking of them as a whole, neither read, nor write. They are as ignorant and irresponsible in the exercise of their political functions as would be the Bedouin Arab of the desert, or the roving Comanches of the plains, if called upon to choose the rulers of New York, or Massachusetts. . . .”

This and much more of similar import writes Mr. Pike, who, coming to the State on a visit for health and recreation, saw with his own eyes the fruits of Reconstruction through negro supremacy. He speaks, too, of the demoralization among Federal, as well as State office-holders, as follows:

“The only authority to which these miscreants pay the least deference is the Federal Government, for its power and its countenance are requisite to the success of many of their own operations. . . . That, for some reason, it has not exercised its influence to any appreciable extent in the interest of good government, is evident. It might do much toward



repressing many corrupt practices, and raising the moral tone of the State government. It has not done this. Some of the leaders of affairs are men who have merely adopted Republicanism as a cloak for their villainies. . . .”

Very much more of interest Mr. Pike relates about the nefarious practises of the executive, judicial, and financial departments of the State government, but the foregoing is enough, and too much, for pleasant reading. As, however, he had no opportunity of viewing the constituencies from which the representatives he has sketched were derived, it may not be superfluous to subjoin a picture of one of these. It was painted from life, and is not a caricature, but a fair portrait. Very many such, or worse ones, could have been seen on the coast islands, or among the large partially deserted plantations and farms, where the negroes formerly, as well as at that time, greatly outnumbered—perhaps in the proportion of forty or fifty to one—the white population. Indeed the locality, where the following scene was enacted, was not many miles distant from the constituency which sent Mr. Chamberlain to the Constitutional Convention.

It was on the afternoon and evening of the day preceding the “Sabbath” that this grotesque “Cotter’s Saturday night” could be witnessed. From deserted plantations, and fields mostly untilled, fast returning to the appearance of the primeval wilderness; from rude cabins of logs in the pine-woods; from phosphate mines operated nearby; from far and near, came a motley throng of negroes and negresses, frowsy, ragged, filthy, and half naked. Laborers from the mines, desperate in look, and nature, accompanied by a squalid following of female lewdness and ribaldry; hands from the hoe encased in the dirt of months; deacons and preachers, loafers, and idlers of nondescript type; they all were streaming to the rendezvous at a large country store kept by one white man and a clerk. They came primarily to invest the wages just received for the week, or the proceeds of labor, or theft, in villainous whiskey, and tobacco, cakes and candy, and incidentally to buy with what money was left a little bacon, and flour, and many knives and pistols for the men, and gaudy bonnets, parasols, or similarly useful articles for

the women. The evening became cold and rainy, and they were all ceaselessly crowding, struggling, and fighting to get into the shelter of the store. This was a large, barn-like building of rough boards, the entire space within being a huge room from one end of which a small compartment was partitioned off where the storekeeper slept and lived, and it was from this vantage-ground, the only place from which the throng was excluded, that such a scene was for the first time viewed by one secure from harm by the possession of a shotgun and plenty of cartridges, for he had been shooting that day, and had sought there shelter from the storm. The two white storekeepers were the only other representatives of their race—and far from worthy ones, too—within a considerable distance, and for a radius of miles there were very few others. The large uninviting enclosure within soon became packed to repletion with a dense mass of sweltering, reeking, half-naked blacks, jostling and fighting to be served first with whiskey. The voices of this race in normal tones are soft and attractive, but when raised to a high pitch in shrieks and yells, become very discordant and brutal in sound, and soon a babel of blasphemy and lewd, drunken howls created an uproar indescribable. The place was dimly lighted by two foul-smelling oil lamps hung from the rafters out of reach, and with the odor from these was mingled that of whiskey and clouds of tobacco smoke, together with another unmentionable, converting the air into nauseous poison. Now and then a fight would occur, when sufficient space could be had, in which the women would join frenzied with rage and drink. Occasionally a girl, some special favorite presumably, would leap high into the air with a fearful squeal, with skirts—her only lower garment—held high over head, and then, room on the floor being accorded by the crowd with a lecherous shout that baffles description, she would proceed to execute an unspeakably lustful dance and gyrations, which would have put to blush the most brazen votaries of the “can-can,” and forcibly reminded one of the Voodoo rites in Haiti as described by Spencer St. John. It was a scene, with all its brutal and savage accompaniments, never to be forgotten, always remembered as a picture

of an inferno suitable for a frontispiece to the history of negro supremacy. And yet it was nothing unusual.

I shall now submit a few lines of Mr. Chamberlain's testimony (*Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1901) :

"Before the war the average expense of the annual session of the Legislature in South Carolina did not exceed twenty thousand dollars. For the six years following Reconstruction the average annual expense was over three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. . . . The cost of public printing for the first six years [of Reconstruction] was one million, one hundred and four thousand dollars. . . . The total public debt of South Carolina at the beginning of Reconstruction was less than one million dollars. At the end of the year 1872, five years later, the direct public debt amounted to over seventeen millions five hundred thousand dollars. For all this increase the State had not a single public improvement of any sort to show; and of this debt over five millions nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been formally repudiated by the party and the men who had created the debt and received and handled its proceeds. . . . Public offices were objects of vulgar commonplace bargain and sale. Justice in the lower and higher courts was bought and sold; or rather those who sat in the seats nominally of justice made traffic of their judicial powers."

Deplorable and shocking as all this is, the facts proved by Mr. Pike and Mr. Chamberlain only represent the less miserable outside surface, and do not touch upon the tragedy to be witnessed, in greater or less degree, in every home; gray heads sinking into the grave from insufficient and improper food; parents half-crazed by inability to furnish adequate physical and mental nutriment to their children, and these saddened under the cloud of misfortune; manor-houses, homesteads, plantations and farms, hitherto representing annual wealth and comfort, put under the hammer for taxes, and often finding no purchaser at all. Then, too, first appeared the "monster of monsters," unknown during all the times of slavery, unheard of throughout the four years of war, when women and children were defenceless—and needed no defenders—on large plantations and remote farms.



And following in his wake, as righteous avenger, when courts were silent, strode the lyncher, hitherto a stranger to the land. But in sharp contrast with all this, was the roar of drunken laughter, and ribald song from Columbia, and from almost every cross-roads, as shameless profligates, male and female, made merry on the proceeds of stolen taxes and bonds. Well might men find natural sleep impossible, when the haunting ghost of the past and the dreaded spectre of the future fevered their dreams.

The unspeakably horrible crime of assaults and attempted assaults by negroes upon women of the other race and the punishment of lynching for such outrages, are, as stated above, the direct, legitimate offspring of Reconstruction—did not exist before that era, mother of woes unnumbered. As, therefore, this ill-begotten monstrosity is necessarily germane to the contents of this book, it would seem improper to shirk discussing it here in view of the present importance of the subject, however loathsome it may be.

And first of lynching. It goes without saying that it is repulsive to all civilized men and a great injury to any community, both because of the tendency it has to create general disrespect for law, and because of the discredit to the law-abiding reputation of the people. It is true that lynching for comparatively small crimes, such as horse-stealing, has been justified by prominent writers from the northern section of our country—for instance, by a noted author, an honored graduate of Harvard, and by another of world-wide reputation from the same alma mater. But I am not here as its advocate as a normal remedy, and if I were, my sentiments would not be in accord with those of the community. Like war (which is in fact lynching on the most extensive scale, where the innocent suffer equally with the guilty), it is sometimes justifiable as a defensive measure to prevent worse evils, but it is always abnormal. But the suppression of lynching at the South is an easy matter provided the proper remedy is applied—otherwise impossible. It is only necessary to remove the worst cause, and it will cease to exist. That cause is the unspeakable crime above referred to. Eradicate that, and lynching will not be tolerated by any civilized

community. But as long as that monster is permitted to roam at large, so long will lynching continue and increase, and those who condemn it in most unmeasured terms would probably find themselves among the first to inflict the punishment, if the provocation came in their own homes. How, then, can the crime, the cause of lynching, be stamped out?

To assume that the nature of the negro is virtually the same as that of the Aryan, and, therefore, that the laws adequate to govern the one race are necessarily fitted for the other, is a radical fallacy. Good order in both races will never be preserved, unless this is recognized as a fallacy. In some respects the negro's nature is essentially and unalterably different from that of the Aryan, but in no other respect so radically different as in his physical and moral constitution in regard to sexual lust. This feeling in the negro is a purely brutal instinct, without any admixture whatever of sentiment and without any inherent sense of the propriety of self-control. With the Aryan we know it is entirely different, however great may be the individual variations in refinement. The tendency to commit the crime referred to is, therefore, perfectly normal in the negro—it is abnormal in the Aryan. I doubt if the negro could be convinced that this crime is among the *mal in se*; but he can be controlled equally well by proving that it is among the *mala prohibita*, for which the death penalty will be dealt out.

But how can the crime be eradicated, you ask, if inherent in the negro nature? The crime is the product of Reconstruction—did not exist at all under the slavery regime. It has been kept alive by agitating ideas of social equality, and by the harping on the enormity of lynching, which the negroes interpret (not unnaturally) as a crime and the cause a peccadillo. If this pernicious nonsense could be stopped, the crime would practically cease, but it cannot be stopped, and, therefore, some other remedy must be found.

The remedy consists in the framing of proper laws to meet the case. These (because of the constitutional amendments) will have to be equally applicable to both races, but this would be no hardship on a white man, who had un-raced himself by the crime. The criminal caught in *flagrante*

*delicto* will always—in spite of written, and in conformity with unwritten, law) be summarily shot down by the relatives of the injured woman; but a white man also will be dealt with in the same way for flagrant seduction. But where the criminal escapes from the scene of the outrage, he should swiftly and surely be hunted down and captured by the sheriff and his posse (composed of all available white men). He should then be tried at once, if possible, but in any case within two days. The rulings of the presiding judge should be final—not subject to appeal to a higher court. If convicted, the felon ought to be executed on the day on which the verdict is rendered. The death penalty should apply to assaults, and attempted assaults, and, of course, to accessories before the fact. Accessories after the fact should invariably be punished by long-term sentences of imprisonment, not subject to pardon by the governor. The evidence of the injured woman ought to be taken with all persons not concerned excluded from the court-room, and not subject to cross-examination; or, at the discretion of the judge, by affidavit. As some of these provisions would be in conflict with the existing course of legal procedure, the latter would have to be altered to conform to the necessities of these cases—by constitutional amendments, if necessary. The details will probably not be found hard to arrange. The essentials are: sure and swift capture, trial, and death for the guilty. Delay robs the law of its efficacy, and after a few weeks the criminal and the rest of his race regard him as a saint destined for heaven, which with them is a powerful incentive to future crime. It is full time to frame such laws—otherwise the innocent will often suffer with the guilty. Remember how it was in New England in dealing with the Indian problem—the remedy was extermination of the entire race, without regard to sex or age, innocence or guilt, and this programme was inexorably carried out.



## CHAPTER FIFTH

## HAMPTON NOMINATED AND ELECTED GOVERNOR

Help thyself and God will help thee.

—George Herbert.

In South Carolina from 1872 to 1874, during the administration of "Robber-Governor" Moses, had been a peace such as that of Warsaw; but not so in Louisiana. There the "Conservatives" had united with a faction from the Radical (Regular Republican) party under the banner of "Reform," and had prevailed over their opponents. But the Washington administration had openly supported the defeated party. At length the State House was seized and a file of Federal troops sent to break into a session of the Legislature and remove at the bayonet's point the representatives of the people. No sooner was this news flashed over the wires to every city, town, and hamlet in the North, than a wave of indignant popular protest surged from Maine to Texas. The newspapers of the North—and among the loudest were some of the oldest and strongest Republican journals—burst into a chorus of condemnation. But the people needed not their teaching; they had heard the tramp of armed men in a legislative assemblage, and by their Anglo-Saxon instincts knew what that meant. At the November elections in 1874 they flocked to the polls and recorded there a scathing verdict. It is true that the corruption, which came to light in administrative circles, and among friends close to the President—the whiskey ring, Indian agent frauds, and others—contributed to this adverse public feeling, but the chief momentum was derived from the Louisiana affair. When citizens opened their morning paper the day after the elections they looked aghast at the returns and exclaimed to one another, "Is it possible?" A land-slide due chiefly to the above outrages had occurred such as that generation had never before witnessed. The House of Representatives elected in 1872 had been two-thirds in support of the administration, but in a day this had been changed and the House elected in 1874 had become

equally strong in opposition. People everywhere took heart at the news. Of course the change in the popular will would be reflected much more slowly in the Senate than in the House and the Executive would remain unchanged for two years more, but, still, it was recognized as the handwriting on the wall. It required a mighty shaft from a search-light to penetrate into the gloom in South Carolina, but still the farseeing ones perceived in the air the germs of the longed for revolution of 1876. And the Governor-elect, Mr. Chamberlain, of trained and active intellect, could not fail also to see them. The Radical party at the North would have too heavy a load, however strong its back, with carrying its own home-burdens, and would soon kick against the imposition of the infamies of South Carolina. The year 1876 would be the Presidential election, a close one certainly—probably a life and death struggle. It would not do to furnish much fresh ammunition to the enemy; they had too much already. Then there was trouble nearer home. The Governor had been elected against "Reform" opposition, as a Radical (Regular Republican), with State officers and Legislature of this brand, and no more profligate body (himself excepted) had come into power during Reconstruction. Nor was this even the worst, viewed from a purely political standpoint. Negro supremacy had by this time progressed, in its inevitable evolution, to the critical point where the negro leaders of pure, or nearly pure blood, were demanding exclusive rule for themselves. They had advanced to the position of being willing, that the white carpet-baggers should continue to coöperate with them for the present, but thought that they ought to do so as camp-followers, or petty subalterns, no longer as leaders. As the negroes held a majority of twenty thousand votes, and as they now had learned from the white carpet-baggers the forms and tricks of stealing under the guise of law, why should they any longer concede to them the lion's share of the spoils? The sentiment was "Africa for the Africans," in a great measure kept tacit as yet, but it would have broken into a barbaric roar that would have eventually driven "Conservatives" and "Carpet-baggers" alike from the State, if not effectually quenched by such a

movement as that of Hampton's in 1876. The Governor-elect acknowledges now with commendable candor all this, though he did not see it then; but what he could not fail at that time to perceive was the political danger from this cause to all within the Republican party in South Carolina who, like himself, had any regard for decency. Moreover he had plenty of white enemies, secret ones, within his own camp. Therefore, both from national and local causes, there was foul weather ahead, breakers perhaps. The ship must be put about on a new course. But how do it with such a drunken, dissolute, mutinous, ineffective crew? And then, too, the prisoners confined below. Will they not break loose and recapture the ship? The captain could not but be very anxious. Might he perhaps venture as a last resort, to unmanacle some of the prisoners below, trust them in a measure, and by them replace the worst of his own crew? It was surely to be considered.

The Governor delivered his inaugural. It was a document recommending, nay urging, some reforms of immediate necessity, and its tone was in the direction of more. By the Legislature (of which he said he felt no distrust) it was received either stolidly, with incredulity, merrily, or angrily, as the mood of the hearer might be. With the "Conservatives" it made not much impression of any kind, for they had got to regarding such sentiments as "chestnuts." The newspapers all praised the tone and expressed intentions of the Governor. Some of them went further than this and (read between the lines) indicated more than mere Platonic affection. Something was in the air.

It became quite evident at the very commencement of the session, that the Governor could accomplish no important reforms with that Legislature. The best that he could do was to veto its most outrageous Acts, and this he did to the extent of over twenty during his term. But this was not reform at all. Yet it was not his fault that he could not carry out his announced programme, and this the newspapers and the public freely admitted. Meantime, as the months passed on, he put himself more and more in touch



with the public (Conservatives) by eloquent speeches and letters as well on literary and educational, as on political subjects. The years 1875 and 1876 were the occasion of many centennial celebrations, and reunions, and in these functions he participated gracefully and tactfully, not endeavoring to thrust himself into undue prominence.

In December, 1875, occurred an event that had the effect of eventually deciding the lines of the struggle of 1876. In the temporary absence of the Governor for a day from Columbia, the "Africa for the Africans" faction in the Legislature convened a caucus sworn to vote that day for its nominees for judgeships of the Circuit Court of the State. The result was the election of Whipper, a scandalously corrupt, profligate, and intellectually incompetent negro "carpet-bagger," and Moses, the ex-"robber-governor." The outrage was such a flagrant one that it stood out prominently from the mass of corruption surrounding it, and a howl of "shame!" went up not merely from all decent people in the State, but also from the Northern press. The Governor was placed in an awkward dilemma. He, of course, was without veto power in an election, and this one had been regular in form. But if these so-called judges were installed in office it would prove him either a nonentity in the role of "reform," or worse. Indeed, it would be ridiculous. He could not, according to law, refuse to sign their commissions, but to sign them would seem to make himself, in the eyes of the public, *particeps criminis*. So he refused to sign their commissions, and, on their vaporings about taking possession of their offices by force, arranged to prevent them by force, and they had to submit. The Conservatives gave him great credit for this bold act, and it greatly increased their tendency to gravitate toward him. But it made him bitter enemies within his own party, some of whom stabbed him in the back at a very critical period of the campaign of 1876. His act was certainly the strongest possible practical declaration that a negro majority ought not necessarily to rule. He was also denounced in unmeasured terms for party disloyalty, "for breaking up the party," by some Republican journals at the North, among others by the *National Republican*, the administration organ

at Washington, which characterized his conduct as "political turpitude," and him as "an apostate," and Oliver P. Morton spoke in the same strain. This was another rock ahead for the Governor, for to possess the ear of Washington was indispensable to his continued existence as leader of the Radical party in the State. Then, too, it weakened him, because demonstrating his lack of power at the time with his own Legislature, and thus lessened his value to the Conservatives, as a possible ally, and diminished the chances of that "deal" being accomplished; but it was being pushed all the while.

In January, 1876, the Executive Committee of the Democratic party met at Columbia and issued an address to the party in the State urging organization, the first attempted for several years. In it Chamberlain was, in general terms, commended for his course.

In April of this year the Republican State Convention met in Columbia to choose delegates to the Republican National Convention to meet at Cincinnati in June to make Presidential nominations. Mr. Chamberlain headed this delegation, though he had a hard struggle to be elected at all, and narrowly escaped personal violence. At Cincinnati was confided to him that part of the platform dealing with Southern affairs, and he wrote the plank which, while dealing in many generalities, emphasized the duty of the Executive, and Congress to enforce the equal political and other rights of the negro. He vigorously stumped the State during the summer for the Hayes electors, and had presumably got again into the good graces of the Northern faction.

Before the spring of 1876 the Reform "boom," with Mr. Chamberlain at its head as candidate for Governor, was tacitly launched. The newspapers, which before that had been credited with more than Platonic affection, now came out openly and broke into the cry that indicates that the game is afoot. The whole of the programme was not made public, but was an open secret. The "Conservatives" were to make no nomination for Governor; it would be arranged, that they should have their man for lieutenant-governor, with a fair number of State officers, and enough representatives in

the Legislature to make a good working majority in connection with the "Reform" Republicans. It was not thought that the Radical Republicans would venture to set up any ticket in opposition, and, if they tried it, that they would easily be lashed into their place, with troops, if advisable, for the Governor would have the ear of Washington. He could obtain anything asked, it was said, for was he not to deliver the coveted prize, the electoral vote for Hayes? Not that the electoral vote formed a part of the bargain between "Conservatives" and Republican "Reformers"; the Democrats would nominate Tilden electors, and could vote for them, if they liked, and they would do so, but there naturally would be no enthusiasm on their part, if this "Reform" movement took place, and the Hayes electors would have practically a "walk over." Besides they controlled the "counting."

In December an election would have to take place in the Legislature for a United States Senator for a full term of six years, and by the agreement the Governor would be elected to that position, the Lieutenant-Governor becoming Governor. Thus to some extent, the King would enjoy his own again. As Senator, the former Governor would have a pleasant position among congenial surroundings in lieu of the opposite conditions to which now he was subjected, and could then claim from Washington the reward to which, by unwritten political law, he would be entitled as payment for the delivery of the electoral vote of the State.

The advantages of this arrangement for the Governor were evident. Without any risk at all of failure, he would secure his end. As for the "Conservatives" they would be effecting a great temporary amelioration of existing conditions for the State, with the prospect, it was alleged, from this vantage-ground, of totally breaking up the Radical party at the next election, thus attaining the goal which they had had unswervingly in view all along, the destruction of negro supremacy. By this arrangement there could be no "counting out," for the Governor had entire control of the election machinery, and Washington would be behind him in support; there could be no miscarriage. It all appealed very strongly



to the "Conservative" politicians, for thus they would obtain offices. It was attractive to tax-payers for obvious reasons. It suited the taste of the timid, for it called for no risk or exertion. But the rank and file, who wanted no offices, knew little of politics and its methods, and were in the habit of transacting their private business in a straightforward, manly manner, were very lukewarm, or averse to going into it, especially as it seemed to them like virtually deserting their friends at the North at a critical juncture, and this was repugnant to their sense of honor. In the counties having negro majorities the "deal," however, was virtually accepted, however reluctantly, as an accomplished fact by the majority of persons. But it was not liked at all in the upper counties having white majorities. There was, consequently, skirmishing between those entertaining different views. The supporters of the Chamberlain "Reform" movement endeavored to have the meeting of the "Conservative" (Democratic) State Convention for nominations postponed until the Republican Convention met, and had made nominations, but were outnumbered. The Convention met at Columbia on August 15, the "Straightouts" developed unexpected strength, Hampton was nominated for Governor with a complete Conservative State ticket, and Presidential electors thoroughly representing the worth, intelligence, and property of the community.

The nomination of Hampton was made on the morning of August 16, by General M. C. Butler and seconded by Mr. Aldrich. Before more was done, General Hampton took the floor for a few minutes. He made some remarks upon the situation, reminded the meeting that once before, shortly after the war, he had been asked to run for Governor, and had refused to do so, because he then thought that he could serve the interests of the people best in a private capacity. He concluded in these characteristic words:

"There are men in the State in whose eyes I possess disqualifications of which I cannot dispossess myself, and would not if I could. I mean my army record. That record is the record of sixty thousand Confederate soldiers of this State, and if I were to say that I am ashamed of it, I would be

saying that which is not true. All the offices in the world might perish before I would say so. I beg you, gentlemen, to consider these things carefully before you decide upon your action. Do not let any partiality, or prejudice lead you into hasty action. Consider only what is good for our State, and the Democratic party. I shall retire and leave you to consider the question in the light of the most good for the party. If, upon a full consideration, you think you can select some one as earnest and as true as myself—and I am sure that there are thousands of them in the State—I pledge myself to give all my time, all my efforts, and all that I am worth, to ensure his success, and I shall do so with a lighter heart than I would if you select me.

“In conclusion, I call upon you to remember that I have not advised, nor counseled you in this matter. I have simply told you, honestly and frankly, my opinion, and come weal or woe, I promise that I shall stand by you to the last.”

The General then withdrew, and left the Convention to consider the question. It went into secret session, excluding newspaper reporters. Three simply complimentary nominations were made, but in each case the gentleman named at once arose and declined to be voted for, on the ground that he was for Hampton and no one else. In a short time, by a viva voce vote, Hampton was unanimously nominated. W. D. Simpson was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and General James Conner, of Charleston, for Attorney-General, and for the other positions men of similar standing.

At this time Hampton was in his fifty-eighth year, as vigorous in body and mind as ever, and as impressive and attractive in person.

No sooner was the news known, than the wildest enthusiasm took the place of hesitancy or doubt. If any were dissatisfied, they took pains to conceal their feelings. It was as if a blast of fresh air had rushed down from Hampton's mountain home among the Appalachians, and blown to sea the malaria of the swamps and the fetid air of the coast towns. The name of Hampton was on every tongue, joy in all hearts. The men cheered, the women cheered, the children cheered, pet dogs were taught to cheer in merry barks for

Hampton. Absolute confidence in victory had come to them, and determination to achieve it in spite of everything. By common conviction he became at once their leader for life or death, such as he had been formerly to the men in Virginia. One hundred years before, in her dire extremity, the State had acclaimed John Rutledge dictator, and now again by passionate plebiscite she set up another.

Wade Hampton had not sought the position, but when the "Straightout" movement was decided upon the leaders sought him out and placed before him their solemn conviction, that he, and he alone, could lead to victory. His opinion in favor of a "Straightout" movement had been given during the spring. Ambition is never absent from the minds of most men, and no doubt, however high and pure the ultimate purpose, there were many who would like to have headed the movement, but, in view of the momentous issues involved, they instinctively stood aside, only asking to serve under this "born leader of men." In all the political efforts of consequence taking place within the previous ten years, Hampton had been prominent with wise counsel, but not playing for vulgar notoriety, not actuated by greed for office, only desirous of serving the best interests of his people. The masses outside of political circles knew him well and loved him, as the Bayard of the South, the hero of a brilliant and picturesque career. But they knew him, too, as a leader of calm, cool, unruffled judgment, of iron will, of quick decision, and instantaneous execution; but never rash, never foolhardy, always counting the cost, or risk of each soldier's life; doing nothing from selfish ambition for sensational fame, but only for substantial objects well worth the cost. The old soldiers around the firesides of the South in every home for the last ten years had been fond of relating Hampton's exploits, always dwelling on the fact that, however desperate an undertaking might seem to them to be at the time, it invariably turned out, when they had come to understand it, prudent and well considered, as well as brilliant in conception; the very reverse of the dare-devil dash of a hot-headed man. And they explained how that was one great secret of his success, for with his stately figure in front—and there it



always was—the men said and felt, “It’s all right!” They would point out—those who had been there—how many a time, he easily performed by the inspiration of military genius what would have been pronounced by every man in both armies absolutely impossible with his available force. In these ways, in history by word of mouth at that period generally current, the people had learned to know what manner of man he was, to love him and to trust him implicitly in this their life and death struggle. In 1865, under the Johnson Reconstruction, he was, against his will, voted for as Governor, and probably received a majority of the votes.

In the early stages of Reconstruction a letter was written on the subject by General Hampton to President Andrew Johnson. This document, never so far published, would be of great interest to my readers, and ought to be by publication made accessible to the entire country. I have deep regret to express for being unable to reproduce it here in full. I have fruitlessly made every effort in my power to obtain a copy of it. The original is believed to be among the Andrew Johnson papers purchased by the United States Government now in the Library of Congress at Washington, but a search kindly made there by the officials has failed so far to bring it to light. The immense mass of these papers is as yet unclassified, and it could not be found at present. As it is, therefore, impossible to give to the reader the letter in full in its exact words, I will not take the responsibility upon myself of attempting to give its purport further than to say that its wisdom has been proved by results. It is, however, asking too much of any one possessing a heart that he should refrain from any reference to the appeal made by Hampton in behalf of Jefferson Davis. Few men, indeed, would, under the circumstances then existing, have ventured to commit themselves so unreservedly in writing to the succor of Mr. Davis. At first blush, one might be inclined to think otherwise, so totally changed are present conditions from those then existing, and to believe that he himself would at that time have been equally brave and faithful; but let me remind you of the feeling then prevailing in regard to Mr. Davis, for otherwise you cannot realize the situation. Today

he is regarded by all moderately well-informed persons, whatever their thoughts may have formerly been, as an able, upright, high-minded, humane, refined gentleman, actuated by conscientious motives throughout his career, and as loving the Union, holding it paramount to everything, save only his own and his people's conception of liberty. But such was not the opinion entertained for him at the North at the period of which we are speaking. There not only by the masses, but by the great majority of all, every crime forbidden by the decalogue—and more—were ascribed to him; he was calumniated and vilified beyond belief, especially by non-combatants. Any connection with him put a black mark against the name thus associated. As to the South, there had always been during the war an opposition to his administration, which, while ardently devoted to the cause, criticized very adversely his management, though not questioning his good intentions. After final defeat, the people, broken-hearted and impoverished, too frequently found in him a scapegoat for disasters, which, as they thought, should have been military successes. Others thought of him not at all, for they were absorbed in their own pressing affairs, and with railroad communication interrupted, and mails disorganized, news reached them but slowly. It was not until it was generally realized that Miles had chained Mr. Davis as if he were the vilest of convicted felons, had lacerated his aged limbs with iron shackles, that a thrill of universal horror, and a passionate heart-beat of sympathy and devotion went forth from the whole Southern people to the martyr crucified in their stead. But this was afterward. Then, too, Hampton, when about to urge his views of Reconstruction upon Johnson, might well have hesitated to do anything which could prejudice his cause, by coupling with it an appeal for justice to Mr. Davis, who would be, as "born in the purple," obnoxious to the President's socialistic sentiment and political principles. But all these considerations were not counted as a feather's weight by Hampton; they were drowned in the clank of the chains. As fearlessly and generously had he often on the field, regardless of rank, "bestrode" some poor unhorsed fellow, saving a life, of which the writer furnishes

one of many examples. As a matter of fact, by his attitude at this time toward Mr. Davis, and his adherence to him in his extremity after the fall of Richmond, Hampton earned the enmity of the anti-Lincoln faction, which was manifested against him throughout all the "raven days" of Reconstruction.

How far the miscarriage of the projected "Reform" movement was due to the wrangles of politicians on each side, "Conservative" as well as Republican, over the distribution of offices, it is now needless to inquire. No doubt it had a certain influence. But whatever helped along the inauguration of the "Straightout" programme must be hailed as a blessing, whatever its origin, for the time had come and with it the man. In proof of this we need go no further than the words of Mr. Chamberlain himself:

(*Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1901.) "If the canvass of 1876 had resulted in the success of the Republican party, that party could not, for want of materials, even when aided by the Democratic minority, have given pure, or competent administration. The vast preponderance of ignorance and incapacity in that party, aside from downright dishonesty, made it impossible."

All the Conservative newspapers of the State, which had been supporting the "Reform" boom, turned the required somersault as soon as the telegram announcing Hampton's nomination reached them, and hastened to tear up editorials written for the next day's issue, and substitute others proving to their own satisfaction, that they had always favored the "Straightout" movement. There were no Radical journals in the State—what need when subscribers were unable to read?—except one maintained feebly at Columbia, as an official organ. The newspapers, particularly *The* (Charleston) *News and Courier*, vigorously called upon Mr. Chamberlain, if a sincere reformer, to support the Hampton ticket, as the only choice would now be between it and the men already denounced as thieves and rascals; but he did not accept the suggestion, which he might well have done.

What was the situation, and what the programme of the Hampton party?



A word about the programme, first. Let us understand that it was a movement practically unanimous on the part of the white citizens—who constituted the mental and moral worth, as well as the *property-representative* in the State—to put an end to unendurable miseries by reëstablishing law and liberty subverted under color of the Reconstruction Acts passed by a body at Washington in which the community was without representation. It was in no sense a “one man” movement, but a universal uprising of the people to reinstate on its throne the fundamental law of the land. To effect this, under the extraordinary conditions then existing, it was necessary to confide unlimited power to Hampton and his associates, just as must be done to its general by an army in the field in time of war, but this power was conferred by a virtual plebiscite, not grasped by the strong arm of a man. Theodore Roosevelt, referring to Cromwell’s usurpations, says (*Oliver Cromwell*, page 54): “In a great crisis it may be necessary to overturn Constitutions, and disregard statutes, just as it may be necessary to establish a vigilance committee, or take refuge in lynch law.” This implies that the “one man” is to judge when such a crisis exists, and then “overturn Constitutions and disregard statutes.” If this be correct doctrine, then it follows necessarily, that all representative government is an absolute fallacy. It has, however, always been the usurper’s plea in all ages, and would have been equally as pertinent to Charles as to Cromwell. A vigilance committee or lynch law (whether right or wrong) rests on entirely different foundation, the will of the people, which is the exact opposite of the “one man power.” But however all this may be, the movement of 1876 was certainly not a “one man” movement, but of the people. Nor was it “to overturn Constitutions and disregard statutes,” but to reestablish their authority. And now to return to the situation.

Nobody could know, except by approximate estimate, what was the real majority in the State possessed by the negroes. A census had been prescribed by the Constitution, but it had never been taken, for the obvious reason that it might prove a slight impediment to fraud at elections. A reasonable

"guess" was twenty thousand negro majority; in other words, ten thousand negro votes obtained by the Conservatives would obliterate the negro majority. The only whites who would vote against Hampton would be "carpet-baggers" and their retainers, more than counterbalanced in numbers by Republican immigrants, settled in the State during the preceding decade and engaged in business, who, confronted by facts more important than previous theories and looking to their own moneyed interests, would vote the Conservative State ticket, whatever they might do about the Presidential polls. General Hampton had since 1868 entertained strongly the belief that the votes of negroes could be largely influenced in the direction of decent government by legitimate and kindly measures, and in this he proved entirely right. The negroes of that date, still under the previous humanizing influences of intimate association with white masters, had a strong tendency to gravitate back toward them, and during the darkest days of Reconstruction would come for succor in illness, and distress. On the contrary, in spite of the political propaganda to which they were subjected, they entertained a profoundly aristocratic contempt for "carpet-baggers" as "white trash." No time was lost, therefore, after his nomination in the establishment of Democratic Negro Campaign Clubs throughout the State, and they soon numbered 8,000 members. The whites, of course, could be counted upon to a man to vote the "Conservative" ticket, but an energetic canvass was put under way to keep up enthusiasm to the boiling point, and also to obtain every negro vote possible—for that counted two, as it was one taken from the Radicals, and contributed to the Conservatives—and, next best, to induce Radical voters to remain away from the polls. There were many ways of effecting this in addition to mere kindly persuasion, such as discriminating in employment. For a Radical negro was presumably a dishonest unreliable fellow, if not an outright thief, and a Democratic negro supposedly the reverse, and selection on these lines would seem but natural and admissible to an employer. Then, physical force, the show of it, is an effective influence with all mankind, which is the reason underlying political

meetings, torch-light processions, and other similar campaign methods at the North, and elsewhere. So red-shirted horse-men, and rifle clubs peacefully parading became the order of the day and sometimes, where more convenient, by night too. That these should be armed to the teeth was a necessity of the times, and had been for years past, but unquestionably it would now add to the moral effect of their appearance. The impression produced by such demonstrations in neighborhoods, where the negro population was dense, and the white very sparse, would be particularly great, if energetically conducted, and might sometimes, on timid imaginations, create vague alarm, but this need not prevent lawful and innocent proceedings. As it was the year of a Presidential election, and as the Tilden electors would be supposed to share the success or defeat of the Hampton party, it was natural to infer that help would come energetically from the Democrats at the North to carry the State, but this did not prove so. In no other respects, than the foregoing, would the election programme differ from the usual methods practised everywhere.

It has been so repeatedly charged by those disappointed at the results of this election, that it was carried by "fraud, intimidation and force" (meaning "unlawful violence"), that even many well-wishers have been led, by the reiteration of the charges, reluctantly to believe them, or to ignore the discussion on the ground that the end justified the means. But it is full time that this error should be corrected. As to fraud, it is true that the prostitution of the principle of free suffrage had been made so complete, the ignorance and corruption of the negro voters had been so flagrant and shameless for a decade past, and the cheating in counting votes so patent—the entire thing such a farce and tragedy combined—that it could not but bring into contempt the very name of voting. It cannot be wondered at that, under such circumstances, many, indignant and disgusted, should, under the temptation of the issues involved, be carried away by the sophistry that the end justifies the means, and imitate, as far as able, the practises of their adversaries. But, on the other hand, the Radicals were more perfect in all the arts of fraud



from ten years of incessant practise; they were lashed into frantic exertions by hourly telegrams from their friends at the North, to obtain the electoral votes at any cost, and they knew that their political lives depended on this; they possessed, through the Governor, the exclusive right to appoint from their own party all the commissioners and managers of election, the "Conservatives" for the first time in this election being allowed—by arrangement made when the "Reform" deal was expected to be consummated—one, but only one, of the three inspectors of election, and all the other election machinery was with the Radicals; it follows, therefore, that the Radicals having a greater experience and skill in crooked practises, having at least equal incentives to employ them, more than double chances to do so undetected, there must have been polled and counted vastly more fraudulent Radical than "Conservative" votes; consequently, if all fraudulent votes could have been eliminated, and a perfectly fair count had, it would have been greatly to the advantage of the Conservatives and thus greatly increased their majority. This seems absolutely to dispose of the charge that the "Conservatives" carried the election by fraud.

As to "intimidation" by the Hampton party, the only kind practised—if it can be called such—was the moral influence exerted by the means already described. The cases of actual "intimidation" were very few, and were very much more than offset by a hundred times more outrages perpetrated on negro Democrats by the Radicals. But of systematic "intimidation," the programme pursued by the Radical leaders was full to repletion. By the United States Army they intimidated the whites. By their oath-bound associations, such as the "loyal league," and many similar ones, they produced a reign of terror among the negroes. Their churches were centres of the most urgent measures to keep their constituencies solid. Every means imaginable were employed that gross superstition could furnish. Oaths, of supposedly fearful import were administered. Negro Democrats were ostracized and the women were sworn not to cohabit with them. Nor were threats of shooting them down by Federal troops unavailed of to keep waverers in the traces. It is probable,

that when the Hampton government was installed, and quiet thus restored, the negroes felt the relief even more markedly than did the whites. Two wrongs do not make a right in morals, but the above facts go to show that the "intimidation" by the Radicals was far greater than by the whites, and that consequently the total absence of it would have been in favor of the Conservatives at the election, and that, therefore, the election was not carried by "intimidation."

As to "force," meaning by the term violence due to physical force, the charge that it preponderated on the part of the whites, and that the elections were won by this means, is equally unfounded. Not that it is meant, that the application of open manly physical force to wipe out the negro supremacy would not have been perfectly justifiable, if ever anywhere in the world a revolution was justifiable, but that, in point of fact, it was not used. Every vestige of the State government could have been destroyed at any time, in a moment, and bloodlessly, too, so utterly weak and rotten was it. As Mr. Chamberlain wrote at the time to Washington, "My only reliance for effective physical force must be upon United States troops." But it was perfectly understood by the "Conservatives" that physical violence on their part, or anything that could be successfully represented as such, was just what the Radical party ardently desired, and then they would flood the State with troops and *lettres de cachet*, and have the election all their own way, paying the price for the aid rendered them in the handing over of the electoral vote. They knew, that the hands of the whites were tied, both by sentiment and policy, and they would not fight the United States troops. So this was the Radicals' trump card, and it would have been folly to furnish them the lead. Without such a lead from the Conservatives, they could not so well play the strongest card of this their trump suit, because the North presumably would condemn it, and it might cause a landslide at the coming elections, like that of 1874, produced by the use of similar means in Louisiana. In fact, so skillfully did Hampton play his side of the game, so absolutely did he prevent his followers—though subjected to provocations which it was almost impossible to endure unresented—

from giving the Radicals a fair pretext for using troops as unblushingly as they desired, that they never were able to risk doing so to the extent they intended, during the entire campaign, until the day after the election, too late to have an effect on Northern votes, it is true, but also, thanks to the skill of Hampton, and the implicit obedience of his people, too late to carry the election. The manner in which Hampton held locked up in his hand the burning passions of his people was the most magnificent of the manifold manifestations of his power. It will be seen from this, that, as a matter of fact, Hampton did not use force ("violence") in carrying the election, but that the Radicals did use force to the greatest extent practicable.

Much has been said disparagingly of the State being but an armed camp at that time, as far as the "Conservatives" were concerned. So it was an armed camp, and more, and with good reason. For years past, since the first term of Scott, a negro militia had been organized, at least twenty thousand strong. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent (or stolen) in equipping them, and besides many stands of arms were borrowed from Washington for this purpose. They were never of the slightest value for fighting, but could prowl about armed, murder, burn, and worse. No white militia were allowed to be organized and statutes were passed imposing severe penalties on the military drilling of men not so organized. The police in the cities and towns, and the constables in the villages were Radicals. So the whites were not only without any official protection, but, far worse, every official was their armed, active enemy. Moreover, encouraged by the teaching that "it made them manly" to have guns, nearly every negro was provided with some kind of firearm. So it thus became the evident, urgent duty of the whites to arm in order to protect their own firesides, and those of their neighbors, and they did arm accordingly. Their right to possess arms was beyond dispute, for besides the natural right, it was one guaranteed to every citizen by the Constitution. The danger became more and more pronounced, and the personal arming got to be more general and heavier by the autumn of 1876. As the old New Englanders were in the



habit of going to church armed to the teeth before they had settled, by extermination, their Indian "racial question," so it was now in South Carolina from a similar cause. During these times, in the evenings at the Charleston Club, might be seen on a table near the entrance piles of revolvers left there by members on arriving, glad for the moment to be relieved of the unaccustomed weight of one, often two, and sometimes three, pistols with their cartridges, they never having before, except in war, carried arms. But there was good reason for it now. On the evening of November 8, the evening after the election, an aged, white-haired clergyman, as venerable in character as in years,—though not a member—called at the Charleston Club to borrow some cartridges for an old rusty, harmless pistol, which he had managed somehow to procure. There had been white blood shed in the town that day. Four men going to their places of business were fired on from the neighborhood of the courthouse. Three were wounded, two of them being a father and son, the latter mortally. In another part of the town the chief editor of the newspaper, which had been so ardent in the Reform "boom," was wounded while riding in the street. Citizens reading the returns on the bulletin boards in the principal business street had been attacked, and many other like demonstrations had been made. During one of these, three negro policemen in full uniform were seen by the writer crouching behind one of the pillars on the street in front of the police headquarters pumping bullets from Winchester rifles. No doubt these occurrences were not accidental, but parts of a systematic plan to goad the whites into "violence," and then flood the place with troops, now that it was too late to damage their chances for votes in the election at the North, but not too late presumably to throw out correct and substitute false returns. The aged clergyman referred to, had thought it his duty at such a time to stand shoulder to shoulder with the respectable people of the town, and hence his call at the club to procure cartridges for his ancient weapon. One of the members handed him some, but he hesitated to take so many lest he be unduly depleting the ammunition of the giver, but the latter's laughing reply was, "A charge to keep I have," as

a pocketful was exhibited. This member, a lawyer, amiable and lovable, a charming companion, William Clancy, had been about two hours before, on the way to his office to complete the work of the day, when he was set upon by a mob of fully two dozen negroes equipped with clubs and firearms, who proposed to demonstrate their fitness for the elective franchise by promptly putting our friend to death. But he, strange to say, objected to this very reasonable demonstration, and treated each of the two foremost to a bullet from his pistol, and the rest beat a masterly retreat, all this occurring within less than one hundred yards of police headquarters, where no notice was taken of the fusillade, until the mob had fled. In the various negro riots of this day one white man was known to have been killed and fourteen wounded, but there were no doubt other casualties not reported. The negroes suffered very little damage because of the forbearance enjoined by Hampton upon the whites.

But it became necessary not only to be personally armed, but also to be organized. The negroes were marshaled in militia regiments twenty thousand strong, and under oath-bound societies, and greatly outnumbered the white population, especially in the lower part of the State. It was obvious, that the latter must make the most of their force in order to counterbalance mere numbers. Two or three men coöperating are much more effective than the same individuals acting separately and independently, and the advantage of organization is increased in vastly greater proportion when you deal with large numbers. Thus not only would the safety of hearths and homes be promoted, but it would greatly lessen the danger of bloodshed for both races. Thirty or forty good men well organized in a rural community would be the equivalent in real force of almost an unlimited number of blacks and would be recognized as such by the latter and go far toward morally policing tranquility. Besides, being thoroughly under control, there would be no danger of their becoming aggressors. But the "Conservatives" could not organize as militia, for no white militia would be received by the State authorities, and acts were

passed making it highly penal to drill white men not in the militia. An expedient by which general organization could be effected had therefore to be found. It was effected by the formation of social societies, as rifle, sabre, and artillery clubs, presided over by presidents, with secretaries, marshals, and other civil officers. There was not necessarily any ulterior object lurking under these social associations. If the peace of the State were preserved by the official authorities, whose duty it was to protect life and property, the essential objects for which all governments exist, there would never be any actions of the clubmakers outside of the purposes indicated by their social societies. They had in no case in contemplation any unlawful proceedings whatever. If the occasion unhappily arose, caused by the impotence, or intention of the Radical authorities, by which negro riots were precipitated, then, although this was not within the purposes expressed by the clubs, they would naturally take part to suppress murders, and worse. Meantime, it would be advisable, in fact necessary, to have orderly arrangements by which members would fall-in, walk in line, and observe other rules requisite for smoothly carrying out the ostensible, and lawful objects of the associations, and these would unavoidably approximate to military discipline, but would in fact not be that at all. In all these respects, without exception, a rifle club would be equally as lawful as a baseball club, it being as much the right of a citizen to own and lawfully use a rifle as a baseball bat. Such clubs would rest on precisely the same footing as baseball clubs, and no ulterior object could be inferred, much less proved, and none of an unlawful kind existed. If the members of a baseball club on their way to play a game, or when at their rooms, should become cognizant of there being a murderous attack on their homes in progress, which the regular official authorities were unwilling or unable to disperse, the members, grasping their bats as weapons, would certainly fly to the rescue of their families and friends; and the member of a rifle club, under the same circumstances would do exactly the same thing, with his rifle as weapon, and all his fellow-members would act in the same way, and this would be perfectly lawful. It



would not do for the Executive of the State or the Washington Executive to say that it was to be inferred that "violence" was intended by the mere formation of a social rifle club. The intention must be proved, either by an overt act of unlawful "violence," or else a conspiracy to commit such "violence" must be proved, both of which were impossible in these cases, as no acts of "unlawful violence" were either committed or contemplated. But when these clubs were during the campaign "proclaimed" from Columbia and Washington, it was not done on the strength of overt acts or conspiracy proved, but on what we must term "telepathic violence" (a new title and a new offense), that is to say, "the intention to commit unlawful violence" discovered only by the "mind-reading" of the State Executive, a "mind-reading," which, too, was at fault, as no such intention existed. So when the proclamations referred to were in due time put forth, they were disregarded as being of no legal force, for only on the application of the Legislature when in session, or of the State Executive, when such a body is not sitting and cannot be convened, based on the fact of there existing "domestic violence" (not "telepathic violence"), which the State authorities find themselves, after trying to do so, unable to suppress, is it competent for the Federal Executive to interfere and furnish troops. This could not be done lawfully in the case alluded to, on the theory of "telepathic violence," for that invented offence was unknown to the law.

Over this "armed camp," with these clubs extending from the mountains to the sea, Hampton's word was law, and that word was, "Peace."

The nomination of Hampton abruptly terminated all of Mr. Chamberlain's hopes of the "Reform boom." He was thus placed in the position of being compelled either to relinquish politics altogether, as an occupation, or else to throw in his lot with the worst element of his party containing the very individuals whom he had personally denounced in most scathing terms. He was nominated for Governor by this party on September 15. But he was obliged to surrender, in order to obtain the nomination, and the ticket—himself excepted—was the worst, most profligate, and desperate that

had as yet been submitted to voters. If it had been elected, it could not, as he himself has since then admitted in words quoted on a former page, have produced an amelioration of conditions. Not only that, but it would have proved the fruition of the "Africa for the Africans" movement; violence under the forms of law would have either driven the white population from the State, or resulted in armed revolution, or permanent martial law under white troops.

J. J. Patterson, "Carpet-bag" United States Senator from South Carolina, "Honest John," came on to attend the Convention, as "boss." He was the most powerful man in his party, and of the worst faction. There had been a quarrel between him and Mr. Chamberlain, but they had made peace on the night before the Convention met, otherwise Mr. Chamberlain could not have obtained the nomination. "Honest John" was a rough-looking man, far from neat in appearance, with sandy complexion and hair, and a restless, furtive eye. He wore a long black coat and a watch chain big enough to tie a mastiff. But his legs were wonderful—long, thin, and very crooked; and, when speaking to an audience, he would become nervous, or excited, these legs would double up under him, like those of a contortionist, so that you could not keep your eyes off them, fearing a catastrophe. He told the Convention, that he and "Daniel" (meaning Chamberlain), "had fell out," but that now "me and Daniel are friends." He was the person who had made the statement that "there were still five more years' good stealing in South Carolina." In his speech he alluded to his well-earned reputation as a thief, but very much in the way that sweet sixteen might disclaim the soft impeachment of being a flirt. He said:

"President Grant has his eye on South Carolina and intends to take care of her, and I will warrant that Grant will bring the strong arm of the United States Government to support and keep the Republican party in power. By the eternal Gods! the Democrats shan't have any say at all in the government," and much more to the same effect, and worse.

And this was a Senator of the United States in the year of our Lord 1876!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil  
Would man observingly distill it out.

Not in Patterson, distill ye never so wisely.

So Mr. Chamberlain was nominated for Governor, Gleaves, his present mate as Lieutenant-Governor, a mulatto, colored like a meerschaum pipe, was renominated. Elliott, a negro, the planner of the Whipper-Moses outrage, who had been denounced by Chamberlain, was nominated for Attorney-General; Hayne, a mulatto, for Secretary of State; and Cardozo, a mulatto, for State Treasurer. The rest of the nominations were similar, consisting of persons notoriously dishonest and profligate, and the ticket for the Legislature was selected in the same way.

Although "Honest John's" words were vulgar, and his appearance and manners repulsive, yet the correctness of the ideas which he expressed about the intentions of the Washington authorities can hardly be questioned. On August 17, Cameron, Secretary of War, directed the general commanding the army "to hold all the available force under command, not engaged in subduing the savages, for the enforcement of certain, condign, and effectual punishment upon all persons who shall attempt by force, fraud, terror, intimidation, or otherwise to prevent the free exercise of the right of suffrage." Taft, United States Attorney-General, said, "The marshals have absolute power over the troops." As Radicals were to apply this direction untrammelled to whatsoever they pleased to style "intimidation," there could be no doubt that the intention was simply to make a "solid South" for Hayes and Wheeler and their following. There were at that time in the Reconstruction States thus to be "solidified" 138 companies of troops and batteries of artillery, amounting to about 14,000 men, and many thousand more were sent before November, and these latter were despatched with such haste, that they came with full catridge-boxes ready for action, and were astonished when they found profound peace, instead of the expected war.

It is hardly necessary to allude to the advantages possessed by the Radicals in the coming campaign, for they are self-evident. Having in their own hands, to be used with entire



unscrupulousness, all the machinery of nominal local government and the strenuous support and encouragement of their party at the North, who were playing for the electoral vote, it would have seemed to those not behind the scenes useless for the "Conservatives" to attempt to struggle against such apparently overwhelming forces. But to those who could perceive beneath the surface the thorough rottenness and weakness underlying the acting State government, and who were alive to the desperate determination animating the white population, the situation looked very different.

It is necessary to recur to an important matter antedating the nomination of Hampton on August 15.

On July 22, Mr. Chamberlain wrote to President Grant a letter to which he received a reply signed personally dated July 26. Mr. Chamberlain's letter was a very lengthy one, conceived and expressed with much tact and ability, a masterly effort indeed, regarded from a purely political standpoint. Taking as his text the Hamburg riots, which had occurred early in July, he wove a plausible argument to the effect that there was widespread violence lurking in the depths of society, though not perceptible on the surface, submarine torpedoes set for the purpose of blowing up the sacred right of suffrage, only to be detected by "mind-reading." He argued that the Hamburg riots were an instance of this kind, which would be followed by innumerable others, unless force were available to crush them, and that the only force of the kind adequate, or indeed at all available, was that of United States troops. He represented the Hamburg riots to have been a *political* disturbance in its origin. He forwarded enclosed in his letter some ex-parte evidence taken by corrupt Radical officials, which, if true, would have proved that five negroes were killed or wounded after they had been captured in the fight. Those accused of this crime vigorously demanded trial, but such was never accorded them, which does not speak well for the truth of the alleged evidence. But whatever the case may or may not have been in this regard, there is no evidence whatever, even from this ex-parte testimony, that *politics* entered, in the slightest degree, into the riot. It was a fight caused purely by personal friction,

having no connection at all with politics. Hamburg was then, as now, a little place in South Carolina opposite Augusta on the Savannah River. The town officials were negroes, and there had been for years past mutual vexations and exasperations, which necessarily result from such conditions, more pronounced and irritating there because just across the river in Augusta order and tranquility prevailed. Finally some negroes, acting under false color of militia organization not authorized by law, and armed with rifles belonging to the State illegally obtained, came in collision with two respectable white men, who employed a lawyer and sought legal redress. The negroes summoned to attend the court refused to comply, and took position armed, within a building. White men, expostulating with them and trying to induce them to give up their arms and peaceably disperse, were fired upon and one of the number instantly killed. The sequel could be predicted, in spite of the odds and the strength of the position held by the negroes. But there was nothing *political* in it at all, from first to last. Under the same conditions, and in the absence of the restraining influence of law, a similar collision between white men and Democrats would have been probable. But Mr. Chamberlain represents to General Grant that, because all of the rioters on one side were white and Democrats, and all on the other negroes and Republicans, it follows that it was a *political* riot caused by a widespread determination to deprive the negro of the right to vote. This logic would be on the same plane as to argue that, because now all the burglars, murderers and rapists are negroes and Republicans, and their victims whites and Democrats, therefore burglary, murder and rape are political crimes connected with the negro franchise. The evidence adduced in the letter of the existence of widespread "domestic violence" was not founded at all on overt acts, or proved conspiracy, but entirely as "telepathic violence." After his presentation of the case Mr. Chamberlain puts the question squarely whether, in case of "domestic violence" beyond his control, he can count definitely on the Federal troops. The reply is also a somewhat long one, and, after commenting at length and very

severely on the existing status of the Democratic State Governments in Louisiana and Mississippi, explicitly promises troops, when the "domestic violence" referred to by Mr. Chamberlain makes their presence, in the opinion of the latter, advisable. It does not appear how far the President was made a convert to the "telepathic violence" theory, but, as it was left to the Governor to decide about the occasion for troops, it would be immaterial whether the President was or was not a convert, as the former would all the same act upon the theory, when he desired, and could count upon being at once supported without inquiry into facts.

In this connection one remembers that the Convention of the Republican Party of South Carolina in April of this year extolled in the strongest of language the Southern policy of President Grant's administration, and unanimously advocated a third term for him, and that Grant believed himself entitled to this reward from his party in return for the power his name and military prestige lent to the upholding of the anti-Lincoln programme of Reconstruction. Nor were the desire and expectation of Grant of a third term ended by the nomination and counting in of Hayes, for he could become his successor, and the nominating conventions and electoral votes of the three "Reconstructed States," which still might be held for the party—South Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida—would be very important to the fruition of his hopes. This no doubt will go far to explain the attitude taken by him in the letter to Mr. Chamberlain and his subsequent course throughout the Hampton campaign.

The great, and apparently overpowering advantage, that Mr. Chamberlain gained by this arrangement with the Executive, which was susceptible of proof whenever he chose to show the letter, is evident. His chances of carrying through the "Reform" agreement were not yet gone, although by this time greatly lessened from the prospect at an earlier date. That arrangement was manifestly to his interest, as he would thus be assured of securing the electoral vote, to say nothing of the State election, and for the former he would be entitled, by political ethics, to a large reward for himself and to provision for his party friends. The letter would, in case



of the consummation of the "Reform" agreement, enable him by the weight which it would give him with his fellow Radicals to lash into line any rebellious spirits or waverers and, if occasion required, he could use troops against the "Africa for Africans" dissentients. On the other hand, if the "Reform" deal were to fall through, he could, by using the letter and all that it implied, crush out any opposition that might develop to his nomination as the regular Radical candidate, and could afterward in the campaign make use of troops when he wished against the white population and its following of Democratic negroes, and thus, as he conceived, make sure of the election both Federal and State. That the use of troops would not prove an omnipotent force, he could not then foresee. As already pointed out, his hands were, to a certain extent, tied, in that he could not make too prominent a use of troops before the election, for fear of creating at the North a feeling like that aroused by the similar Louisiana incidents referred to. After the November elections, when only the *counting* had to be done, the Louisiana proceeding was in fact duplicated, as we shall see later in this narrative. If, however, before the election was held, it could be arranged to goad the Conservatives into resistance and manage to bring them into conflict with the Federal troops or authorities, to such an extent as to blind the North to the real facts and merits of the case, then free hand could be had with the use of troops to control the election. But in this he was balked by the wisdom of Hampton and the patience and forbearance which he imposed upon his followers.

In accordance with the agreement made with the Executive, orders were issued to make such a disposition of troops as would render them most effectively available when needed by the Governor.

On September 6, about ten days before Mr. Chamberlain's nomination as Radical candidate for reëlection, occurred the first riot of consequence in the Conservative campaign. A "Conservative" political meeting was held in Charleston to consolidate and give standing to the negro Democratic clubs, many of which were present. This incensed the Radicals and they, according to their own admission, broke up the

meeting, killing two Democrats, one of whom was a negro. No political capital was sought to be made of that occurrence against the "Conservatives," as the facts were too patent and the affair took place at a center where the searchlights were strong, and, besides, Mr. Chamberlain had not then been nominated. It was not, however, considered "domestic violence" on the part of the negroes, and no punishment was attempted against them; there was no call for "troops," nor did Marshal Wallace attempt to make a single arrest.

But before this, from August 23 to September 16, riots had been daily taking place on plantations on or near the Combahee River, where much rice is cultivated. Several negroes were killed or wounded, and many severely beaten and maimed by other negro strikers, the processes of law had been successfully resisted, and anarchy prevailed. In these riots only negroes were concerned. But the Governor did nothing, made no attempt to quiet the disturbance; nor did he "call for troops" nor wire Washington that "domestic violence" existed. The tumult was eventually quieted by the influence of the white population without the use of force.

On September 16 what are known as the Ellenton Riots in Aiken County began and lasted several days. They originated in an assault attempted by two negroes on a very respectable white woman, the wife of a farmer absent in his fields. At any time and anywhere, North or South, this crime will necessarily arouse the strongest passions of neighbors, and where corrupt courts, negro juries, and purchasable pardons made the prospect of punishment by legal means altogether impossible, it would have been but natural for the white population to have caught and lynched the offenders. It should be well understood, too, by those really wishing to comprehend this question of the "nameless crime" and lynching, both of which were created at the South by the Reconstruction Acts, that, where such a crime was committed, the great bulk of the negroes, not being alive to its full enormity, would become accessories after the fact, endeavoring to harbor and conceal, and assist the criminal in escaping—which is still at present too often the case with them—and that therefore sometimes they would unavoidably share the

fate intended for accessories before the fact. In this instance, however, they made no attempt to, and had no intention of, lynching the criminals, for they were under Hampton's strict injunctions to act only within the law. A small party of men—about twelve in number—quickly went in pursuit of the offenders and apprehended one, whom they took for identification, and, when this had been effected, were proceeding to take him to jail, when he broke away and would have escaped, if he had not been shot at and wounded. The next day it was ascertained that the negroes throughout the country were assembling in large numbers, armed and threatening vengeance. The neighborhood was but sparsely settled by whites, and the danger to their homes very great, and they consequently got together for mutual protection. On the following day it was reported that the negro concerned in the attempted assault had sought protection with a large number of armed negroes concentrated at a strong position. A regular constable, duly provided with a warrant from a Republican magistrate and accompanied by a posse, proceeded to serve the warrant and arrest the criminal. Before reaching the place where the armed negroes were supposed to be, the posse, without warning, was fired upon from ambush, and the fire was returned, but, so far as known, without effect on either side. After a time a conference between the posse and the negroes was had, the constable exhibiting the warrant, but by that time the criminal had had time to betake himself elsewhere. It was then mutually agreed that both parties would disperse to their homes, which was done by the whites, but the negroes did not carry out their part of the agreement, but remained where they were and fired upon two white men happening to travel the road about two hours afterward, while another party a few miles off ambushed some whites, wounding five, and waylaid two other farmers, one of whom they succeeded in killing. They then tore up the track of what was at that time called the Port Royal railroad, wrecked a train, cut the telegraph wires, and burned a mill and ginhouse in the neighborhood. After some further collisions, in which the whites, owing to their smaller numbers, suffered as many, or more casualties than the negroes,



the latter moved down to a swamp near Ellenton, and the whites were marching upon them in orderly formation, when they met a company of United States regulars, which had been dispatched to the scene. A conference was held with the officer in command and, on his promise that he would cause the negroes to disperse, the whites returned to their homes, leaving the settlement of the riot to the troops. Thus ended the riot as far as bloodshed was concerned.

The above are the facts of the case and are, in brief, the sworn statement of men living in the neighborhood, of the highest position in the country, of life-long unblemished character, having knowledge of the transaction, and not concerned or suspected of having been concerned in it. Such evidence would be accepted today as conclusive by any jury in the land. This sworn statement was tendered by the signers to the Commissioner collecting the affidavits from negroes, but he avoided accepting it or making it a part of the record. It was, however, published in the newspapers, as information to the public, and also forwarded by Hampton to Washington. The testimony on the other side was taken by Radical partizan Commissioners, and the affidavits were those of irresponsible negroes, who had taken part in the riot, who had no appreciation of the meaning of an oath, whose passions were inflamed to the highest pitch, and who received pay for making the affidavits. No court or jury in the world, at the present day, would attach any credibility whatever to testimony of such witnesses so taken.

It is necessary to point out here that these Ellenton riots bear the marks of preparation, and not of accident. The provocation given the white population was of the character known to be sure to stir up the people, and the instantaneous assembling of hundreds of armed negroes, concentrated and ready for action, proved previous arrangement. So does the prompt taking of affidavits and the political capital obtained from them, and the call for troops.

In the latter part of September a public notice was posted at Belton by negroes, or "carpet-baggers," "warning colored Democrats," some of whom were named, "not to join any more Democratic processions," threatening to flog them and

drive them from the county, and giving them a limited time to leave. There were other similar notices. No attempt was made by the Governor, or United States Marshal to inflict "condign punishment" nor to disperse these "intimidators," nor were "troops" hurried to the neighborhood? Why?

Early in October the Governor, basing his action, as he alleged, on the Ellenton Riots, wrote to the Federal Executive claiming the fulfilment of his promise to furnish him troops against "domestic violence." Owing to the absence of the President from Washington on a holiday, the call was not acted upon until October 17, when an Executive proclamation was issued notifying the rifle clubs and others to disband. On the same day the Secretary of War was directed to order "all the available force in the Military Division of the Atlantic to report to General Ruger commanding at Columbia, S. C., and to instruct that officer to station his troops in such localities that they may be most speedily and effectually used in case of resistance to the authority of the United States—supplemented, if necessary, by the militia of the various States." Meantime, on October 7, the Governor had similarly "proclaimed" the rifle clubs and all other persons and organizations supposed to be armed. He also issued an address to the people of the United States giving his version of the Ellenton Riots and the state of public affairs based on alleged information which had been obtained from the sources that we have mentioned. He was not even in the State at the time the alleged occurrences took place. He stated that from thirty to one hundred negroes had been killed and as far as known not one white man, whereas the facts are that the casualties were, among the whites ten, and the negroes eighteen, one of the latter being the original assailant of the woman, who after arrest tried to run away from the posse. At the same time Corbin, who was United States District Attorney, a carpet-bagger of many years standing, and one of the Governor's staunchest supporters, went to Aiken County to assist the United States Commissioner in obtaining evidence, such as has been already described, against the *white* Ellenton rioters, with a view to prosecuting them in a United States Court for conspiracy to

deprive the negroes of their votes. Great political capital was sought to be made out of it. The number of arrests it would be impossible to give accurately, because they were made frequently without record kept, but during the time intervening before the November election they numbered several hundred, mostly of whites, with a sprinkling of Democratic negroes, but no Radicals. In one day thirty-two highly respectable citizens were thus arrested in Aiken County, and afterward discharged for want of evidence. General Hampton telegraphed to General M. C. Butler and General Hagood, to use their utmost influence to induce the people to submit to this martial law and to make no resistance, as it was of the greatest importance to furnish the Radicals with no pretext that could be tortured by fraudulent affidavits into "campaign ammunition." The result of all this harrying was widespread distress throughout the country-side. Women and children had to be sent away from home to places of safety as the negroes were greatly elated and rendered very turbulent, night was made hideous, many a poor man's barn burned, and the lives of the aged and weak and of women and children were shortened.

It had now reached the middle of October, and the anxiety in Washington over the coming Presidential and Congressional elections, to take place three weeks later, became very acute. It was evident that it would require the most energetic exertions to turn the tide against the Democrats in the country, and therefore the electoral vote and Congressional representation of South Carolina assumed an importance not attached to it, to the same extent, earlier in the campaign, and, besides, the capture of the State then was considered a foregone conclusion. In consequence of this, frantic efforts were put forth by the friends of the Radicals at the North. It proved a great misfortune to the State that the Hampton movement had taken place in the year of a Presidential election and was therefore complicated with it. Had it not been for this, the better elements of the Republican party at the North would have been loth to increase the load of discredit from the South, which they had already found it hard to carry. But the temptation of securing, by any means, the



electoral vote and the Congressional representation overshadowed all other considerations. On the other hand, although the situation and doings in South Carolina furnished ammunition to the Democrats, and gained them votes at the North, yet their friends there could render but little assistance to their Southern confreres. There must always, probably, remain considerable uncertainty as to the share of responsibility of the State Radical party and its colleagues at the North acting through Federal office-holders in the State, for the worst and most extreme measures to carry the election in South Carolina. It is natural to suppose, however, that the greater blame rests on the latter, as their temptation was even stronger, the stake being so large, and there are other reasons also for believing this. It is likely that the set purpose of bringing about collisions between the races—only thwarted by Hampton's inflexible rule and unsleeping vigilance—in order to "wave the bloody shirt," make arrests, and flood the State with troops, and the scheme to precipitate a conflict between these and the whites, were principally worked from outside the State officials, with some exceptions. Indeed it was so self-evident that, if very serious riots were brought about, the white "carpet-baggers" would suffer in the melee, that this exerted some restraining influence on them, while the Federal office-holders considered themselves to possess a chartered impunity, and were proportionately emboldened. It must be confessed, however, that many Republican journals at the North blamed Mr. Chamberlain very severely for "his plan of campaign" in arresting respectable citizens without cause, on trumped up affidavits, and said that he was "ruining the Republican party," and "electing Tilden." The troops sent so freely to the State did not prove as overwhelming an instrument in the Radicals' hands as they had expected. The minor officers, whatever their politics might have been, soon took in the situation from personal observation, and saw that, as far as the State election was concerned, it was not a question of politics at all, but of plain, clear right against wrong. They could not mix in a friendly personal way with the "carpet-baggers," for they perceived that the social ostracism in which these were held

by the white population had too good cause, while they found in the residents people of congenial manners and feelings, and with these they fraternized. They were compelled to obey orders, frequently very distasteful ones, but a thing may be done humanely and judiciously, or harshly and cruelly, and few instances of the latter are known to the writer. As for the privates and non-commissioned officers, they were, one and all, strongly sympathetic with the white citizens. All this might have been different, if general politics had entered into the situation, but locally politics was not in it at all, but only respectability against ignorance and crime. It was a different thing in 1867-68, when volunteer officers were employed, such men as Scott, for instance. The writer can vouch for the following. During the latter part of October two residents of Charleston were talking with a colonel of regulars, stationed there, and the conversation drifted to public affairs.

"I hope there will be no trouble," said he.

"There will be none coming from the white population, Colonel. It would be contrary to their interests. General Hampton's programme is, *quiet*."

"Oh, yes, I know that; I can see that. But, if the whites lose patience at last, and there is trouble, I hope your friends will see to it that vengeance is not wreaked upon the poor misled negroes, but upon the white carpet-baggers, who are responsible for all this thing."

On October 17 took place the Cainhoy Riots. This little village is a few miles by water from Charleston. A joint-meeting for discussion was arranged to take place there, and a party, accompanied by their speakers, composed of Conservatives and Radicals, went from Charleston in a steamer to attend it. The former, as agreed upon, carried no rifles and not all were provided even with pocket pistols, as the Radicals had pledged themselves to maintain order and that their friends would be without rifles. It was a neighborhood where the negroes were living in large numbers, and there were very few white residents. The blacks attending had hidden their rifles in a thicket contiguous to the place of meeting, and while this was in progress, without provocation,

by prearrangement, a riot was started. The negroes ran for their rifles close by, and from the advantage of the cover opened fire upon the whites, killing six of them, only one black being killed or wounded, as far as known. The whites got back to their boat some three miles distant and departed for Charleston, leaving their dead behind, not a very creditable affair in that respect, but proving, at least, their non-resistance. That night a rifle club was despatched to the scene of the disturbance to protect the village, which was done without attempting to arrest any of the riotous negroes, and on the following day the club was amicably relieved by a company of United States troops, between whom and the rifle club the United States Marshal, Wallace, tried unsuccessfully to stir up trouble. A vigorous effort was made by the Radicals to twist this affair into political capital as was intended it should be, and the usual plan of procuring negro witnesses was put in practice, but owing to the forbearance—or more—proved by the whites, it did not turn out as good a card as had been expected. No negroes, however, were arrested, and they became in consequence more and more aggressive and disorderly, interfering greatly with the canvass. The whole thing bore the stamp of prearrangement upon its face. Here was “domestic violence” of the real kind, but Mr. Chamberlain and the marshal used no troops or negro deputy-marshals to arrest the murderers. They were chartered for the work, while the best people in the upper counties were at the same time being hunted down for protecting their homes from similar treatment. Within a few days of this occurrence, after a Hampton meeting held at Edgefield, six white farmers, respectable men, returning quietly to their homes, were ambushed by negroes with militia rifles, and one killed and one wounded. The Governor tried to do nothing, the marshal tried to do nothing, to punish the perpetrators of this “domestic violence,” or to prevent the recurrence of such bloody “intimidation.” Why was this so? Some time after this, when the campaign was over, “Honest John” Patterson said, “That Cainhoy massacre was a god-send to us. We could not have carried Charleston County without it,” because of the encouragement thus given to the



negroes to intimidate other negroes from voting the Democratic ticket. He added that 700 arrests of Democrats were made during the campaign.

On October 19 occurred one of the moves under the Ellenton Riot programme, which would probably have resulted in bloodshed but for wonderful forbearance on the part of the aggrieved. A Democratic meeting, at which General Hampton was present as speaker, took place at Aiken. Immediately after the speeches, the United States Marshal with a squad of troops arrested eleven of the principal Conservatives present on the usual charge of "conspiracy," the purpose evidently being to bring on a disturbance and thus embroil the citizens with United States troops. However, the arrested men quietly submitted, and after a while procured bail, thus frustrating the plan. The whole thing was the very refinement of cruelty. Wallace, the marshal, a "scalawag"—the crop of such was very "short," thank God—had all the physical Federal machinery in his hands and, besides, the troops at his absolute disposal, and nearly every other negro you met in those days was a "deputy marshal" under him, drawing daily wages for harrying the whites. As the Governor was at the head of the State Radicals, so was Wallace "high up" among the Federal officeholders, and the confidential agent of his party leaders at the North and, as Attorney-General Taft said, "supreme" with the troops. He was to keep a watch, too, upon the other Federal officeholders, deputed to keep them lashed forward to seize the prize of the electoral vote and the Congressional delegation, and his exertions knew no bounds. This arrest, as I have said, was the very refinement of cruelty, for not only was the Aiken meeting a political affair but it partook also very largely of the nature of a social function. General Hampton was being welcomed by the men arrested not only as the leader of their political movement but also as the honored guest invited to partake of the warmest hospitality their homes could render. The studied insult to hosts and guest involved in this arrest, which could with equal ease have been effected at any other time, was unmistakably planned for the purpose, as we have already indicated, of involving a contest with the troops, and

that it did not serve the purpose intended was due only to a self-restraint that, it is no exaggeration to say, no man in the world but Hampton could have imposed. Colonel A. P. Butler, chairman of the meeting, was one of those arrested.

The State "Conservative" Executive Committee gave to the country the true state of affairs, showing that there was no "domestic violence" in the State, and General Hampton also explicitly denied its existence. The Committee, under General Hampton's authority, inquired of the Governor where the alleged "violence" existed, and pledged the readiness of the white population to act as legal posses under him to maintain order there and elsewhere, but this offer was rejected, in somewhat heated language. The Governor, on October 25, in a letter to the *New York Times* referring to Hampton's denial, admits that the "civil officers had not been resisted in the execution of the laws," but adds that "resistance may exist without being physical." So here again we have the "telepathic violence" theory, and the admission that troops were called for on that ground alone—not a lawful one.

A manifesto was also issued to the country signed by the principal clergymen in the State, including those of all denominations, certifying to the conditions existing and the absence of violence, and that the contest, as far as the State elections were concerned, was not one of politics at all, but of civilization represented by the white population, against barbarism led by thieves and vagabonds, the negro and the "carpet-bagger." This was published by the Democratic newspapers at the North, and also by a portion of the Republican press, and had much effect: it knocked hard, and not in vain, for admission to the conscience of the people. It was evident to the most careless reader, that if the accounts emanating from the Radical leaders, State and Federal, were not absolutely untrue, then every clergyman whose signature was affixed to this paper—and many of these names were known far and wide—was a perjurer of the basest description.

In reply also to General Hampton, the Judges of the Supreme Court and of the Circuit Court wrote letters, which

were published, denying the truth of the Governor's statements to the effect that violence and disturbances existed, or that processes of the Courts were resisted or obstructed, and this information was all sent by Hampton to the President. The bankers and capitalists did the same thing, and also men of Northern birth resident in the State for business purposes.

From this time on until election day, the exertions of both parties, already so manfully vigorous on one side, and on the other limited by no law, human or divine, grew daily more and more desperately strenuous. General Hampton seemed everywhere at once, working day and night. The only effect that the "proclamations," State and Federal, against the rifle clubs had had, was to stir up increased armed organization, which for the safety of hearth and home was thus demonstrated to be indispensable, if any further proof had been needed. Heavy importations of arms and ammunition were daily arriving, packed in dry-goods boxes, provision barrels, and other devices for eluding detection. Combinations for action between neighboring households of even three or four members would be made, where these did not already belong to some larger organization. Every man of responsibility combined with some one else for self-preservation. Red-shirted horsemen traversed the lonely country districts and seemed omnipresent at all the cross-roads. Democratic negroes must be protected, and much they needed it, and if this were "intimidation," then it was of such kind as law and order always seem to be to the evil-doer. The joint discussions went on more vehemently than ever, but the "Conservatives" took care not to be caught in a trap such as had been set for them at Cainhoy. The "Conservative" State Committee endeavored to bring about such joint meetings at which General Hampton and Mr. Chamberlain should speak on the issues, but the other side fought shy of this, as indeed they always did, where possible, of all such meetings. It was quite understood on these occasions that the Radical leaders present would be considered somewhat in the light of hostages against a repetition of the Cainhoy affair, and a meaning glance, a tap on the butt of a pistol exhibited, and



the remark, "It looks squally. If I go, *you* go too," have been known to induce the party addressed to quiet his followers.

All through this campaign there were none more resolute, untiring and courageous than the women. From the moment that Hampton's name was first flashed through the land as leader, until he was recognized as Governor at Washington and the troops withdrawn, their enthusiasm knew no abatement and their efficient work no cessation.

One of the last great political demonstrations of the campaign was a notable celebration, a procession in Charleston on October 30, led by General Hampton accompanied by Senator Gordon of Georgia. All business was suspended, stores and houses flamed in welcoming bunting and banners, streets and residences along the route were crammed with white and black spectators cheering, while many hundred horsemen in column of twos, generally in red shirts, and a large number of negroes, red-shirted and mounted on mules, and thousands on foot marched to the music of the "Conquering Hero," and similar strains. On an impressionable race, and one with strong reversionary, spectacular instincts, like the negro, a sight of this kind has a great effect, and that, of course, was the motive for this display of strength.

It was from Charleston at this time that General Hampton sent, by invitation, a letter to the New York *Tribune*, which that journal published, as it said, "in justice to an honorable, brave gentleman." The letter denied every charge that the Governor had made about the existence of "domestic violence," need of "troops" to preserve order, and other similar matters, and gave a dispassionate statement of the situation, which effected much good in the country.

A sufficiently accurate picture of the situation in South Carolina during the decade preceding the events just related, has been furnished in the quotations given from Mr. Pike and Mr. Chamberlain. It will not be necessary to remind the reader of the disagreeable details. He will remember that everything which negro supremacy under the direction of carpet-bag guidance, backed up by the unstinted assistance of the Federal administration during the last eight years, could do, had been done to break up civil society and resolve

it into its elements. Legislatures, Governors, and State officers existed only in name, and for the purpose of enriching themselves by plunder under the forms of law. Life and property, so far from being protected by their nominal guardians, found their greatest danger from these sources. The courts were notoriously corrupt and incompetent, crime under ordinary circumstances unpunished, and pardons, like cotton, for sale to the highest bidder. Elections were a farce, through the power exercised by the existing government of fraudulently miscounting votes and stuffing the ballot boxes. And now, after ten years of steadily increasing, almost incredible evils, the white population found itself pitted against the whole force of the State and Federal power in an election, which anyone unacquainted with the situation would have considered hopeless, and yet which the "Conservatives" felt confident of winning. Why should this have been so? How could it have been thus? One would have supposed that the disintegration of society would have been so complete, that the disorganized units would have been so scattered and remained in such hopeless, listless, segregation, that emigration from the State by the respectable part of the population would have left it within those ten years as a hybrid community of the "carpet-bagger" and the negro. Yet so far was this from being the result, so all powerful was the centripetal force in the nature of the white race, so indestructible the cohesive power in an Anglo-Saxon people, that, amid this "darkest Africa," and because of it, they were solidified—instead of being disrupted—and within their phalanx preserved the substance of civilization and maintained religion and letters and the amenities of life. Without police or militia, and worse than without them, they individually armed and organized. By the compelling will of an able bar and the momentum of long established usages, the machinery of the Courts was made to serve after a fashion for ordinary business between man and man, where the negro and carpet-bagger were not concerned. Social intercourse went on almost as usual. Commercial transactions, though greatly hampered, pursued the customary routine and farmers raised their crops for market. There was

marrying and giving in marriage. More than this: the necessities of the times drew out men of brains, courage, and energy from their firesides, men who had never held office, and looked down upon it as an avocation, and thus was given to the community when the Hampton régime came such a number of efficient public officers as it had rarely before possessed. Why was all this so? The answer is, because of the centripetal force, the cohesive tendency, the coöperative hand-grasp of the principle of representative government. It is in the life-blood of our race, an ineradicable instinct. Fling such a people upon a new desert continent entirely separated for a century to come from all intercourse with the outside world, and after that interval you would find a community equal to their fellowmen in civilization, though it may be with different ideals. But subject an equal number of educated negroes of unmixed blood to the same experiment, and long before the end of the century we should find the Guinea-coast race duplicated. If it has required several centuries beyond a thousand years, assuming representative government to have had its origin in the feudal system, and with a receptive race, for it to acquire its present fruition with us, how many thousands of years will be necessary for the negro, with no hereditary aptitude and strong reversionary tendencies, to become imbued with even the elementary principles of civil liberty?

The State and Federal elections took place on November 7.

Throughout the rural districts the negroes came in marshaled masses, and were voted by their leaders like so many sheep. They could very rarely read the tickets, but obediently took what were handed them. The chances for cheating in their votes were much greater than for whites, and they are past-masters in repeating, as they are very difficult of identification, being generally so much alike in appearance. Favorite weapons with them, where they had not guns, were clubs through the ends of which were driven large nails, or spikes projecting on each side, which resembled those used by their African ancestors, and were probably the result of reversionary recollection. In Charleston the streets,



especially near the polling booths, swarmed all day with hundreds of negro deputy sheriffs and United States marshals, with badges indicating their office, armed with ferocious-looking sticks, and generally with pistols concealed beneath their clothes, and plentifully supplied with liquor. No Democratic negro could be got to the polls, unless well guarded: otherwise these deputies of the marshal would beat and chase him away. In fact throughout the campaign the cruelties exercised or incited against negro Democrats by the marshal or his deputies were revolting. There were enrolled in negro Democratic clubs alone some eight thousand members, and this excited great indignation among the "trooly loil." Because of the urgent need of securing the electoral vote, the means practised were more extreme as time went on. There were no collisions of consequence, however, not as many probably as took place on the same day in most other States. The order and discipline maintained among the whites were complete, and the absence of disturbances was entirely due to their self-restraint.

I relate the following incident because it illustrates "intimidation" within my own actual experience; not only that, but official intimidation, that is to say, intimidation by United States civil officers acting in their official capacity and employed so to act. Of course there were hundreds of similar instances.

On the morning of the election day a negro, whom I had been in the habit of employing from time to time as a boatman on shooting excursions to islands not far from the city, came to me with the information that he had twelve negroes well in hand who wished to vote the Democratic ticket, provided I personally guaranteed their protection. This I promised. Isaac—this was the name of my man—"had a story," several of them, probably. I had missed him at one time for about a year, and on again coming across him, inquired where he had been in the interval.

"Bin in Columbia, Boss," said he, as airily as a young lady might tell of her return from her first European trip.

"Ah, you have been working up there, eh?"

"Not wukin' thar, Boss," said he, proudly; "bin in de penitentiary, but dey tu'n me loose now."

"You have been there? And what for?"

"Jist 'case I killed another nigger on Jim Island."

"What did you do that for?"

"You see, Boss,"—with a lamb-like look—"we was a'ter de same gal."

As there was only a lady in the case, I added my "pa'don" to that of the Governor, and took Isaac back into my good graces, for he was reliable when not drunk—which he usually was—and he had always been honest.

Three of my friends offered to go with me to the polls to protect my voters. So we put the twelve in column of fours, with the odd one, Isaac, behind (this position was assigned him at his earnest request). One of us went in front, one in the rear, and one on each flank, and started with our voters, who were well primed with "Dutch courage," for the polls. Thirteen is said to be an unlucky number, and it proved so in this case. All went well, our black army as bold as Nubian lions, until we came within about a hundred yards of the booths; and then a change came over the spirit of their dream. They were spied by the United States Deputy Marshals (all negroes), conspicuous by official badges, armed with formidable clubs, and known to have concealed weapons. These swarmed around us, brandishing their barbaric clubs, and filling the air with blasphemy and threats. We paid no attention whatever to their demonstrations, ignoring them altogether, and marching silently on. Not so our negroes. They were perfectly safe, covered by us, could not be got at except through us, and the first attempt at that would have been effectually quelled by our "peace-makers," for then the moment would have come when endurance would have ceased to be a virtue. But our Nubian lions had been transformed into lambs. Their faces turned from black to greenish, yellowish, hideous hue, their sign of terror. However, we got our black Macedonian phalanx (nearly all of it) almost to the booths, when our intended voters could stand it no longer, broke and incontinently fled, headed by Isaac, at a pace that would have distanced a professional sprinter; then the United

States Deputy Marshals fled in the opposite direction. This, it will be remembered, occurred in the year of our Lord 1876, in the centennial year of independence, of independence from tyranny, under representative government so-called, when the slogan of the anti-Lincoln faction, employing these very officials for the purpose of intimidating voters, was "a free ballot and a fair count."

The returns were coming in all night, and as the telegrams were posted on the newspaper bulletin-boards, the probability of the success of the State and Federal Conservative tickets gradually became a conviction, and the joy was very great. At the North also the election of the Democratic Presidential ticket was at first conceded by most of the Republican press, as it would have required the electoral votes of South Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida to elect Hayes, and all those States showed on the returns Tilden majorities. But almost immediately a claim to Republican electors in the three States named was made, and measures were pressed to obtain them through the returning boards. On the following day, that succeeding the election, the riots were started in Charleston which have been referred to in a former page of this narrative. They were apparently not accidental, for all the circumstantial evidence would point to design, and the fact that no riots took place on election day, and not until the following day, after it had been determined by Republican headquarters at the North to claim the electoral vote through the returning board, adds to the weight of the other indications. Riots were started at several points in Charleston, but the principal attempt took place on Broad street about three hundred yards from where the police headquarters then were, on the site of the present postoffice. About fifty or more men were near the bulletin-board of *The News and Courier*, when an attack was attempted upon them from the direction of the police headquarters, the party being composed altogether of negroes, who were believed to be the same as those acting as United States deputy marshals the day before. At the first intimation that the attack was to be made, a negro policeman, standing in the crowd about the bulletin-board, fired his pistol twice among the bystanders,



and then fled down a narrow street running at right angles, and thus escaped. No one was hit by his shots, strange to say. His conduct was supposed to be the result of previous knowledge of the intended attack. The attack was repelled by the foremost of the by-standers, without any serious harm to either side, as far as known, and after that, but not until the street was clear of rioters, a large squad of policemen emerged from headquarters, and marched down the street in the direction of the bulletin-board with rifles at the "charge bayonets." There would certainly have been bloodshed, for the by-standers were in no mood to submit to this proceeding, when two mounted men, dispatched from "Conservative" headquarters, galloped ahead of the police column, thus reaching the crowd before the latter could come up and vehemently impressed upon every one Hampton's orders to avoid at all hazards a conflict with the police, which would be used as a pretext for violence, and therefore do harm in regard to election returns. The principal rifle clubs at once assembled at their club rooms. Colonel Hunt, commanding the United States troops in the place, was communicated with, and turned out his men to clear the streets of all rioters and vagrant negroes, and invited the commander of a rifle club to have his men fall in at the rear of the Federal column and thus march through the town, which was done. This had a wonderfully quieting effect upon the negroes, as it demonstrated to them that the white population and the troops were fraternizing for the sake of order, while they had been told by their leaders to expect support from the troops. It also very much incensed "Carpet-bagger" Worthington, Radical Collector of the Port, who protested against it, until silenced by the firm, dignified reply of the Colonel. Worthington, however, reported to Washington, and Colonel Hunt was within a few days, removed from command, but his conduct doubtless saved bloodshed and, as the electoral vote of the State was eventually secured, the parties who planned the affair, when reason returned after all, must have been glad that he acted as he did. During that night the city was safe-guarded by foot and mounted patrols of the clubs and the troops.

As we have said, Colonel Hunt was removed from command in South Carolina and transferred elsewhere at Worthington's instance. Hunt was a Colonel in the regular army, but had the rank of general of volunteers during the war, and was, I think, at this time brevet brigadier general. He had been in the army all of his life, had married in army circles, and most of his associations were there. He neither possessed nor desired political "pull." At Gettysburg and on other fields he had performed most gallant service with the artillery and was, withal, socially and professionally, a man of the very highest character. He had made a report on November 27 of his service in South Carolina, including the riots of November 8 in Charleston, but this report the public never saw until late in January—too late to injure the politicians—and presumably it would never have seen the light at all had it not been for Hunt's causing it to be made public, as a vindication of his conduct. In this report—which is a long one, entering into details—he says that the only disturbers of the peace during his command were Republican negroes and that Worthington circulated false reports among them in order to inflame them to riot.

I think anyone, who will study this subject, or who will even dispassionately read this narrative, will be compelled to come to the conclusion, as I have reluctantly been compelled to do, that there was a deliberate plot at the commencement of, and throughout the campaign of 1876 in South Carolina, by the Radical leaders there to stir up bloodshedding by the negroes, which being resisted from motives of self-preservation by the white population, would enable the Radical leaders to flood the State with United States troops, embroil the whites with them and the Washington administration, and thus render easy the prevention of the canvass on the part of the "Conservatives," and I am also compelled to admit, that there is the best of reason for believing that some of the principal leaders at the North of the party then in power were fully privy to this plot. This is a grave charge, for it was a horrible thing to have done, and no one is more averse than the writer to be forced, by knowledge of facts, to believe it.

## CHAPTER SIXTH

## THE CAMPAIGN AFTER THE ELECTION OF HAMPTON

God is our guide,  
No sword we draw,  
We kindle not War's battle-fires,  
By union, justice, reason, law,  
We claim the birth-right of our sires

By law it was allotted to the Board of Canvassers of the State to examine the returns and certify to the Secretary of State the sealed returns for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and who by the face of the returns were elected State Senators and Representatives. But the Board had no right to go behind the returns, the two houses of the Legislature being the exclusive judges of the election of their own members, and, after organizing in joint session, were to pass upon and declare the election of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. But in this election, three of the five members composing the Board of Canvassers were candidates for reelection, and were therefore admittedly disqualified from canvassing any of the votes, all the State candidates at that time being voted for on one ticket.

The votes by law were to be and had been counted publicly immediately after the closing of the polls by the precinct managers (two Republicans and one Democrat), who then and there made statements of the results, and forwarded them to the Board of County Managers, who from these statements made the proper County statements, and forwarded these last, along with the precinct-managers' returns, the poll-lists, and all papers appertaining to the election, to the Board of State Canvassers. It goes without saying, that if it were left to the Board of Canvassers to decide protests, it could, and would "count in" whomsoever it chose, without reference to the votes actually cast. This was the way in which it had been done for the last ten years, and that was the programme intended by this Board, which was quite as bad as any of the preceding ones. Of course this had been foreseen and provided against, for otherwise the whole election would have been simply a farce. Congress, with a loud



guffaw, had passed the Reconstruction Acts intended to give a "solid South" forever to the party of Thaddeus Stevens and Morton, but he laughs best who laughs last, and the time was coming for this latter laugh.

On the grounds above mentioned, the intervention of the Supreme Court of the State was obtained. But with the corruption and incompetency pervading the State Government, it may well be asked how relief in the direction of justice was to be looked for from the Supreme Court. It was for this reason. The Court was composed of three members, Chief Justice Moses, Mr. Willard, and a negro, Wright, who had come early in "Reconstruction" from Massachusetts.

F. J. Moses was a Republican, it is true, and could not otherwise have obtained the official position which he held. Though the presumption of respectability would not be in those times in South Carolina in favor of a resident member of that party, yet there were reasons why his was an exceptional case. He had accepted the position, in large measure, to prevent it from falling into worse hands, and had in this the approval of the bar. He came of a family long and favorably known in the State. His great misfortune, for which he merited pity, not obloquy, was being the father of the notorious man who had been one of the Reconstruction Governors. The family of General Hampton had been looked up to with great respect and consideration in the community for a hundred years and more, and Moses considered himself under obligations to Colonel Wade Hampton, the father of the General, and for the latter personally had a high esteem and admiration. In the contest raging in 1876 the side of right and the side of wrong could not be in doubt to anyone with the facts daily before his eyes. Moreover, Mr. Moses was not personally on good terms with Mr. Chamberlain and his followers. From this it will be seen that the Chief Justice could be counted upon in the present crisis to follow the only course open to him, if he wished to act justly and honestly, and that was all that Hampton desired.

Justice Willard had come to the State from the North. To better his condition and succeed in life were doubtless his

creditable motives, but he seems to have come with honest intentions. Imbued with the belief in negro political equality, in which he had been educated, he accepted the sequence of the blacks' right to vote and thereby, when in a majority, their right to rule. But when these theories had been reduced to practice, and the deplorable results were before his eyes every day, he did what any sane and honest man must have done under like circumstances: he changed his opinions. Moreover he had a summer cottage in Cashier's Valley, among the beautiful Appalachians of North Carolina, near General Hampton's mountain home, and here sickness had invaded his household. It is a good old Southern custom, which nothing can extirpate, that when the faintest shadow of the wing of the angel of death darkens a home, or threatens an individual, not only is the bitterest enemy then in the sanctuary of the temple, but—far more than that—all antecedents are at once forgotten, and human sympathy, kindness, and help are poured forth unstintedly. And this happened to Willard at the hands of General Hampton and his family, and, fortunately for the credit of men and women, such things are not easily nor quickly forgotten. The consequence was that Willard imbibed that personal feeling toward the General which the latter had the faculty of creating in all with whom he came in contact.

The third member of the Court was Wright, who was a profligate, ignorant negro, and, as long as their money lasted, to be counted upon to do the bidding of his Radical masters, but his obstructive part in dissenting from rulings would be practically nullified by the other two justices.

The case before the Supreme Court was against the Board of Canvassers (the Returning Board), who were represented by Corbin, as counsel, although he was at this time United States District Attorney. The result was that the Court issued a mandamus commanding the Board of Canvassers and the Secretary of State to declare duly elected and to issue certificates to that effect to those who had received by the returns the greatest number of votes for the offices of State Senators and members of the House of Representatives. This would enable the two houses to meet in joint session,

and open the sealed votes and declare the election of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, the Hampton party having a majority of one on joint ballot and its popular majority being over twelve hundred. This order would also apply to the Congressmen elected, but subject to contest before the House, of course. The Court also issued another order to the Board having reference to the votes for Presidential electors, which in effect would compel the Board to bring into court its report on the votes for electors, with all official papers and documents relating to them, thus making it possible for a just result to be arrived at by the Court, and a declaration of election and corresponding certificates to be ordered issued by the Board. But the Board had a member present in court on watch and got wind of the issuance of these orders before the official papers could reach them, and at once adjourned *sine die*, thus ending finally, as claimed, their functions and existence as a Board. Before doing so, however, they threw out the returns from Edgefield and Laurens counties, and issued certificates for the Legislature and Presidential electors, based upon the thus fraudulently mutilated returns. This would have given a majority in the Legislature to the Radicals, with the power to "count in" their man for Governor, and would also give the electors to Hayes. It was a smart attorney's trick; that and nothing more. The Board could not terminate its existence, and at the same time perpetrate a patent fraud, while actually in the hands of the Supreme Court supervising its action with the view of preventing fraud. It was a bold proceeding, the result of desperation and confidence of immunity from punishment as in similar cases in former years, and in accordance with a prearranged plot. Not only the control of the State government, but also of the United States government for the succeeding four years, was trembling in the balance. The temptation was great and the telegrams from Washington imperative, and support from there was promised and given. On the other hand, if the Hampton government could sustain itself, and with it the Tilden electors, not only did political ruin stare in the face the South Carolina Radical politicians, but also personal ruin, and the penitentiary would yawn for



many of them, when honest courts were reëstablished. It is no wonder then, that they took this, and subsequent desperate risks, for their game now made this course the lesser peril to them. And the plight of the Northern politicians was little less critical, as far as their political life was concerned, and they could be counted upon for seconding their Radical workers in the State without inconvenient scrupulousness as to means.

When the Supreme Court was apprised of the conduct of the Board of Canvassers it imprisoned all the members for contempt and subjected them to fines. Judge Bond of the United States Circuit Court had, however, found it convenient to be in Columbia at this time, although he had no business to transact there until a week or more later. He at once issued an order releasing the Board from custody. His Court was entirely without jurisdiction in the premises, the matter being exclusively between the State and its own officers. This was so clear that he never even attempted a justification, or excuse for his conduct. It was on the face of it a mere political move, entirely outside of law, and quite on the plane of the order of Judge Durell in New Orleans against the McEnery government, the only excuse attempted for which was a very shady one, the alleged drunkenness of the Judge. But no explanation at all was vouchsafed by Judge Bond, and his illegal act served to prevent the Supreme Court from compelling the Board of Canvassers to perform its duty under the supervision of the Court.

As for the consummated plot of the Board of Canvassers, it was construed to stand for the action of the State in regard to the Presidential electors, and consequently made Hayes President. That is not an exhilarating thought for a patriotic American. A State by the grace of Thaddeus Stevens and Morton, unable, by the assertions of its own Governor, to perform any of the functions of government, or to exist at all unless sustained by Federal bayonets: a Returning Board chiefly of negroes, notoriously corrupt and guilty of a trick devised for it by others equally corrupt but abler than it, which consigned its members to jail; a Federal Judge blocking the wheels of the Supreme Court; a Republican majority

on the Electoral Commission declaring the action of the Board valid on the strictest of "States' Rights" technicalities, contrary to the merits of the case, and the will of the people—this was surely a curiosity of politics.

It will be remembered that trouble loomed ahead in the counting by the two houses of Congress of the electoral votes. There were two sets of returns from each of the States of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, and a disputed vote from Oregon. It was necessary for *all* these to be counted for Hayes, if he were to be declared elected. The Democrats had the House, the Republicans the Senate and President, and "South American methods" were consequently feared by the country. The Democrats, thinking their case safe, as any *one* point decided in their favor would give them the Presidency, consented to the Electoral Commission Act, by which ten members of the Senate and House representing equally both parties, and four designated members of the Supreme Court, also equally divided politically, with power to choose a fifth from the members of the Court, should decide all disputed points. This was a revolutionary proceeding, but was done doubtless for the best, and to prevent a possible recourse to force to solve the riddle. But the Democrats were out-generaled—not for the first time nor the last time. It was understood that Judge David Davis would be the fifth member chosen on the Commission from the Justices of the Supreme Court. He had been a Republican of the Lincoln school, but had not gone with the new ways of the party of Stevens and Grant, and would certainly not have ruled *all* points in favor of the latter, and would have been, in point of fact, the umpire, as otherwise the Commission stood seven of each party. Had he been on the Commission, Tilden would have been President. But either the Democrats were incredibly stupid, or else there was bad faith somewhere, for on January 25, after the bill had passed the Senate and the day before it passed the House, the Democrats in the Illinois Legislature elected Mr. Davis United States Senator, and he, accepting the position of Senator-elect, resigned his judgeship on the ground that he could not, under the circumstances, honorably serve on the Commission, as presumably a

partizan. This resulted in the appointment to the decisive position on the Commission of Justice Bradley, who, when the time came, cast his vital vote invariably in favor of his party, thus giving Hayes the Presidency on "eight to seven" votes on each occasion, as the points came up. The Justices of the Supreme Court proved just as good party men as any other politicians could possibly have done, but the fact of the majority deciding the vital points on the "States' Rights" principle cannot but be deemed a little refreshing by posterity, considering the source from which this reversionary impulse so suddenly came, for they were not before that time credited with having sat at the feet of Calhoun, nor were they afterward.

The Board of Canvassers had, at a former stage of the proceedings in the Supreme Court, made a report to the Court of the members-elect of the Legislature according to the face of the returns, and this was matter of record. As the Board had failed to comply with the further orders of the Court, and had ceased to exist by Judge Bond's action, it necessarily devolved upon the Court to perfect their duties left unperformed. The Court consequently ordered its clerk to give certificates of election to the eight members from the Counties of Edgefield and Laurens, shown to have been elected according to the returns. With these and the members certified by the Secretary of State, the Conservatives had a majority in the House, and a majority of one on joint ballot with the Senate.

On November 28 the Legislature was to meet. But two days before that time Secretary of War J. D. Cameron, in accordance with orders received by him from the Executive, ordered General Ruger, then at Columbia, to "sustain" Mr. Chamberlain as Governor "until a new Governor shall be duly and legally inaugurated under the Constitution. The Government had been called upon to aid with the military and naval forces of the United States to maintain Republican government in the State against resistance too formidable to be overcome by the State authorities. You are directed therefore to sustain Governor Chamberlain in his authority against domestic violence until otherwise directed." General



Ruger was ordered "to advise with the Governor and dispose your troops in such manner as may be deemed best."

These are plain words with a clearly defined meaning and purpose. "The Government has been called upon to maintain Republican government"; by whom called upon? By Mr. Chamberlain, claiming to have been reelected, and by such men as Patterson, the "carpet-bag" Senator from the State, a man admittedly a thief and, what is worse even, not ashamed of it. "Against resistance"? Resistance from whom? Not only had General Hampton, whose word no one doubted, and the Democratic Executive Committee, composed of citizens of the highest character, and Senators from New Jersey and Georgia, then at Columbia, and many others, denied vehemently in telegrams and letters the existence, or danger of "violence" or "resistance"; but so would, or had, every other responsible man in the State cognizant of the situation. Not only so, but it was well known, that Hampton's policy was not one of "resistance" in the sense of force. There could not possibly have been any mistake or misapprehension. It was simply an attempt, by purely "South American methods," to set up a usurping State government and thus, by color of it, to increase the chances of securing the electoral vote, and inaugurating a Republican President. And we shall see in a moment that the programme thus commenced was carried out on precisely these lines. It will not serve to say, "Let the dead past bury its dead. We are now a reunited country. Do not open old sores." It is *not* the dead past. Precedents are *never* dead, but always live on the record, vital, abounding in strength, ready to leap into the arena unexpectedly, armed to the teeth, strenuous, with drawn sword. History is "philosophy teaching by example," or, better expressed, is common sense teaching by precedents. What happened once may happen again, if unheeded, and next time, perhaps, in Massachusetts or Ohio. There are many "burning questions" that will be coming to the front at the North, and the South has yet her "racial question" to be tinkered with, at least a question made artificially "racial" by the effects of the Reconstruction Acts and the Amendments and outside misguided interference with a conscientious people's best endeavors.

On the evening of November 27, the State Capitol was seized by troops under General Ruger's orders, as directed by Chamberlain. All semblance of civil government was thus destroyed.

At twelve o'clock on November 28, the "Conservative" (Democratic) members of the House, accompanied by the Governor-elect, Hampton, went together to the State House. After some little delay at the entrance, they were admitted, and proceeded to the Representative Hall, intending to enter there and organize in accordance with law. At the door of the Representative Hall these representatives of the people, acting in accordance with the spirit and the forms of representative government, were met by a corporal and a file of United States troops in charge of persons named Dennis and Jones, deputed for the purpose by Chamberlain. This Dennis was without any official status, a "carpet-bagger" of very bad character, who would have been in the penitentiary under normal government. This individual instructed the soldiers as to whom they were to admit or exclude. The way was thus barred by bayonets against the representatives from Edgefield and Laurens Counties bearing the certificates of the clerk of the Supreme Court. Upon that their colleagues all withdrew from the chamber, and read a solemn protest against their exclusion by military force.

When apprised of what had occurred, a large number of citizens from the town and adjacent counties, who had come to witness the opening of the Legislature, became wrought up by the outrage to an indescribable state of excitement. They were not at all a mob of loafers or noisy boys, but men of all ages and conditions, sober-minded, law-abiding, God-fearing citizens, who "know their rights, and knowing dared maintain," the bone, muscle, and brains of the community, farmers, merchants, artisans, lawyers, and physicians. For ten long, weary, bitter years they had been ground down under the heel nominally of negro supremacy, but in fact by "carpet-baggers" supported by Washington; they had been impoverished and insulted by thieves; harried and maltreated by troops and deputy marshals; the demon of

the "nameless crime," unknown before, created by legislation in their midst, and lynching, the only punisher in the absence of courts worthy of the name, let loose among them. They had cried aloud to God in their agony from every church in the State, and at length He had listened to their prayer, and led by the greatest man who had ever trod the soil of their State, they had, against tremendous odds of money and force unscrupulously used, won an election, which was to set them free. But now, between their liberty thus won by the fair agencies of representative government, is thrust the bayonet of military power directed by the miserable creature, Dennis, whom no honest man would permit in his kitchen. "South American methods" are substituted for representative government. The pent up indignation, the righteous indignation, of those ten years was seething in the veins of these distinctively American men. And well they knew their power, and that, at a word of command from Hampton, the Capitol would be instantly swept clean of all intruders. Armed, as always necessary in those times, many of them practised in the use of weapons on famous Virginian fields, they awaited, but not in patience, the order which their hearts craved, and the murmur of the coming storm, at first faint, like distant wind, was gradually swelling in volume. The stern battle-scarred faces of middle-aged men, the flushed cheeks of boys, the unimpassioned but resolute features of the old were there, all inspired by a common feeling.

Mr. Chamberlain sat in the Governor's private room, and by his side General Ruger; they heard the ominous sound, and negroes now tallow-colored with fear, came running to tell them of the impending danger. The Governor had "a very unpleasant quarter of an hour," as the French say, only that he compressed it into fewer seconds. At his suggestion, General Ruger ordered an officer to seek out General Hampton, and request of him, as a favor, to quiet the citizens. It was indeed a hard thing to bring one's self to do—to request Hampton to save them—but it was necessary, and they swallowed it. It shows, too, what perfect confidence they, as every one else, had in Hampton's power to control the people,



and how baseless their former assertions of "domestic violence."

Hampton gravely and quietly complied with the request thus reluctantly wrung from the Governor. Walking out upon the steps of the Capitol, he addressed the people. As his grand, noble figure towered against the background of the stately edifice, complete silence fell upon the assemblage a second before surging and murmuring in storm. The people knew not what his coming meant; it might be, as they hoped, to give the order to clear the State House of usurpers, and alert, but quiet, they grasped their weapons, every eye among the throng fixed on his face in mute appeal and perfect confidence. It was a spectacle to witness, the "born leader of men" at a momentous crisis. Once witnessed, you would have known forever that there is a mighty psychic power, a spiritual overwhelming force, which goes out from the soul of one man in a supreme moment, mastering the wills of his fellowmen.

The words which he spoke were few and simple, with no meretricious rhetoric, no vulgar attempt at oratory, no catchy, sensational phrases. They were only the calmly uttered wise words of a leader confident of himself and sure of his people. He said:

"My friends, I am truly doing what I have done earnestly during this whole exciting contest—pouring oil upon the troubled waters. It is of the greatest importance to us all, as citizens of South Carolina, that peace should be preserved. I appeal to you all, white and colored, as Carolinians, to use every effort to keep down violence or turbulence. One act of violence may precipitate bloodshed and desolation. I implore you, then, to preserve the peace. I beg all of my friends to disperse, to leave the grounds of the Capitol, and advise all the colored men to do the same. Keep perfectly quiet, leave the streets, and do nothing to provoke a riot. We trust to the law and the Constitution, and we have perfect faith in the justice of our cause. I have been elected your Governor, and, so help me God, I will take my seat."

As I have said, the silence had been profound from the moment the General was seen on the steps of the Capitol, nor

was it different when he ceased speaking, except that one could hear the muffled tread of hundreds retiring, as he had requested them to do, without a word spoken. With a silent assent and obedience, the most perfect tribute that man can pay to man, that crowd, a moment before so fierce and threatening, melted quietly away, like little children sent home from school, and all was quiet at the Capitol; peace reigned, but not "the peace of Warsaw"—the peace of Hampton. Not the peace of "proclamations" and of serried ranks of troops marshaled to prevent "domestic violence" by means of bloodshed, but the peace of intellect, conscience, and unswerving will, as opposed to brute force.

When Hampton commenced speaking there was a fine, tall, stalwart fellow from the country, evidently a leader, standing near him, and to this man his words therefore seemed chiefly addressed. It was a study to watch that man's face. At first, before Hampton had begun speaking, his expression was that of one about to engage in a life or death struggle—eyebrows drawn down in a fierce frown, eyes steely, lips firmly pressed together, and every muscle of the body apparently tense. When the first sentence was spoken the frown relaxed, presently the eyes gradually lost that terrible look, and when the last sentence was uttered the lips absolutely parted in a kindly, good-natured smile. "It is all right," for had not Hampton said it?

The "Conservative" members-elect of the Legislature, being excluded from their regular place of meeting in the Capitol by soldiers, occupied other quarters in the town, and organized the House, electing W. H. Wallace speaker.

Mr. Chamberlain's adherents, having obtained possession of the regular Representative Hall through the intervention of the soldiery, made an illegal organization of the House, being without a regular quorum, which had to be calculated with regard to the whole number of representatives. They elected a "scalawag," E. W. M. Mackey, speaker. He was married to a respectable colored girl—more was the pity for her. The only thing known in his favor was that he possessed physical courage, which was so rare among his party friends that it conferred on him quite a prestige, and

was a valuable asset. A mandamus was applied for to the Supreme Court ordering Mackey to hand over to Mr. Wallace, Speaker of the House, the returns received from the Secretary of State, but the order was refused on the ground that a mandamus was applicable only to a public officeholder, and Mackey, having no official position in law, could not be brought into court. This settled, by the decision of the highest authority in the State, that the Mackey House was not legal, was not the House of Representatives at all.

General Ruger, having discovered that Dennis had not possessed even the color of authority for directing his squad of soldiers in passing on the credentials of the Representatives, expressed to General Hampton's friends regret for the occurrence, which he attributed to a mistake. It was replied that this expression of regret was gratifying in a personal sense as a reparation for the affront, but that it left the practical injury unremedied, and it was asked that he undo his work, and let affairs begin *de novo*. This he did not in terms agree to do, but promised that in future he would remain neutral, and confine himself strictly to preserving the peace. He was, in fact, finding his position of proconsul not without its drawbacks. The newspapers at the North—all the Democratic press and some of the other party—were denouncing in unmeasured terms the usurpation of which he had been the instrument. It was not so much that the Democrats at the North cared deeply whether or not the Hampton State government *per se* were maintained. As long as negro supremacy at the South was merely to them an academic question, not affecting their own interests, it was one thing—indeed new and sensational experiments in suffrage, like vivisection, may be quite interesting, where one is not the subject operated upon—but the present was altogether another matter, one of practical importance to them, for the sustinment or destruction of the Hampton régime might have much to do with gaining, or losing the electoral vote and the Congressional representation of the State. The Grant administration would doubtless have hesitated long before adopting this "heroic treatment," if it had not been that the



elections were now over, and there would be no more important ones for nearly two years, for the lesson taught by the "landslide" of 1874 was not forgotten. Meantime General Ruger felt far from comfortable, and was asking for more specific instructions. He did not wish to be told merely to use his own discretion within the limits of the orders which he had received. For, if there were trouble, his actions might be disavowed by his superiors, and he find himself a scapegoat, which had happened in a measure during the Louisiana episodes alluded to, and he was aware that he would be personally answerable to the courts for fine or imprisonment, for any illegal acts done outside of his military authority, as proved by orders in his possession.

Relying upon General Ruger's assurance that there would be no further military interference with the Legislature, the Hampton members went to the Capitol on the morning of November 30 and occupied the hall of the House of Representatives, Wallace and Sloan, the duly elected speaker and clerk, taking their chairs. At the door of entrance had been stationed a deputy United States marshal in company with a negro without any official authority, but claiming to be sergeant-at-arms of the Mackey House, which the Supreme Court had decided had no existence in law. Afterward Mackey, with his following of the black rump parliament, entered the hall, and was much astonished and disgusted to find the real House holding its rightful position there. It appeared that he was not then aware of Ruger's change of mind. Mackey demanded the chair, but his request was, of course, refused. He then communicated with Mr. Chamberlain, presumably to obtain troops with which to eject the Hampton House, but not then obtaining this aid, after a while drew up a chair near the speaker's desk, and called his followers to order. It thus became a contest of endurance between the real House and the pretended one of which Mackey asserted himself to be speaker, but which had been pronounced spurious by the Supreme Court. Neither body would adjourn lest the other should thereby gain an advantage, and prepared to hold a continuous session day and night. There was no disturbance or anything like it. The negroes of

Mackey, in fact, seemed—child-like in simplicity as the race is—to think it a “huge joke,” until they became very hungry, and much envied the lunches sent to the “buckramen,” who good-naturedly gave them the leavings. But then, to the surprise of the “Conservatives,” the mailed hand was again outstretched to obstruct a legal and assist an illegal assembly. Ruger sent a staff officer and informed Speaker Wallace, at his desk, that the delegations from the counties of Edgefield and Laurens would not be permitted to remain in the State House after the hour of 12 M. of December 2. To this communication of General Ruger the following reply was at once sent:

*“General T. H. Ruger, Commanding U. S. Troops in South Carolina,*

“DEAR SIR: We have just heard through Major McGinnis, of your Staff, your order communicated to William H. Wallace, Speaker of the House of Representatives, that at twelve o’clock tomorrow the members elect from Edgefield would not be allowed upon the floor of the House.

“To say that we are surprised at such an order, after the explanations and pledges made by you to each one of us, is to use very mild language. When the outrage of Tuesday last was committed by the placing of armed sentinels at the door of the House of Representatives, who decided upon the admission of members to their seats, and when the provisions of the Constitution and the decision of the Supreme Court were brought to your attention, you distinctly and warmly asserted, again and again, that your orders were misunderstood: that you did not intend to have sentinels at the door of the hall; that you had not and did not intend to assume to decide upon the legality of any man’s seat or upon his right to enter the hall. You were then reminded by us that your guard received instructions from one Dennis, a citizen, and partizan of Governor Chamberlain, to admit parties upon his own pass or that of one Jones, and had, through armed forces, excluded all Democrats from the hall until the Republican organization was completed.

“You assured us again that such were not your orders, and were told by us that, notwithstanding the perpetration of

this inexpressible shame upon our free institutions, and the rights of the people, the evils could still be remedied without violence or bloodshed by a simple withdrawal of your guard from the doors of the hall, and that a majority of votes decides all questions in accordance with law and the usage of Legislative bodies. You stated that no troops should be at the door and that under no circumstances would you interfere, except there should occur a serious disturbance of the peace. You affirmed your determination to exercise no supervisory control whatever over the body or bodies claiming to be the House of Representatives. All this occurred on yesterday. Last night, in a later interview with Senator Gordon, you made the same assurances, and this morning, after both bodies were assembled in the hall, you assured General Hampton that under no circumstances would you interfere, except to keep the peace.

“What now can justly measure our astonishment at the issuance of such an order as the one just sent by you? There is no breach of the peace, and no prospect of its disturbance. You had it officially brought to your notice that absolute good-humor prevails in this hall. We cannot refrain from expressing the apprehension, that the fact that a number of leading Republicans are taking issue with the legality of the proceedings of the Republican House, has changed your views as to your line of duty. It is proper that we should say in conclusion that we relied upon your honor as a man and your character as a soldier to maintain your pledged position of non-intervention.

“The Democratic members from Edgefield and Laurens are entitled to their seats by the judgment of the Supreme Court of this State, and we have advised them to remain in the hall until removed by your troops, that the issue may be made in this centennial year of American independence whether we have a government of law, as construed by courts, or a centralized despotism whose only law is force. Let the American people behold the spectacle of a Brigadier-General of the Army seated by the side of Governor Chamberlain in a room in the State House, and issuing his orders to a legislative



body peacefully assembled in one of the original thirteen commonwealths of this Union.

Respectfully yours,

J. B. GORDON.

WADE HAMPTON.

A. C. HASKELL.

"Columbia, S. C., November 30th, 1876."

Of the signatures attached to the above letter, the first was that of United States Senator Gordon of Georgia, and the last of Mr. Haskell, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

On December 1 General Ruger sent a dispatch addressed to either General Sherman or the Secretary of War at Washington, admitting his original "mistake," but saying nothing about the matter referred to in the above letter.

The country was apprised of the true condition of affairs by telegrams sent not only by General Hampton but by Senator Gordon and other well-known men, and so was the President.

On November 28 Mr. Chamberlain had sent to President Grant a telegram stating that "the House [meaning the Mackey black parliament] and Senate organized today," having "a quorum." To say the least, this was a misleading statement, inasmuch as the Mackey assemblage had not a legal quorum, and the Supreme Court decided that it was not the "House." It could only be satisfactory to

Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun.

General Ruger did not carry out his announced programme of seizing in the hall the representatives from the counties of Edgefield and Laurens, but on the night of December 3 a number of negroes were sent to the State House under the name of a State constabulary force, and the next day Mackey informed Mr. Wallace, the speaker, that the negroes, aided by troops, would at 2 P. M. proceed to clear the hall of persons obnoxious to him. The plan was not difficult to see through: the negroes would make the attempt and, having been promptly kicked out, the wished-for "violence" or

“breach of peace” would be assumed established, and then Ruger’s troops would make the attempt and, if they likewise were ejected, there would be a conflict with the United States authorities, to bring about which had been the desire of the Radicals for months past. But Hampton was not to be caught in this way. So the regular House adjourned to the hall in the town which it had first occupied.

On December 5 the two Chamberlain so-called Houses (i. e. the bogus House and the Senate) met in joint session, and, having thrown out three other counties in addition to Edgefield and Laurens and thus “counted-in” Mr. Chamberlain as Governor, proceeded to declare his election. They figured his majority, according to their approved method of “counting-in,” at about three thousand, but it would have been as easy and as honest to have added another aught. It is but fair to say here, that Hayne, the Secretary of State (a negro), and member of the Board of Canvassers, had put himself on record as voting against the throwing out of the votes of the two counties, on the ground that all the evidence against them was purely *ex parte*, and no other had been admitted, but the other members of the board had voted unanimously against him. Mr. Chamberlain did not deliver an inaugural address in the usual form, but made a speech, intended, naturally enough, for the country. It is hardly fair to criticise it after all the changes of the intervening years have upset ideas then entertained by him. Gleaves, a mulatto, and not more off in color than in honesty, was “counted in” as Lieutenant-Governor, to succeed himself. He had been complained of by the Governor during the last two years for issuing pardons for infamous crimes during the Governor’s frequent absences from the State, and there had been pardons issued for infamous crimes during Scott’s regime numbering 579, in that of Moses 457, and under Chamberlain 73, and how many thousands of criminals unconvicted and unprosecuted no man can know. The rest of the personnel of the State government thus sought to be set up was in conformity with this, and never at the darkest hour of Reconstruction had there been a worse lot. Had the ship of state been really thus launched she would have been under the black flag, with

a pirate crew, destined on a cruise of unparalleled crime on the political seas.

As Mr. Chamberlain never succeeded in getting nearer to being Governor from the election of 1876 than at this juncture, we can best examine his credentials here.

To begin with, he was not a *de facto* Governor at all. This he himself asseverates again and again, in daily and hourly telegrams and letters to Washington and to the country. He leaves no doubt upon the subject, saying, what was perfectly true, that he and his so-called State officers and Legislature were powerless to perform a single function of government, and unable even to remain in the Capitol unless maintained there by United States troops. That settles the *de facto* question, the most important, by far, of all.

He was not *de jure* Governor, because his title was founded entirely upon the fraud committed by the Board of Canvassers, and, as he was at that time Governor, and they a part of his administration, their aid was *quasi* his own act, and it is an elementary principle of law that no man can take advantage of his own wrongful act. Besides this—and many other disqualifying circumstances—the counting of the votes for Governor was not legally done, because the Mackey black parliament had been declared by the courts not to be the House of Representatives and therefore incompetent to act in joint session with the Senate, as was required by law. Moreover, even with the Mackey crew, the joint session did not have a majority of the members elected to the two houses. Still more important, on the merits, disregarding technicalities and artificial legal niceties and sophistry, he had only a minority of the votes fairly polled at the booths and fairly counted, and even this minority consisted only of the votes of ignorant or corrupt negroes and “carpet-baggers,” the mere receiving of which was a shame and degradation to the very principle of suffrage. Under such circumstances it is hardly supposable that the Washington administration would have endeavored to maintain him, if it had not been for the prize of the electoral vote. It could not abandon him without weakening its position, until that point was settled,



and then, as we all know, it promptly did leave him in the lurch.

As for the Hampton party, it had a valid House of Representatives as confirmed by the Supreme Court, with a majority on joint ballot with the Senate, but it had not by the returns a majority in the Senate. As the Radical members of the Senate refused to join with them in joint session, the Hampton members found it thus rendered impossible to count the votes for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor in the regular way. They consequently did the only thing possible and proper to do, for the State could not be left in the position of having an executive who had been fairly elected by the people, not inaugurated merely because the majority of the Senate would not act. So the House, the regular one, met in joint session with the Democratic members of the Senate, thus having a majority of all the members of both houses, and counted the votes, declaring General Hampton Governor, and Mr. Simpson Lieutenant-Governor. This sufficiently explains the purely technical grounds of General Hampton's title.

But on the merits his title was perfect. He had received the highest number of votes of the people according to the returns, having a majority of over twelve hundred, and had also received the majority of votes fairly cast and fairly counted. Moreover, this majority represented the suffrages of the entire respectable, educated, tax-paying, substantial part of the community, the brains, morals, and muscle. His *de facto* right was perfect throughout the State, with the single exception of the space in square feet actually occupied by United States troops. A *de facto* title is the foundation of all government, which cannot be regarded as a government at all without it, and, with permanence and order maintained, becomes a perfect title, even if in its origin totally without *de jure* claim:

On December 12 President Grant sent six hundred more troops to Columbia. Secretary Fish was reported as opposing all the troop-sending programme, and threatening to resign from the cabinet.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH

INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR HAMPTON, AND BEGINNING OF  
HIS ADMINISTRATION

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

—*Tennyson.*

On December 14 General Hampton was inaugurated Governor, and Mr. Simpson Lieutenant-Governor. The ceremony was performed in front of the hall in which the representatives of the people had been assembling since they were driven from the Capitol by duress of troops, as already related. The Conservatives had by this time a legal majority exclusive of the members from Edgefield and Laurens Counties, as a number had come to them from the Mackey rump parliament. Unbounded enthusiasm prevailed and perfect good order. Indeed the feeling, intense and ardent though it was, took more the form of a devout "thank God!" than of noisy demonstrations in the streets, and from church and chamber thanksgivings were mingled with prayers for the future of their own government, now their very own, and Hampton, their very own. But good, honest jollity was there also; cannon boomed, fired by all the clubs, and rockets went up, and rousing cheers. It was a beautiful, bright, sunny, crisp day, such as can be had only at the South at that season of the year, and the very earth and sky seemed to sympathize with and participate in the general rejoicing. In the street, before an immense concourse of people, a good part of whom were women, young and old, of the highest standing, the Governor delivered his inaugural address. His fine presence and commanding appearance, and clear, calm, gentle voice attracted all eyes and ears in the vast throng. After picturing in eloquent words—every one of which found a response in each of his hearers' hearts—the deplorable conditions under which—as all knew but too well—their State had been suffering for ten years, and the mighty struggle which they had just made to rescue civilization, and condemning in language

fitting the deed the usurpation attempted through the bayonets of troops to defeat a people's lawfully expressed will, he concluded in these words:

"A great task is before the Conservative party of this State. They entered on this contest with a platform so broad, so strong, so liberal, that every honest citizen could stand upon it. They recognized and accepted the amendments of the Constitution in good faith. They pledged themselves to work reform and establish good government. They promised to keep up an efficient system of public education, and they declared solemnly, that all citizens of South Carolina, of both races and both parties, should be regarded as equals in the eyes of the law—all to be fully protected in the enjoyment of every political right now possessed by them. To the faithful observance of these pledges we stand committed, and I, as the representative of the Conservative party, hold myself bound by every dictate of honor and good faith to use every effort to have these pledges redeemed fully and honestly. It is due not only to ourselves, but to the colored people of the State, that wise, just, and liberal measures should prevail in our legislation. We owe much of our late success to those colored voters, who were brave enough to rise above the prejudice of race and honest enough to throw off the shackles of party in their determination to save the State. To those who, misled by their fears, their ignorance, or by evil counselors, turned a deaf ear to our appeals, we should not be vindictive, but magnanimous. Let us show to all of them that the true interests of both races can best be secured by cultivating peace and promoting prosperity among all classes of our fellow-citizens.

"I rely confidently on the support of the members of the General Assembly in my efforts to attain these laudable ends, and I trust that all branches of the government will unite cordially in this patriotic work. If so united and working with resolute will and earnest determination, we may hope soon to see the dawn of a brighter day for our State. God in His infinite mercy, grant that it may come speedily, and may He shower the richest blessings of peace and happiness on our whole people."



The Governor then took the oath of office administered by a judge of the Circuit Court.

And then the welkin rang with the shouts of thousands. Men and women almost tumbled over one another to get a hand-shake of their chief. They grasped one another's hands again and again in a spirit of comradeship, which had been a marked feature of the campaign from its inception; all were "red shirts" in enthusiasm—fellow-soldiers all. At length they could no longer restrain themselves. Hampton was induced to seat himself in a large armchair, and "most potent, grave and reverend signiors," like boys once more, caught it up on their shoulders and marched with him thus enthroned through the streets to his hotel, accompanied by the tramp of thousands of feet, and the mad cheers of men, the air vibrating with the music of women's voices mingled with the roar of artillery and the ringing of church bells.

What a different spectacle was witnessed at the Capitol on December 5, when the contestants for the position of Governor went through the form of inauguration. The hall was strictly guarded, the public carefully excluded, and there, amid the black faces of the "rump parliament," with a sprinkling of the palid, anxious countenances of "carpet-baggers," the solemn farce was quietly enacted surreptitiously. It resembled a funeral. It *was* a funeral: the funeral of negro rule, crime, and humbug. A correspondent of a Northern newspaper, who was there, tells how he shuddered at the sight of twenty-five rifles stacked by the door of the Governor's private room, and how sentinels paced the corridors and passageways.

The inaugural of Governor Hampton was very well received throughout the country; with acclamations by the Democratic newspapers, and with marked approval by all independent journals, and was hardly less commended by the Republican papers not the actual organs of the administration, and even these latter emitted very faint and qualified grumbles. The *Springfield Republican* said that "either Hampton or Ruger was Governor, for Chamberlain certainly was not." Indeed it was a spectacle to chain the attention, and fire the heart and imagination of an Anglo-Saxon people

wherever they might live, to see this one man, erect in the majesty of a people's universally acclaimed leader, calm, confident in the justice of his cause, confronting the whole power of the local Radicals and the Executive at Washington backed by an unwilling army.

As Lieutenant-Governor Simpson was now inaugurated, it became practicable to organize the Senate, which had not before this been feasible by law. The prescribed practice under the law was for the Lieutenant-Governor to organize the Senate, and if there were vacancies, to issue writs of election to fill them.

On December 19, with a legal quorum, at a joint session of both houses, M. C. Butler, formerly a very brilliant Major-General of Cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia, was elected United States Senator for the term beginning March 4, 1877. He was destined to serve for two terms with distinguished success and usefulness to his State.

After his inauguration, General Hampton requested Mr. Chamberlain, his predecessor in the office, to deliver to him the great seal of the State, and other appurtenances, but this was declined.

At this juncture a Bill (in form) was introduced in Mackey's "black parliament" the purpose of which was to proceed against General Hampton and others for treason, and under its provisions to arrest them. Nothing came of it. Probably it was only an attempt to "intimidate" on the part of Mackey, who, to do him justice, was the only one of those "statesmen" who possessed courageous energy. The attempt to enforce such a so-called Act would, of course, have been ridiculous, and likely to have resulted in the consignment of the authors to prison.

The notorious Whittemore, who had been expelled from Congress because convicted of making a trade of bribe-receiving for naval cadetships, was one of the "high-lights" of the Senate, chairman of principal committees, and all that. At this time, it appears, there were some bills of the Bank of the State, which should have been canceled. He recommended that in this instance (note that *he* was not a member of *this* committee for cancelation) they be canceled with a stamp,

which would cut through the bills, before they were delivered to the committee, because, as he said, in the last case of the kind the bills had been canceled with a stamp which admitted of being rubbed out, and that the bills had been treated in that way and used by "some one." This suggestion was received without surprise by the members of the present, and previous, committee, who were among the audience, not the slightest exception being taken to the charge that the last committee had stolen the bills, and that the present one would, if they had the chance, do the same thing, as a matter of course. Every one knew that they would do so, and why needlessly take the trouble to affect surprise or an appearance of offense? There were hundreds of far worse crimes committed, though stealing money held in a fiduciary capacity is more base than burglary; but the writer quotes this case as illustrating fairly well the moral color-blindness, the utter absence of anything serving in the place of a conscience, the bottomless turpitude of persons who had not the faintest conception that a shameless thief is something outside of the pale. It is almost inconceivable to people imbued with normal ethics. And yet here was an ordinary, every-day occurrence.

There was, about this time, a case of real practical "intimidation." Some gentlemen residing in Columbia selected a bright, moonlight night for a fox-chase to take place not far from the town limits. The fox usually commences his supper-calls before dark in the afternoon and, if successful in obtaining satisfactory hospitality, lies up long before dawn of day, so that the earlier in the evening one starts on the hunt the easier it generally is to strike a trail. On this occasion a fine fox was soon trailed and jumped and made in the direction of the town, followed by a large pack of hounds in full cry, and men galloping after them yelling the hunting-cry, which, it must be confessed, much resembles the old Confederate battle-yell, which was derived from it. "Statesmen" awoke, and trembled in their beds. They had been for long bawling in fun to President Grant, "Wolf! Wolf!" and now here sure enough was true "wolf." Some of them, as it was credibly reported in the newspapers, incontinently fled



in their night-shirts (it was before the era of pajamas) to the Capitol, seeking safety there with the "troops." It is certainly and soberly true that great consternation was produced among them, and intense indignation, when they discovered that they had made themselves the victims of a joke. This was "domestic violence" of the genuine brand, no "telepathic" sort about it. But inasmuch as they had been for so long wearing out the wires to the North asseverating that their presence at the South was purely from altruistic motives, an unselfish sacrifice for their fellow (colored) men, it is a wonder that they did not welcome this apparent chance for martyrdom in the good cause.

This reminds me, as Mr. Lincoln would say, of another incident illustrating how "conscience does make cowards of us all." There was a kind, good-hearted old gentleman in Charleston, who had never killed anything larger than a mosquito. But he would become almost always excited in conversing about any subject which interested him, and as he would warm up it was his habit suddenly to thrust hand in pocket, and seize his handkerchief with which to wipe his face. He was talking one day with a "carpet-bagger," and becoming heated, mentally and physically, as usual, dove into his pocket for a handkerchief, perceiving which the valiant "carpet-bagger" waited to see no more, but broke in a run for "troops," or some other sanctuary, thinking that a pistol was being drawn upon him.

One of these "statesmen"—Tim Hurley—used to say that he never saw a lamp-post but his neck commenced to hurt him. He is probably about the only "carpet-bagger" who, departing with the others, "as the swallows homeward fly," in the following April, left behind him anything of value to the community; he left some fair jokes. Among others, he told one of his colleagues, a dull fellow, that, as fish was brain food, he had better buy a whole whale and eat it all by himself. In early January, 1877, he was presented by the grand jury of Charleston County for corruption, fraud, and official misconduct as County Treasurer, and ejected on February 2. He was one of the Hayes Electors.

Immediately after his inauguration, Hampton set about

putting in order the county offices throughout the State, so that business could get back into its normal channels. He sent circulars to reliable, substantial citizens in the different counties, asking them to name suitable persons for trial justices and other positions, if the offices were vacant or occupied by corrupt or incompetent incumbents. When the Legislature had first convened, legal steps had been taken to enjoin the banks, which were State depositories, from paying out any funds on checks or vouchers from any of the Radical State officers. When inaugurated, Hampton served similar official notice upon them, but the banks were ready to honor his official drafts, so that necessary funds were thus made available. On December 22 a mass meeting was held in Charleston, at which practically the names of all those well-known in business and social circles figured, as vice-presidents, and here by a unanimous vote the members were pledged—and their action virtually bound the entire community—to sustain the Hampton government in all its branches, as *the only State government*. This necessarily implied the pledge to pay taxes to that government, and to pay assessments to none other asserting itself to be a State government. The chairman, by instructions of the meeting, sent the following telegram to Governor Hampton:

“The citizens of Charleston, in mass-meeting assembled, send you greeting, and pledge your government their obedience and support to the fullest extent, and denounce D. H. Chamberlain as a usurper and a traitor to the State and her laws.”

This action was followed throughout the State. By early January the Governor was able to appoint receivers generally for the taxes to be voluntarily paid, which were made as moderate as circumstances warranted but were sufficient for all purposes, and the collecting went on regularly and smoothly. Meantime, a bank in Charleston, as well as those in Columbia, advanced all needed funds. This proved to be a killing blow for Mr. Chamberlain's bogus government. It could raise no money. Its credit was gone. Its bonds would not have sold higher than waste paper, and evil-odored waste paper at that. Kimpton paid it a visit, but

to no avail. He it was who had been its financial Napoleon in the times which United States Senator Patterson had characterized as "years of good stealing in South Carolina," but those halcyon days were gone, never to return. Even the Superintendent of the Penitentiary refused to recognize the contesting Governor's pardons, and that had been a fertile source of revenue in the good old days. As the "statesmen" were there "for what there was in it," gloom pervaded now every face, white as well as "black and tan." The contestant for the office of Governor was placed in the position of "the penniless traveler," who "can sing in the presence of robbers," as Horace has it; that is to say, he was "penniless," and there were the "robbers" sure enough, but he found it doubtless no occasion for careless singing. As for the negroes and mulattoes composing the so-called legislature, they were even in a worse plight. Accustomed for the last decade to regard a legislative session as a grand frolic from first to last, free liquor and cigars, oysters and pates galore at the expense of the State, and fun voting taxes to be got exclusively from white people, and their "sal'ry" paid in advance. But now starvation stared them in the face since the Democratic hen-roost was debarred them; nothing to eat but what they could steal from one another, and, what was far worse, no whiskey to drink, where oceans had been wont to flow. "Dis ent no freedom," they could be heard groaning. Christmas-time was at hand, too, and a darkey with an empty stomach at such a season is indeed a pathetic sight. They might even be reduced to doing a little, just a very little, honest work for the "buckra."

No doubt some of the leaders had funds—probably not within the State, for prudence is always advisable—but their confidence in getting back anything loaned to the "government" was rudely shaken, and they themselves required always cash in hand to purchase suddenly a railway ticket North, if it became more "squally," for recognized courts of justice performing their functions were an abomination to them. Friends at the North, who had sent them funds freely enough during the campaign, now were inclined to close their purses, or contribute very sparingly, for the



electoral vote could now be not much affected by anything further that they could do, and had to be fought out elsewhere. If the Radical contesting State government would keep up a feeble showing until March, that was all which was required of them. At length, however, a limited amount was borrowed from some one more altruistic than the rest, and a little was doled out for most pressing needs, but the poor negroes got nothing for their Christmas dinners. Dennis, now breveted by common consent by his friends as "General" for distinguished services performed under Ruger, as related, laid claim to several hundred dollars. At length, with heavy hearts and empty stomachs, and an awful thirst, these legislators adjourned on December 23 *sine die*, forever, for "we shall not look upon their like again." Certainly they went "down to the base earth" "unhonored and unsung," but not, alas, "unwept" in one sense, for the havoc which they and their predecessors wrought will be the source of distress for years and years to come.

The Hampton Houses adjourned *sine die* on December 22, having now assisted in putting the ship in trim and left the Governor on the bridge, where he stood night and day. Imperturbable coolness, and nerve; quick conception and rapid execution; wonderful detection and measure of his opponents' plans, and quick frustration of them; untiring faith and confidence of ultimate success; almost sublime self-respect, proof of the most exalted courage, which enables a man without sense of humiliation, to submit to indignities when his nature yearns to resist; all these qualifications for their leader his people well knew he possessed. But the intuitive wisdom with which he was gifted, which enabled him, as if by instinct, in a moment, to arrive at a conclusion obscured to others in greatest doubt, and yet always to prove in the end right, and the quick grasp of intricate legal points; the accomplished diplomatic ability, which never erred; these, I have been informed by those nearest to him in confidential transactions during this exciting period, often filled them with profound astonishment and admiration. It was as if supreme occasions with him brought to the surface reserve power for the emergency, those occult, mysterious,

psychic forces, which rise for the moment above mere mental ratiocination, and which the man himself cannot explain or comprehend.

On December 22 the New England Society of Charleston had its annual dinner. The old Puritans of "Mayflower" fame might perhaps not have approved altogether of the good cheer, the viands and wine, but the dinner had become a custom. There being not as numerous descendants of these worthy men in Charleston as in some other localities, it is usual to bid to the feast a good many French Huguenots, and even godless Cavaliers. General Hampton was invited on this occasion in a very appreciative and complimentary telegram, but could not leave the helm to come, as he would have liked to do. Of course, there were many speeches all about or touching on the absorbing topic of the times, and all enthusiastic in devotion to Hampton.

The old year went out, and the new year came in with all the excitement in the State and country that anyone could desire. Perhaps it may have been deemed a favorable omen for honest government everywhere that Mr. Tweed, who in South Carolina had so many disciples putting to shame their master, should have been got in limbo a little before this time and some of his fellow "statesmen" were being proceeded against. It was encouraging at least.

Many were the speculations as to what Mr. Ferry, President of the United States Senate, would do; how he would construe his powers in the opening of the electoral votes. Had it been then known, that he had conscientiously refused to serve his party in the way that they desired, there would probably have been no Electoral Commission. He had an interview with the President on the last day of the year, and it is supposed it was then that he confidentially announced his decision.

At this time, too, was forwarded to Congress through Senator Gordon, of Georgia, a memorial signed by General Hampton and Messrs. Simpson and Wallace and sixty-five members of the House and thirteen of the Senate. It laid before the United States Congress the facts of the situation, the legality and correctness of the election, going into details

to show clearly how the law had been conformed to, and ending thus: "Wherefore your petitioners, unable to assert their rights in the premises," pray Congress, "to cause cessation of the unwarranted interference of the military authorities and the United States troops in the affairs of this State."

Hampton had written a letter, identically the same in tenor to Mr. Hayes as to Mr. Tilden, so that whichever was eventually declared elected would be accurately informed of the legality and rights of the "Conservative" government.

The United States House of Representatives early in December had sent a committee to investigate and report upon the election in South Carolina, and now the Senate also had one in session in Columbia consisting of two Republicans and one Democrat. Mr. Corbin, the United States District Attorney, was very active in presenting the evidence of irresponsible negroes. It was currently reported and believed that the price for affidavits was "a dollar fifty for one, or eighteen dollars a dozen." If there was an incident of "freedom" which was "a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever" to negroes, it was the acting as witnesses and jurors, and an idle herd of them was always in waiting around court-houses for this purpose. The committee had with it two professional newspaper correspondents, who for the time being gave up their regular engagement for employment by the committee, but in fact busied themselves sending telegrams where they "would do the most good." When testifying before this committee, Mr. Chamberlain, under cross-examination by the Democratic member, admitted that of \$511,000 worth of arms and ammunition purchased, and paid for by the State, only one hundred and twenty-five rifles could be accounted for. He admitted that when at the North in the preceding September he had had a consultation with President Grant, Secretary of War Cameron, and other Republican leaders in regard to introducing troops into the State; also, that he had never called upon the white population to assist in preserving the peace; that he made no attempt to arrest anyone concerned in the Hamburg and Ellenton riots; that the sheriff of Aiken County had testified that he, unassisted, could execute warrants, and that no resistance whatever had been



made by the whites to the due process of law; also, that every judge in the State, except one, had denied the allegations of his proclamations relative to disorder.

The way of the transgressor began to show signs of being hard, for about the middle of January the Grand Jury of Charleston County made presentments against nearly a score of County officials for fraud and corruption, and at the same period influential Republicans in some of the upper Counties declared they would pay no taxes to the Chamberlain dynasty, and urged their fellow Republicans to act in the same way.

During the early part of January an anonymous letter appeared in an Augusta, Ga., newspaper, purporting to give "a leaf of history." It said in effect, that the Hampton party in the election had virtually thrown overboard, by a quiet "deal," the Tilden ticket, and that this accounted for the State ticket receiving more votes than the electoral. The reason in fact was that many Republicans could not stomach the Radical State ticket and voted for Hampton, while polling their ballots for Hayes and Wheeler. An imputation of this kind, involving treachery, and so contrary to truth, and at variance with General Hampton's well-known nature, would require in ordinary times no notice, but be treated with silent contempt. But at that period excitement was running so high throughout the country, and falsehoods were so plentiful, that this one was definitely contradicted and set at rest forever. General Hampton said:

"The writer has fallen into many and grave errors. I had no agency whatever in Judge Mackey's visit to Ohio, and he bore no proposition. No message came from me. He says so himself. A proposition was made to withdraw our electors, and the Democratic Executive Committee knew that I took strong ground against it. A subsequent proposition was made on the same subject, and this I also declined. . . . Whether the canvass was a mistake or not, is not for me to say, but I do say that I supported Tilden thoroughly and heartily throughout. The Democratic Electors can speak on this point, and especially General McGowan, who is referred to, and who will, I hope, answer for himself. The 'leaf of

history' has been so secret, that no one in the State knows anything about it, and it is as utterly unreliable as 'history,' as it is 'secret'."

In a letter from A. C. Haskell, Chairman of the State Democratic Committee, dated January 16, more light is thrown on this matter. He says, in substance, that when the campaign was first inaugurated in South Carolina by the nomination of Hampton, the movement met scant sympathy—or none—from the headquarters of Mr. Hewitt and presumably from Mr. Tilden. It was more than hinted that it would have an unfavorable effect on the Presidential contest, and assistance was refused on the ground that it should be reserved for the doubtful States. To this it was replied by the State committeemen that the withholding of help to be applied to the doubtful States was satisfactory, but that, all the same, the canvass would be vigorously pressed in South Carolina on their own resources. The letter says: "Hampton made earnest, brave efforts for the Tilden ticket. It is utterly untrue, that he did otherwise. . . . On the night after the day of Chamberlain's nomination, Judge Cooke and Judge Mackey called at Democratic headquarters at Columbia, General Hampton being absent at Abbeville, and declared their intention to join. They had been supporters of Mr. Chamberlain, but repudiated him now. They did urge the abandonment of the national contest. They submitted that it would not injure the Democracy, stating that we were regarded as an embarrassment rather than a benefit to the party (we had heard the same from other sources). Mackey stated that the plan of the Radical leaders was to be passive for a time, allege that they were restrained from canvassing from fear of violence; meantime to excite riot, and violence among the colored race, cause bloodshed, and thus invoke military interference. He expressed his conviction, that such was the State and National plan, and events have proved the correctness of this. Judge Cooke confirmed the views above stated, stating he knew of contemplated riot and bloodshedding from conversations with leading Republicans with whom he was allied up to that time. It was resolved to do nothing until after consulting the

National Executive Committee. This was communicated to General Hampton, and he decided that nothing be done unless Mr. Tilden signified that he wanted it done for his own sake, the withdrawal then to be under protest stating plot as laid down by Judges Mackay and Cooke, announcing withdrawal because of intervention of military force to rob us of the right to vote. General Hampton wrote to Mr. Tilden through Mr. Manton Marble, and I to Mr. Hewitt. Before any answers were received, Hampton decided it was not wise, or proper. Tilden and Hewitt assured us that we were not an embarrassment but an aid to the National cause, and it was never again thought of. . . . Alone our victory would have been a plaything, but together with the National Democracy, we bore the brunt of the force of the administration—State and National—canvassed under the watchful eyes of the professional detectives, who were backed by bristling bayonets; voted over the bayonet's point; we won from the enemy 15,000 to 17,000 votes and carried the State for Tilden, as well as Hampton. If there has been a champion for Tilden, it has been Hampton."

The following is the material portion of Hampton's letter to Tilden through Marble:

"There is no doubt of it [the election] being carried for our State ticket, for our opponents would gladly agree to let us elect our men, if we withdrew from the Presidential contest. Of course we are most anxious to aid in the general election, but you can understand our solicitude as to how we can best do this. *If our alliance is a load, we will unload.* If our friends desire us to carry on the contest, as begun, we shall do so."

To this Marble wired Haskell:

"It is agreed here that your friend's persistence and his present efforts and plans are wise and advantageous."

I do not like to refer to personal incidents—it seems egotistical; but generalities are not so convincing as the relation of things within one's personal knowledge. And I am still hearing from time to time of the debt of gratitude due from the people of this State and section for substantial assistance rendered to them from the outside in the campaign of 1876.



Does this look like it? Or does it savor of treason to Tilden? A very few days before the election—on the Thursday or Friday, I think, before the momentous Tuesday—F. W. Dawson, editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, and at that time a member of the Democratic National Executive Committee, came to my office and showed me a telegram just received by him—in cipher, if I remember aright—from headquarters, stating that it was absolutely necessary to raise more money for presidential election expenses at the North, and that \$5,000 had been apportioned to Charleston to raise. I gave him a check from my firm for \$100, which was all that we could afford at the time, being very far indeed from multimillionaires, and having already spent over \$1,000 for the cause—chiefly for arms and ammunition—and knowing well that we should have to expend more. The \$5,000 were raised and sent.

On January 18 the joint committee of the House and Senate of the United States made their report suggesting an Electoral Bill, which was generally received with satisfaction in Congress and by the country. Messrs. Morton, Cameron, and Sherman opposed it vigorously. It passed the Senate on January 25, and the House a day after. On March 2 Hayes was declared elected. Meantime matters remained unsettled in South Carolina, as far as Federal interference was concerned, but were becoming daily more normal as to local government. In the latter part of January the city of Greenville, through a public meeting, denounced Chamberlain “for attempting to trample on the liberties of the people,” and pronouncing the Tax Bill of his Legislature “null and void,” and pledging the County to pay the Hampton taxes, and none other. Republicans in the upper counties also refused to pay the Chamberlain taxes.

A case was got up for the Supreme Court to obtain a decision as to the legality of Hampton’s title. A convict was pardoned by Hampton, and then the Superintendent of the Penitentiary refused to recognize the pardon, and the case went to the Supreme Court on habeas corpus. Before it was decided, Chief Justice Moses became ill, and did not recover, but eventually died. During his illness the remaining judges

were Mr. Willard and the negro Wright. Unless they agreed, no decision could be arrived at. Wright was receiving his salary monthly from the Hampton government, the Chamberlain "dynasty" having no funds to pay to anybody, and being very much put to it, and obliged to make private loans to keep their heads above water. So it was Wright's interest to continue to receive his pay. Moreover he was—among other things—a great gambler, and his friends, the "statesmen," could beat the "heathen Chinees" in holding aces, so that he nearly always lost, and had nothing to fall back upon. But his friends "wined him and dined him" incessantly at this period, to keep him from agreeing with Mr. Willard. His "church sisters" brought him more and more liquor, and prayed and wept over him incessantly. At length he got what they termed the "delirious freemens," and was laid up for a fortnight. However, before succumbing to this mysterious malady, he signed an order in connection with Judge Willard releasing the convict, thus adjudicating Hampton Governor. Before doing so, he stipulated that the order should not be filed for two days, "because," he said, "it will seriously endanger my personal safety, if not my life, at the hands of persons of my own race and party." He came to Hampton and informed him that he feared that he would be driven out of the State by persons of his own color, but the General told him not to be at all alarmed, and that, if he should be "driven out," he would go along with him. Afterward he wished to withdraw his signature, but it was too late, and so this profound jurist went on another spree, disappearing altogether for a fortnight. The Hampton government was now recognized by all the Circuit Judges, and affairs began to become normal in the courts.

Commissions were issued to militia officers, and a considerable force thus organized from the rifle clubs, and they were a very much better class of troops than ordinary militia.

Everywhere patiently working untiringly day and night, Hampton was gaining, Chamberlain weakening. Even President Grant said, if Chamberlain could not collect taxes and sustain himself, he could not be maintained by the whole army of the United States.

Before the select committee at Washington considering the President's message in regard to the use of troops in the Southern States at the elections, called for by previous action of the House, A. C. Haskell testified that there was no insurrection, or threatened disturbance in South Carolina before, or after the late election calling for the interposition of troops. He saw Federal soldiers on guard at the State House inspecting the certificates of the members of the General Assembly. The officers of the army took their instructions from and acted under orders of O. A. Jones, private secretary for Chamberlain. The Legislature was organized by United States soldiers in the interest of Chamberlain.

Mr. Robertson, one of the Republican United States Senators from South Carolina, said in the Senate, speaking on a resolution introduced by General Gordon, of Georgia, to recognize Hampton as Governor, that there had been no intimidation by whites on election day, and very little during the campaign, but that there was great and incessant intimidation by Radical negroes of other negroes, and also that there were very many more fraudulent votes cast by the Republicans than by the Democrats. He cited details showing some 3,000 bogus Chamberlain votes polled in Beaufort County, a negro stronghold. He favored the recognition of Hampton as inevitable and in the interests of peace and order.

Even *The National Republican* (extreme Radical organ) came out in the latter part of February for fraternity, "burying the hatchet," and "letting the South alone."

On February 20 a thing occurred which had much better not have occurred. The Hampton militia were arranging to parade in Columbia and Charleston on February 22, Washington's Birthday. The personnel was the same as that of the former rifle clubs. Lieutenant-Colonel Black, Eighteenth Infantry, stationed at Columbia, in the Capitol, sent to the Hampton authorities the following communication—very reluctantly sent it—quoting the Secretary of War's exact words:

"His Excellency, the President of the United States, directs me to notify you, that the members of the so-called



rifle clubs, who under his proclamation of 17th October last were instructed to disband, are not to make any public demonstration, or parade, on 22nd instant, as is said to be contemplated." He added, "My orders require me to see that no such parade takes place."

When this was received, a messenger was on the way from Hampton to invite Black's Regiment to lead in the parade, and this much embarrassed the latter, who was an unwilling instrument.

Governor Hampton on this issued the following proclamation:

"Executive Chamber,

"Columbia, S. C., Feb. 20, 1877.

"His Excellency, the President of the United States, having ordered that the white militia companies of the State shall not parade on 22nd instant to celebrate Washington's Birthday; in deference to the office he holds, I hereby call upon these organizations to postpone to some future day this manifestation of their respect to the memory of that illustrious President whose highest ambition it was, as it was his chief glory, to observe the Constitution, and to obey the laws of his country. If the arbitrary commands of a Chief Magistrate, who has not sought to emulate the virtues of Washington, deprives the citizens of the State of the privilege of joining publicly in paying reverence to that day so sacred to every American patriot, we can at least show by our obedience to constituted authority, however arbitrarily exercised, that we are not unworthy to be the countrymen of Washington. We must, therefore, remit to some more auspicious period, which, I trust, is not far distant, the exercise of our right to commemorate the civic virtues of that unsullied character, who wielded his sword only to found, and perpetuate, that American Constitutional liberty which is now denied to the citizens of South Carolina.

"WADE HAMPTON, Governor."

The action of the President was received with an almost universal condemnation from the journals of both parties at the North, and Hampton's proclamation was approved without dissent. It was pointed out that the President had no

more lawful power to prohibit a Washington Birthday parade in Columbia and Charleston, than to do the same thing in New York or Boston. It was noted, too, that the negro militia had not been forbidden to parade until afterward. There were many heated comments by members of both parties at the North. One Northern newspaper asked: "What is the reason for this barrack-room order in time of peace? Is it because Washington was a *Southerner*? Is it sought to treat his memory with disrespect because he always acted strictly within the law? Are *we* to be ordered not to celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln because he, too, was of Southern birth, and a respecter of law and liberty?" In fact special significance was attached to the incident—it makes so much difference whose ox is gored. Intense excitement was prevailing all over the country, attention being absorbed by the Electoral Commission now in session, and every hour, almost every minute, was bringing important reports, sometimes true, as often false. Morton (Thaddeus Stevens's old running-mate) and his party had bitterly opposed the passage of the Electoral Bill, and their threats were now audible of non-submission to its findings, if unfavorable to their interests. It was well-known, that this faction of the dominant party would stop at nothing and had influence over the Executive, and there were observed—or imagined—certain ominous movements of troops, which many people feared might indicate the purpose of a coup d'état. There can be no doubt that this feeling of unrest and dread exercised a certain duress—unconsciously to themselves, perhaps—upon the action of the Electoral Commission. So when this order controlling State militia was flashed upon the public—without any plausible explanation—it added to the apprehensions, which were filling the air. It was understood that the Executive had said that, in the event of there not being a new President inaugurated on March 4, he would hold over, whereas, it was contended that he should yield the place to Mr. Ferry, the President of the Senate, a civilian and a moderate man not bound to any faction, although a Republican.

But whatever the effect on others, the incident greatly contributed to Hampton's credit, for his dignity and forbearance and perfect manliness in the treatment of the matter could not but excite general admiration.

One of the very agreeable accompaniments of this affair was the spontaneous burst of warm-heartedness from the Georgia militia. They all sent by telegram the kindest of invitations to the South Carolina militia, obstructed illegally in their own State, to join them in parading on Washington's Birthday. This, together with all the valuable assistance during these trying times so freely rendered by Senator John B. Gordon, left a deep impression.

Bloodshed, accompanied by the old slogan of "rebellion," would, in the hysterical state of the public mind, have been a most valuable asset to the political heirs of Thaddeus Stevens. To this fact the order owes its origin in all probability. But, whatever the real cause may have been, there can be no doubt that it was the strongest provocation to bloodshed that could have been devised. Remember, that this people had been for ten long and weary years suffering the tortures of the damned in an inferno of chaos combined with despotism such as their Anglo-Saxon race had never experienced. Bear in mind, that by their unaided exertions, and with but scant sympathy, even from the outside, they had exacted from fate their redemption, for the election and installation of the Governor of their choice were now certain, and it was also generally known that with the inauguration of either Hayes or Tilden the Southern policy of the Washington administration would become humane and patriotic. And thus, after a decade of black night, full of miseries, horrors and delirious dreams, they felt that the glorious sunrise was near at hand; \* \* it had not yet come, but already the light of gray dawn was transforming their world from a hideous prison-pen into a thing of beauty to their eyes—pleasant glimpses of the future were opening up through the vistas. And now comes this unprovoked blow in the face. The manhood in them cried out against abject submission to an edict no more morally or legally justifiable than would be a similar one.



addressed to the English people by the Sultan of Turkey forbidding them to do honor to the birthday of Queen Victoria. What! Had not they before that been "proclaimed"? Had the rifle-clubs been thereby "dispersed"? Had it not, on the contrary, proved a bugle-blast calling to the front every man worthy of the name, armed to the teeth? Was the soldiery now to attack the people peacefully and lawfully assembled? A hoarse, ominous murmur from the people became audible, which might well have burst into a deafening roar, drowning all expostulation, but the merciful God of Peace spoke from the lips of Hampton, "Submit yet awhile." Bloodshed was thus prevented, quiet restored, as it had been by his few calmly uttered words at the State House in Columbia in that impressive scene, which I have already attempted to describe.

On February 27, a letter signed by Messrs. Stanley Mathews and Charles Foster, close personal friends of Mr. Hayes, was given to Senator John B. Gordon, of Georgia, outlining what the Southern policy of Mr. Hayes would be, if declared President. The Southern States were to be allowed to control their own affairs without Federal interference.

On March 4, Mr. Hayes, the decision of the Electoral Commission in his favor having been acquiesced in after some demur, was duly inaugurated, and the country breathed freely once again. He was recognized as an upright man, who would endeavor to do his duty and obey the Constitution and the laws. He was not the choice of the people, as by the popular vote he was in a very decided minority, nor had he fairly received a majority of the real electoral vote, but, as far as he was concerned, his title was honorably based upon the decision of the Electoral Commission. But the very fact of his title being unique and not derived from the people, would naturally, on a conscientious man, such as he certainly was, have a sobering and steadying effect and keep him, it was felt, within the law. This proved true, and it was high time that the country should come to its old safe moorings, or wreck was ahead.

At first the Radical party in South Carolina had hoped against hope from the inauguration of Mr. Hayes, but its members almost immediately "gave in" and tried to make peace for themselves with "the powers that be." Mr. Chamberlain was fast being stranded alone among the Federal bayonets at the Capitol. On March 6 Stanley Mathews, after consultation with Haskell at Washington, wrote a letter to Chamberlain broadly though politely suggesting that he had better give up the contest. Mr. Evarts wrote a polite message on the letter, saying that he had read it. This was a shot between wind and water to an already practically sunken craft. Mr. Chamberlain replied, as he naturally would, from his standpoint, and no fault can be found with that, but added unnecessarily, it was thought, some words that when known gave offense. They were:

"I have been exposed to personal danger by day and night constantly for five full months, and I am wearied to death."

The fact of his having been in any personal danger was indignantly denied. It was pointed out, in the first place, that he had been at liberty to leave at any time he chose, and remained only for his own personal interests; that he had been constantly guarded while in the State House by United States troops, and his residence watched by the "State constabulary" and detectives, while all the white population of the State had only themselves to rely upon for protection, and were surrounded by troops and negroes stirred up to turbulence. If, therefore, it was contended, he was "wearied to death," they themselves could be excused for having nervous prostration. But still more loudly they exclaimed, that, whatever faults had been justly or unjustly laid at the door of the Southern people, no one had ever imputed cowardice to them, and that assassination was the quintessence of cowardice. They pointed out that the Reconstruction Acts had created many and untold evils—among others, rape and lynchings—but that even those Reconstruction Acts had never been able to naturalize assassination, which was held in immeasurable contempt and loathing.

There is but a step, it is said, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and of this one is reminded by some of the straits

to which Mr. Chamberlain was put toward the end of his political existence. He had by that time ceased to be a tragedian in the eyes of the public, and had become involuntarily a light and airy comedian. Our Nemesis can find few crueller instruments of torture than the lash of ridicule—many men in misfortune would rather be shot at than laughed at. Not only had Mr. Chamberlain's castles in Spain collapsed in ruins, "the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces" "melted into air, into thin air," the "unsubstantial pageant faded," leaving "not a rack behind." This was bad enough, but might be borne with more or less equanimity, if the element of self-supposed dignity had not also "faded" "like the baseless fabric of this vision." To be reduced from the heroic rôle acclaimed throughout Stevensdom of champion of "the rights of man," defender of "a free ballot and a fair count" (or was it only a free count?), and changed into a political mendicant, locked out of the tills of the taxpayers, and compelled to buttonhole in vain for loans every one whom he could think of; after having long been "clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day" at the expense of his neighbors, to be reduced to the "cold wittles" of a defeated "statesman," and to be deafened by the unavailing clamors of his "faithful few" for "change" for market and wails for drink, and the "bar'l" empty; to be gravely reprov'd and even vilified by former Northern friends, who had been until lately hounding him on to obtain the electoral vote at any price of criminality; after leaving for the last time the State House, and alone, deserted by all, driving through unfrequented, silent streets in a hired hack to his temporary home, to realize that he must for the first time pay the fare out of his own pocket instead of as formerly from the public treasury—all this, and much more like it, must have been very trying indeed, and the best that he could hope for from the public was, not sympathy, but a smile of amusement. It is one thing to imagine one's self, when "the jig is up," a Roman hero falling on his sword, and quite another to know one's self to be, in plain English, only a defeated and officially "hard-up" politician (officially "hard-up" only, of course, for naturally there would be treasures laid up, not in



Heaven, perhaps, but at the North, in safety from molestation). If it were not for fear of being accused of undue levity, I should be inclined to "size up" the situation by quoting a unique epitaph, the appreciative tribute to the strenuous but unfortunate deceased:

"He done his d—dest, and no one can't do no more."

## CHAPTER EIGHTH

## PRESIDENT HAYES RESTORES CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

Peace in the crowded town,  
Peace in a thousand fields of waving grain,  
Peace in the highway and the flowery lane,  
Peace on the windswept down!

Peace on the farthest seas,  
Peace in our sheltered bays and ample streams,  
Peace whereso'er our starry garland gleams,  
And peace in every breeze!

Peace in the whirling marts,  
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,  
Peace, God of Peace, peace, peace, in all our homes,  
And peace in all our hearts!

—Henry Timrod.

As time went on after Mr. Hayes's inauguration, impatience began to be manifested with the delay in carrying out the promised withdrawal of troops. It had always been the fixed intention of the community never again to submit to negro rule. They had fairly and squarely elected their own government, and it was now in working order. They would exhaust all peaceable legal means to regain their rights, but, failing that, in the end they would render it necessary to establish and permanently sustain absolute military government administered by white men; either real representative government or the naked bayonet, but never again the negro as ruler. No question but that Mr. Hayes was acting in good faith, but great impediments were sought to be put in his way by the faction in his own party hostile to him, and then the Louisiana problem was not yet settled. Hayes tentatively put out the proposition to Hampton which had already been made to him by Radicals in the State—to have another election and abide by the result. The Governor replied that he would consent to this, provided Mr. Hayes would agree to abide by the result of another Presidential election, but not otherwise. Then a commission, somewhat the same in principle as the electoral one, was proposed, but this was also declined.

The newspapers at the North began to criticize Mr. Hayes pretty severely for not acting. So on March 23 he wrote a very friendly letter to Hampton asking him, if convenient, to pay him a visit in Washington to talk matters over, and the General wrote on March 26 that he would accept the invitation. He briefly explains in his letter to Hayes the situation, and says: "I give the assurance that no proscription shall be exercised here on account of political opinions; that no discrimination shall be made in the administration of justice, and that all citizens of both parties and both races shall be regarded and fully protected by and amenable to the laws."

Hayes also wrote inviting Mr. Chamberlain to come on to see him, which he did.

So Hampton went to Washington, accompanied by General M. C. Butler. A committee of citizens of Charleston interested in commercial matters also went on to Washington to confer with the President.

Hampton's trip was one continuous ovation. At every railway station a crowd was present, when the train stopped, to express the admiration of the people. Seldom, if ever, has such a genuine, spontaneous, popular outburst been witnessed. It was not confined to places in his own State; the feeling was equally appreciative in North Carolina and Virginia. When in Washington, admirers wished to make a great popular demonstration in a serenade, but he persuaded them that it was better not to do this.

On March 29 General Hampton, accompanied by his Attorney-General, Conner, and by Senator Gordon of Georgia, had a very pleasant interview with Mr. Hayes. He dined that evening with Mr. Evarts, and was during his stay in Washington constantly meeting people, turning those hitherto opposed politically to him into personal friends, and warming up to steam heat the hearts of old acquaintances, for he possessed in a most remarkable degree, as has before been pointed out, that wonderful influence over men, call it magnetic, psychic, whatever you like, a very real and grand power over one's fellow-men.

At length Mr. Hayes was "hypnotized" by Hampton, and on April 2 agreed to withdraw the troops, and let Hampton



take possession of the Capitol. This the Governor promised he would do by legal means if necessary, and not by force. If Mr. Chamberlain still declined, after the withdrawal of the troops, to vacate the Capitol, he would proceed against him by law, eject him in that manner, not using harshly the treason process, which could have been done, but acting under a statute against such as attempted to carry on government under pretended authority. Hampton renewed his assurances of peace given Hayes by letter, and wired Mr. Simpson, Lieutenant-Governor:

"Everything is satisfactorily and honorably settled. I expect our people to preserve absolute peace and quiet. My word is pledged for them. I rely on them."

The withdrawal of troops was fixed for April 10.

The return of Hampton was marked by even greater popular demonstrations along the route than his trip to Washington had been. Railway stations were ornamented with bunting of welcome and garlanded with flowers. A deputation in a special train from Columbia met him at Charlotte, N. C., and a great mass meeting was held there, followed by a reception. It was a "royal progress" all the way! On his arrival at Columbia he was met by thousands, and escorted by a procession to his home. In each case he acquainted the people in a speech with what he had done in their name and for their benefit, and as to what was expected of them and promised in their behalf.

There was on his return a "landslide" of Republicans to Hampton. They all wanted to get aboard the Democratic wagon. "Honest John" Patterson, Senator, promised to cease all opposition and to support General Butler for his position in the Senate. The Republican leaders now generally said that Hampton's election was for the good of the State and everyone in it, and expressed great satisfaction with the character of his addresses.

Mr. Chamberlain, too, returned to Columbia, and to the State House. He had been urged by the "Stalwarts," who had quarreled with Hayes, to hold on to the last gasp, as they wished to do all that they could to embarrass the President. But within the last twenty-four hours before the time fixed

for the withdrawal of the troops, he concluded that further opposition was not advisable, and Hampton took possession, as arranged between them, on the morning of April 11.

At exactly twelve o'clock of April 10, the order was heard in the Capitol:

"Attention!"

"Take arms!"

"Unfix bayonets!"

"Carry arms!"

"Count fours!"

"Twos right!"

"March!"

Thus ended the most deplorable drama, of using troops to carry elections in South Carolina. God grant that it ended thus forever in America. In His mercy this time He raised up Hampton, with courage, patience, temper, and wisdom most wonderful, but human endurance has its limits.

Mr. Chamberlain thought well to issue an address, nominally to his constituents but really intended, no doubt, for the country. It was all a repetition of the old story of which the country was now heartily tired, for it had heard and seen Hampton. It also took Hayes severely to task. The newspapers at the North were not generally at all complimentary in their comments on it. The *Springfield Republican* called it "a case of excusable cussing."

The New York *Sun* said: "Chamberlain's piratical ship goes down defiantly with the bloody shirt nailed to the mast."

The New York *Herald* said: "The protest is an insult to the common sense and moral feeling of the country."

The Philadelphia *Times* remarked: "He retired ungraciously and ungracefully," and adds: "The dispassionate men of all parties will see in his bombastic and reckless appeal only a terrible arraignment of himself, if only half be true that he alleges as the condition of South Carolina."

The New York *World* put it: "A hollow sound."

And so on with others.

However, at this distance of time, it seems to those not behind the scenes in the Republican camp, that Mr. Chamberlain was, at the end, badly treated by his party, unless there

has been recompense unknown to us. An estimate of the kind of campaign carried on and methods used may be made from this narrative, but at all events it was openly done with the approbation or at the instigation of the leading faction at that time in the party, and it caused Hayes to be President. How much of the cruelty and severity of the campaign measures made use of by Federal officials was without his privity and desire we have no means of knowing, but between the pressure from that quarter and from the irresponsible, reckless, and desperate Radical element in the State, it can be inferred that he was swept along against his original purposes by an irresistible current. In this narrative, however, we can only relate, without prejudice against anyone, the facts of the case as they appear on the record. Probably, after all, his address was intended as a brief of his case for his party. It was said at the time that he was offered a mission abroad.

One of the first fruits of Senator ("Honest John") Patterson's repentance, vowed to Hampton on bended knee at Washington, was to be the release, and entering of *nol pros.* in the cases against citizens arrested on charges of "conspiracy to deprive the negroes of the right to vote." According to Patterson, these numbered seven hundred—it is natural to suppose an underestimate—and the arrested were chiefly in the rural districts, where homes would be thus rendered unprotected, and much hardship result. This number would be about one per cent. of the total white voting population of the State, but of course a very much larger percentage of the white voters in the country districts, where these arrests had been made. Estimating each family, whose male bread-winners and protectors were thus taken from them, to average four persons, this would show at least two thousand eight hundred people on farms and in hamlets left in a condition of misery by this "plan of campaign." The charges against them were "trumped up" on irresponsible negro affidavits (at "one-fifty for one, or eighteen dollars a dozen"); and were now generally admitted to have been without foundation in fact. All this was done in order that Mr. Morton and his friends should obtain the electoral vote of the



State and a President supposedly favorable to their personal interests. If this had been done in Russia, what would have been said about it in the United States?

Though "Honest John" had said that these prosecutions would be dropped, yet, owing to his quarreling with some of his former friends or for some other reason, they all were not *not pressed*. In May the so-called Ellenton rioters (the whites, not the blacks) were tried before the United States Circuit Court in Charleston. The District Attorney managed to exclude all white men from the jury, except such as could take the "iron-clad oath," *i. e.*, that they had not served in the Confederate army, which excluded nearly all men not cripples within a certain age; and the rest of the jurors were negroes, such as always could be found hanging around court-houses, anxious to serve on juries in political cases, and pocket money without work. But it was as well. For there was one acquittal, and all the other cases turned out mistrials, the negroes invariably going for conviction, and the white jurymen (though "iron-clad oath" men) for acquittal. It was a perfect vindication of the accused. It was proved that the affair originated in an attempt at rape made by two negroes upon a white woman, and that the whites by the posse saved the entire section from being destroyed by the negroes, evidently incited by prearrangement for the political purposes of the canvass. But the accused had been put to great anxiety for themselves and families, loss of time, and expense by the prosecutions, thus suffering irreparable injury. It was brought out in the trial that before the riots harangues were being freely and openly made to the negroes, inciting them to murder and arson.

If anyone really feared an outbreak from whites or negroes on the withdrawal of the troops and the acknowledged unobstructed rule of Hampton, the event proved them to have been entirely mistaken. On the contrary, it was like a quiet Sunday morning after a turmoil; there was universal relief. So quiet and natural was the dropping-back to normal conditions that the people could hardly realize that all the artificially produced misery of the last eight years was not merely the recollection of a bad dream, which had no real

existence, until they looked around them upon the havoc made in their fortunes and the marring of the lives of at least two generations. To the negroes themselves—not leaders in politics—it was probably a greater relief than even to the whites. They had been so bullied and badgered by the Radicals that they did not know where to turn. If they sought, as many did, their natural protectors, between whom and themselves there was always a gravitation, they met the denunciations of their leaders and still more of the preachers and the negro women. After the first novelty of voting had worn off, they would not have cared for it at all, if not inflamed by the demagogues. They knew full well that it had proved a fatal gift replete with evil to both themselves and the white population. But now the barriers set up by politicians for their own benefit were knocked down—or rather, had rotted away from natural causes—and they were, for the first time in eight years, really free, and felt it so. Moreover, they realized the conviction that, even if there had been any vindictive feeling against them among citizens of the other color, they possessed an impregnable rock of defense in Hampton, who had pledged to them just treatment, and from him that meant more than just, it meant kindly, considerate treatment, and he would keep his promise, they knew, though the sky fell. No one on the outside ever will, ever can—it is useless to try to explain—quite understand the mutual feelings between such a man as Hampton and the blacks. Born the hereditary owner of vast numbers of negro slaves, and saturated with the inherited feeling of kindness, protection, considerateness for their many faults and failings and sense of responsibility for their happiness and well-being, he was not divested of these sentiments by emancipation. To his dying day, in all his poverty, no poor wretch of a negro would ever bring to him an unheeded tale of distress and request for help; the last cent in his pocket would be bestowed, and kind words and advice as well. That, and because, too, he never could bring himself to refuse to help an old fellow-soldier, were the chief reasons why he died poor. It was, also, from this mutual feeling—which it is hopeless to make clear to this generation born during the

inferno of Reconstruction at the South, or residing in other and differently constituted communities—that he possessed so much influence on the votes of negroes during the campaign. They naturally looked up to him, were proud of him, proud of themselves as being “Car’linians,” as he was. They never could have felt so toward a stranger, charmed he never so wisely. This was a factor in the campaign which the Radicals, most of whom really regarded the blacks as so many “dumb driven cattle,” could never appreciate, but that is why the boasted twenty thousand majority melted away from them so unexpectedly.

Hampton had promised Hayes, and reiterated in his speeches, that both parties and colors should be “protected by and amenable to the laws.” This however did not make it possible, even if it had been desirable, to protect those who had been guilty of flagrant civil crimes. That would have been to compound with felonies. There were, therefore, a good many former “statesmen,” who now found it advisable—or thought it so—to leave for pastures new. There was no vindictiveness—every one felt too happy to be vindictive—but, naturally, with a carnival of unrestricted rascality in progress for eight years, or more, the number of criminals at large would have filled all the penitentiaries in the United States, and half of them wished to turn “state’s evidence” against the other half. But great forbearance was shown, and absolute amnesty was tacitly given to all negroes, except some of the most criminal leaders, who incontinently fled.

To those with a tendency to philosophize, and having the leisure for it, one of the strangest features of the transformation effected by Hampton’s acknowledged rule was that there was not, from the first moment of it, a vestige left of any other government. There were no debris, no wreckage material to be seen; no ruins. It had simply disappeared like a mirage in the desert. The reason is not far to seek; there never had, in sober truth, been any government at all under Radical rule. There had only been a nebulous, misty phantasm of nauseous vapor, in the air, which faded out of sight immediately when the bayonets of the troops were removed, and which could have been blown away into space—if the



bayonets had not been there—at any time, in five minutes, during the last eight years. It is said that there is honor among thieves, but it was not so in this case; they turned upon one another, like wolves devouring the wounded of the pack, and there was hardly one who proved other than a coward, when the time for bragging was past, and for action had come.

As political affairs were now on a settled basis, Hampton was but too glad to lay down the sceptre of dictator, which, by universal acclamation, he had been compelled to assume eight months before. He called a session of the Legislature to meet on April 24. It is only fair here to revert to the difficulties, which he had overcome, backed by a united people, during those eight months.

Never had the clouds lowered blacker over the political, commercial, and industrial conditions of South Carolina, and of the South in general, than they did in August, 1876. It is needless to remind the reader by reëxhibiting the vivid pictures painted by Mr. Pike and Mr. Chamberlain. Beside this, a Presidential contest was on of the closest and hottest description. The Morton party scanned with eager, anxious eyes the political prospects in every State, and they could afford to lose none which could by possibility be held. They saw in South Carolina a popular uprising from a condition of unparalleled distress and misery, which must be crushed or the electoral vote would be lost to them, and that electoral vote they considered they owned by right of conquest. They, therefore, employed measures, which I have only partially, but perhaps sufficiently, described, and it must be confessed by any one at this date that they were "heroic remedies" indeed, such a spectacle as God forbid Americans shall ever again behold. The "Conservatives" had but limited financial resources and many expenses to meet in the purchase of arms; and ammunition to protect their homes and for usual campaign purposes, and received no assistance from outside the State. They had a majority of negro votes of twenty thousand to overcome. All the electoral machinery of the so-called State government was against them, handled ably and unscrupulously, and also the courts and legal machinery;

and militia and State constabulary. The Democrats, black and white, were perpetually harried by the marshal, with one thousand deputies and troops, and intimidated and obstructed in the canvass. A patent fraud was eventually engineered by Federal officials by which the Board of Canvassers did their utmost to defeat the will of the people, and the Legislature was organized by troops. Moreover, though Hampton was backed by the people and would have been sustained through thick and thin by all the better and by far the larger part of them, yet all are not of the stuff from which heroes are made. Though ably and gallantly assisted by the men who stood close to him and coöperated with and obeyed by the people, yet it was like one grand battle from August to April, where the General had to be on the firing-line day and night, and exercise the authority, the one-man power, which in the exigencies of battle is indispensable to requisite discipline and success. It was no time for debating societies. All this, he did, exhibiting a wisdom and intuition, a self-restraint and control of the wills of the people, without which success would have been utterly impossible. It was for him and him alone to "pluck up drowned honor by the locks" for us all.

The Legislature met on the day appointed. It will be remembered that the Democrats had a majority in the House, but not in the Senate. The Radicals in the latter body met in a somewhat defiant mood, thinking to have things their own way. But in this they found themselves mistaken. There were so many members against whom criminal prosecutions could be instituted that they were sufficiently weeded out. It was discovered—among other things—from evidence of record in some of the public offices, that Gleaves, Whittemore, Nash, and Woodruff had purchased thousands of dollars' worth of champagne, brandy, whiskey, and cigars for their private use delivered at their homes and paid for them with warrants signed by Woodruff, Clerk of the Senate, and Gleaves, Lieutenant-Governor. In one instance over \$5,000 had been paid out in this way and charged on the books as "stationery." Gleaves had been Lieutenant-Governor from 1874 to 1876, as a "reformer," and had claimed to have been

reëlected in the last election. He was a weak-looking, meerschäum-colored mulatto. Whittemore, a Congressman expelled from Washington for cadet-peddling, was now the chairman of several Senate committees, a most sanctimonious fellow in whose mouth butter would not melt, with the manner of a "preacher," very deprecatory and mild. It also came out now, that he had pocketed some money assigned him for the purchase of portraits of Lincoln and Sumner intended for the Capitol. So he fled without more ado, as did the others soon afterward. It seems that "though on pleasure bent," they "had a frugal mind," for they conducted barrooms and brothels for their own profit at the expense of the State.

When the houses had been put in running order, Hampton sent in his message, which was a very able document, laying down a well-digested programme. Matters financial and otherwise were found in a deplorable condition, and long and arduous efforts would be necessary to reëstablish a satisfactory administration.

How well and faithfully was performed by Hampton the task of building up the waste places desolated by ten years of turbulence and robbery, it is not within the scope of this narrative to relate. The story of the "crisis" has been briefly but fairly told, of Hampton—the Pacificator. Nor is it the writer's intention to relate Hampton's career of two terms in the United States Senate. That is a part of the history of the country in general, and concerns broad questions not purposed to be discussed here. Suffice it to say that his record in the Senate of the United States is one of which his State may well be proud, and that he and Butler conspicuously redeemed the honor of their constituency, which had been disgraced by such creatures as "Honest John" and his fellows.

The wounds inflicted upon the State by Reconstruction were deep and gangrenous when Hampton took up the reins of government. The blood-poisoning, however, is not incurable, and in two decades from now the patient may have entirely recovered, provided it is possible "to close the door of hope" from the "race-question" to the ambition of the politician and to the temerity of the uninformed meddler.



For this it is only necessary to leave that question where it belongs, outside of politics, and to those who from birth, experience and sympathy are fitted to deal with it: to let it rest in the patient and conscientious treatment prescribed by Hampton. He who interferes is the worst enemy the negro can have. He is the worst enemy, too, that the white population can have, whether he err from evil design or folly or both combined, for he it will be who keeps the South "solid." She first was made so to her ruin, as a vassal of "Reconstruction," and is so today, as a free community, to protect herself from the possibility of a similar fate. As long as the beacons of danger are lighted, so long will there be an Eleventh Commandment, obeyed as conscientiously as the ten handed down from Sinai, "Before all else, thou shalt stand 'solid' with thy neighbor against negro rule under whatever disguise." Remove the menace, and the South would gladly again, as she formerly did, possess two parties honorably divided on general policies. It was unscrupulous politicians who first made her "solid"; it is they only who can keep her so. She realizes that "solidity" tends to contraction and narrowness of thought, and an isolation harmful to intellectual and material effort. She knows, too, that the so-called "race-question," come what may, will be settled by the march of events, and that it is at most only a temporary matter; that her territory, so broad and fertile, is ample to maintain in happiness and plenty hundreds of millions of inhabitants, and that, when the certain prospect of this has been evolved into a living fact—as surely it will be, and that, too, in a short space, measured by the life-time of races—the negroes will constitute such a small percentage of the total population as to have ceased to be a very important factor in the social life of the section. But for that very reason is he the negroes' worst foe who would sever them from their neighbors, who must then be their only help and protection. Well knowing all this, the South is also aware that meantime grave injury may be done to her in the future as was done in the past; that there is nothing so evil and unjust but that wily politicians, and ingenious doctrinaires

may with it "fool all the people some of the time," to her detriment and the disturbance of the whole country.

Though this may be play to you,  
'Tis death to us!

With a statesman of grasp at the fore, and amateurs and negrophilists to the rear, it would not be found necessary or expedient for the Republican party to make a flank attack upon the South through the attempt to curtail her Congressional representation, for the purpose of legislating against her thus weakened, in the spirit if not the form of the Reconstruction period. Common interests would make allies, if allowed to do their peaceful work uninterrupted. There are many such common interests, among them the cotton-spinning industry. The South now spins considerably more raw cotton than the North. South Carolina is the largest spinner of any State in the Union, except Massachusetts, consuming in her mills more than half of the raw material which she grows, and of the money invested in these enterprises more than four-fifths is Southern capital. And so in the great iron industry and others, there are interests, and therefore political opinions, common to both sections. With common interests to draw the country together, there are really no longer sectional questions to separate it. If our rebellion against Great Britain was right, many might think "imperialism," or any approach to it, wrong; but there is nearly as much diversity in sentiment on this subject at the South as at the North, and so on with other public questions, not excepting even the trusts. Disintegration of the "Solid South" can be arrested only by calling back from a hideous past the loathsome specter of Reconstruction. Only let us alone with the "black peril," and it will cease to be one. Encourage "expansion" in liberality and toleration, and we are friends and brothers through thick and thin. For the "Monroe doctrine," if you like, in the "yellow peril," if it comes, "our rifles are your own."

As we were re-reading the above long after it had been written, a coincidence worth relating occurred. A large party of Northern tourists had just made a journey through the South on an "Educational Conference" (the "Ogden

movement") in order to teach the Southern people how to elevate the Southern negro by education. The three principal speakers (Carnegie, Taft, and Booker Washington) were reported as advocating the education of the Southern negroes to render them capable of taking an important part in legislation in the "black belt," as they termed the Cotton States. A fourth speaker declared that the putting the ballot in the hands of the Southern negroes was right in spite of the ghastly results of the Stevens-Morton scheme of Reconstruction. You may say that these were only foolish, idle words, which could really do no harm, because the percentage of Southern negroes sufficiently educated to be politicians would always remain too small, compared with the ever-increasing white population, to constitute an important political factor in the community. This would be true, were it not that but slender mental equipment suffices for a politician, and this the mulattoes, with the greater intelligence derived from their white blood, could acquire and then, in their own personal interests, vote the negroes "like dumb driven cattle," as was done during Reconstruction, and in this way hold the balance of power between white factions, and thus practically rule. We have no comment to make on this further than to say that it accentuates the wisdom, nay, the necessity of a "solid South," and tends to postpone the good time coming when it will be possible to have two legitimate political parties there. But the point which we wish to make is this: A careful student of the statistics of crime finds that the South as a whole is more law-abiding than the North, and also that the percentage of crime among Southern negroes is as four to seven among Northern blacks, or not much over half as great. Such being the case, we cannot help saying that perhaps it would be better to learn from the Southerners how to elevate Northern blacks. As announced by the Chairman, the thousands of dollars expended in the tour were furnished by the great oil monopolist, who at the time was undergoing legal investigation for alleged rascalities, which is regrettable. The chief speaker was the mammoth steel monopolist. The Chairman himself possesses the confidence of all as to his intentions. Another thing to be noted is that, if it is true,



as they allege it is, that the percentage of illiteracy at the South is much greater than at the North, and as it is proved by statistics, that the percentage of criminality is greater at the North than at the South, it follows that education (education, as *they* understand the meaning of the term; that is to say, "the three R's" and what accompanies them) does not necessarily promote morality.

A book has been recently published by Mr. Von Grabill under the title *Letters from Tuskegee*, in which he alleges that very grave irregularities, and worse, exist in the management of that institution. Of course, these charges will be denied by the management, and every one will hope that they are exaggerations—most sincerely will those hope so to whom they do not come as a surprise. The most serious accusations, at least those upon which most stress is laid, may be classed under four heads: "graft," sexual immorality, inculcation of social equality and all that the term implies, and insincerity in the boasted industrial education, of which we have heard so much laudation from some sources.

As to "graft," its existence there can be a matter of astonishment to but few, for money lavishly subscribed and put at the disposal of irresponsible parties is sure to lead to this. Recent revelations in life insurance, railway, banking, and other circles conducted by members of the Aryan race should make us slow in casting stones at the colored people for similar crimes, and if well-intentioned, but badly-informed, persons choose to squander their money in ill-advised subscriptions, it is, perhaps, only their own concern.

In regard to sexual immorality, we would suggest that this is too harsh a term to use in characterizing the offense. Negro blood, by an inexorable law of nature, carries with it uncontrollable lust, and the colored race is no more to be blamed for possessing this characteristic than for having dark complexions.

Of the yearning for social equality, it should be remembered that it, too, is a universal inheritance of the blood, which elicits pity, not anger, from the white man.

But the fourth charge, that the pretended industrial education is a "fake," a complete fraud, is very serious and

demands rigid investigation, for it is the one subject of real practical importance to be considered. Industrial training pursued in a *bona fide* manner, with sensible methods, would prove useful to both races; but if it is a "fake," as charged, or even if it is in a measure a fraud, or inefficiently conducted, it will greatly assist nature in increasing the weight that the colored race is and must be upon any community.

It may seem strange that so little has been said in this book about the secret organizations, which are supposed by many to have played so important a part during Reconstruction. But they did not play at all the important part often attributed to them; the work was chiefly in the open. One cannot approve in general of the principle of secrecy in combinations, or think such, under normal conditions, justifiable—there is too much risk of the remedy becoming worse than the disease. There may arise sometimes, however, terrible exigencies that justify secret associations. Secrecy is the weapon of the weak against the strong. Should David tell Goliath beforehand of his sling? It is essential to any organization of a military character, which without it would be ridiculous. The people found it necessary to make Hampton a virtual dictator, as they had been compelled to confer similar authority on Rutledge a hundred years before. The American, whose birthright is liberty, is reluctant to tolerate secrecy, or render unquestioning obedience except in war. But the campaign of 1876 *was* war peacefully waged by courage, intelligence, and self-restraint.

I have now presented the case of Reconstruction to my reader on its merits, free from the legal quibbles of the hired attorney. For his sake, for his convenience, I have stricken out from my brief unnecessary details that otherwise would have filled volumes, through which he could not be expected to have the patience to wade. To avoid harsh personalities (for I am for peace and tolerate "blood and iron" only as a last resort, and even then it is a remedy often worse than the disease), the chief offenders have not been designated by me as such by name (with two exceptions). But the reader can not mistake their identity. They are pilloried in the public

records by their own acts, those politicians who nullified Lincoln's testament to the people, who destroyed his most cherished ideals, his fondest, dearest hopes. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," I ask only that these offenders be branded with eternal condemnation in order that they may be distinguished from honest men by those who read this book, and by their children and their children's children. And surely, sooner or later, will they have their resurrection from "bottomless perdition." But they will not come in the cerements of the grave, but clothed in most "up-to-date" garments, "silver-tongued," or smoothly speaking "golden words" of sophistry. But they should be known by the brand.

— So, I submit my little brief as sufficient. I do not desire to address the jury, confident its conscience will render a verdict of "Guilty."



## CHAPTER NINTH

## DECLINING YEARS—DEATH

Suffering! and yet majestic! in pain;  
 Mysterious! yet, like spring-showers in the sun,  
 Velling the light with their melodious rain,  
 Life is a warp of gloom and glory spun.

—Hayne.

Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour.

—Goldsmith.

At the State election in 1878 Hampton was elected to a second term as Governor. There was no opposition from Democrats: it was on their part virtually a unanimous plebiscite. During the first year of his second administration, he was sent to the United States Senate, and served two terms. After that he was appointed by Mr. Cleveland Commissioner of Pacific Railroads, which office he held until a change of administration, and for about one year afterward. This ended his public career, as far as office was concerned. But in the record of his declining years are found unfailing amiability, magnanimity, wisdom, and heroism, which endured as long as life lasted, and which have left a sweet fragrance about his memory that will always be present to those well acquainted with his story.

We have passed the noonday summit,  
 We have left the noonday heat,  
 And down the hillside slowly,  
 Descend on weary feet.

I wish I could quote, as appropriate, the next succeeding lines,

Yet the evening airs are balmy,  
 And the evening shadows sweet,

but on him the "evening airs" blew chill, and the "evening shadows" were gloomy. Yet, with a spirit which would make no surrender to fate, with mind clear, memory perfect, and kindness, cheerfulness, and attractiveness undiminished, he lived his life bravely to the end, and was no less the hero than at the most brilliant stages of his career.

When elected to the Senate he had not yet recovered from a bad accident. He had taken an outing in November on a deer hunt at some distance from his home. It had proved difficult to procure a suitable horse, and he had contented himself with a young mule as a mount, being able to ride anything. While alone in the woods, the bridle proved rotten, and the head-stall and bit fell off. The wretched animal became uncontrollable, and dashing wildly through the woods brought the General's leg in contact with a tree with great violence. This occurring at some distance from where suitable surgical assistance could be obtained, the injury was aggravated. It proved necessary to amputate the leg below the knee. The delay thus caused in making the operation produced very serious complications, and for days his life was despaired of. During all that time the public hung over the reports about him on the newspaper bulletin boards as eagerly and anxiously as if it had been a near and dear relative whose life was wavering in the balance. At the Charleston Club private telegrams describing his condition were posted from time to time during the day. In the end, his magnificent constitution, never enfeebled by excesses, triumphed, and there was a long breath of relief, and many a "thank God!" was reverently uttered. Nor did it very materially interfere afterward with his horsemanship, and he continued to be a cheering sight when mounted. His health, however, was somewhat affected by the local pain afterward experienced and by the curtailment rendered necessary, at times, of out-door exercise. But to the end he hunted, and his rod continued to be almost as much a resource as formerly, as it could be used with much less physical exertion than the gun. To his former captures of the gamest fish he added many trophies of tarpon, when that finny champion in silver-mail entered the lists. On one occasion, when pursuing sport with the latter, he was beaten in the day's score by his companion, a lady of his family very expert with rod and reel, and there was consequently a great joke at his expense. It was pleasant to hear during his railroad commissionership of his sometimes landing some big fellows off the Southern California coast and of the interest

which he would take during the evenings in arranging tackle for the next day's exploits.

It is necessary to refer to a painful period of Hampton's life, because then he exhibited grand qualities, and without notice of them, some of the most exalted, as well as most lovable of his characteristics, would be passed over, but the writer does this with no tinge of hostility against anyone. Such a feeling would be altogether out of keeping with the nature of his subject. Moreover, there are certain great principles which are unchangeable and admit of no compromise; which are as imperative always as the "*eleven*" Commandments; but when you come to apply those principles to practical cases, there often will be room for honest, and intelligent differences of opinion. Besides, important subjects are like mountains seen from different points of view. The man who has always lived immovably fixed on the east is familiar with the contour as seen from that side, and thinks he knows all about that mountain, and by what trail to cross or climb: he who has all his life long lived on the west is equally cock-sure that he understands that mountain through and through; and the two, meeting by chance on neutral ground, are ready to beat each other to death to prove the correctness of their views. Yet neither is necessarily either a fool or a villain, but only a narrow-minded person. A third dweller in the neighborhood, who happens to have been repeatedly round and round the mountain, can see that each disputant is right from his own standpoint, and wrong from the other man's: in short that "heterodoxy is somebody else's doxy."

The failure to be elected for a third term to the United States Senate closed Hampton's active political career. This, happening not at his own volition, but like a blow in the face, would try to the fullest any man's equanimity. It ended his official influence, and took him out of a sphere of usefulness which had become also during those twelve years a habit of life at an age when, after long years spent in the service of his people, it was too late to take up other occupations. It forever put out of his reach the objects of honorable ambition, which he had always pursued to the benefit



of the community. Moreover, busily occupied since 1876 with public concerns, he had had no opportunity to look after his private interests and thus recuperate in fortune, as others had been able to do through improved conditions, which he had done so very much to produce. The pay of a Senator living in Washington is soon eaten up by necessary expenses. I have heard of but one human being who ever honestly saved up money out of a salary in Washington, and that one was President Hayes, and he is said to have done it chiefly by giving his guests at dinner only water to drink. Moreover, if Hampton had a cent in his pocket it would go out to the first friend who told him he needed it. So it was that non-election to the Senate meant for him not only the end of honorable ambition and influence, and the agreeable sense of being useful to his people, but also left him in straightened circumstances. This latter condition was relieved, for the time being, by the railroad commissioner-ship, but when that ceased, he was pretty much "high and dry" in a monetary point of view, and then about eighty years of age, though vigorous in mind and body.

It is unquestionably true that it was not any of the above considerations, or all combined, which hurt him most grievously. It was the fact that his people, so many of his people, all of whom he loved, and who, as he thought up to that time, loved him, should do this thing to him in his old age. It was the personal grief for this that burned in so deeply; not the loss of political position and the means of subsistence. The latter he bore with a smiling face: no stoic more imperturbable, but his was the cheerful, genial way of taking it. The other was a deep wound, a wound given by a loved hand, but it elicited no remonstrance nor reproach, and left absolutely no bitterness behind: his heart was incapable of that. It was not done to him from lack of love. Old soldiers came to him before the election, almost or quite with tears in their eyes, and swore they would do anything in the world for him, except vote for him, and that they could not do, because of party fealty. If before his end he could have been sure that his people, one and all, loved him, as they did "beneath Virginia's sky," and in 1876-77, poverty, physical pain, and loss

of power would have been accounted but little. If he could have witnessed that grand spontaneous demonstration from the people's heart in Columbia at his funeral, he would have known it.

Charleston never wavered. The delegation from there voted on each ballot in the Legislature unanimously for him at the election, save one member. Whenever he came to Charleston, it was the signal for an ovation.

Let others hail the rising sun ;  
I bow to that whose course is run.

Always at the railroad station he would be met by a detachment from the Charleston Light Dragoons, as an escort during his stay, a crack militia company, formerly a "sabre-club" during the Inferno, before that a war-company serving under Hampton, and during the Revolution of 1776 and previously a military organization. "Hampton Day," which was celebrated at this period, will long be remembered as expressing an outburst of devotion seldom equaled, and which had no possible connection with politics and office-seeking.

As we have said, it is not the scheme of this book to recount Hampton's political career during the two Senatorial terms which he served as that would involve the discussion of national questions requiring too much space. But inasmuch as his political course was ended and the rest of his life darkened by the stand which he took upon the financial question and the subjects of minor importance constituting the system of which that was the central sun, it would be improper to avoid examining his record to ascertain whether he was right or wrong on that issue, and his treatment of it in reference to himself. If we conclude that he was wrong, then, although feeling equal sympathy for the distress caused to him, yet we should consider that he had unfortunately brought his misfortunes upon himself by a deplorable error of judgment. If, on the other hand, we find on investigation that he was right in acting as he did and, believing himself right, followed the dictates of conscience hand-in-hand with correct judgment, fully knowing the disastrous consequences to himself which would ensue, then we

must admire him as an upright statesman, as distinguished from a selfish politician. In making this investigation it is not necessary to go into local political questions, but better to confine ourselves to the great central subject, the sun of the system, finance.

We can now consider the currency controversy, as far as silver and gold are concerned, as definitely settled, and it is so recent that the details are familiar to everyone. Results have proved that the advocates of 'unlimited silver' were wrong, for what they predicted as the consequences of the adoption of the gold standard has not occurred. The farmer, in particular, instead of being ruined as foretold, is (as we write this) receiving and has been receiving for a long time a hundred per cent. more money for his cotton, nearly in the same proportion for wheat and measurably more for other products. Whether this has been brought about by the adoption of the gold standard as a definite cause, or whether only because the settlement of that "burning" question has relieved the strain and anxiety existing—without justification, if you like, and sentimentally—is an entirely immaterial academic question. Legislation on finance which ignores the sentiment of those best informed, might be very fine in the abstract, and disastrous practically. What is a panic but the result of sentiment? Everything purchasable is intrinsically worth as much the week after, as the week before, a panic, and there is the same quantity of money existing; but credit is impaired, sentiment is to the fore, and the important point for the business man and the farmer is not intrinsic, but market values, where compelled to sell. It is idle, of course, to argue against the logic of facts, for facts only are important. It is quite easy to perceive this now, that it has hapened, but the difficulty was correctly to foresee it, and that was the part of a statesman to do. Hampton did this, in spite of opposite opinions being held by the majority of his constituents on this and related subjects. But was he right by chance, or through the exercise of good judgment? I think it will be found clearly to be by the latter.



The commercial life of this country—"business"—is dependent ultimately on the agricultural conditions and, therefore, if they are permanently bad, "business" cannot for long be prosperous. Everyone is in "business" for purely selfish motives, to make a support for himself and his family, or to acquire property. All such persons can therefore be trusted not to advocate, knowingly, legislation which, without benefitting them exceptionally, bids fair to injure the general "business" situation of the community. Moreover, such persons must necessarily be better able to judge what kind of financial legislation will or will not be favorable to "business" interests than will those totally unacquainted with the subject in its practical bearings, however well informed academically. What is beneficial to general legitimate "business" interests must also, in the long run, be advantageous, in such a country as this, to the agricultural interests upon which commerce—"business"—is based. In a question developing such an angry controversy as that between "gold-bugs," and "silverites," it must be a man more bold than wise who would shut himself up in his study in order to decide, according to abstract principles, which side was in the right; if wise, and not a "know it all," he would obtain the opinions of "business men," who could have no interested motive in deceiving him, and he would give decisive weight to such views. If it were important to obtain for your guidance some practical information about an agricultural matter, you would expect to apply not to a doctor of divinity nor a financier nor a lawyer nor a "business man," who had never seen cotton except in bales, or wheat, unless in bread, but to farmers, who could be depended upon to tell you the truth according to their own knowledge. The same reasoning applies to finance as to farming, and it is difficult to comprehend why we should have sat at the feet of a lawyer and politician as a monetary Gamaliel. I think it was upon these principles that Hampton acted in the currency battle, and that it was because of this, and not through chance, that he proved right, and that by doing so he showed himself a statesman instead of a political charlatan. If he had been capable of putting aside conscientiously entertained opinions

for the sake of self-interest, and joined in that highly intellectual refrain once blazoned on banners, "sixteen to one, or bust," he could have remained undisturbed in the Senate for the rest of his life. Probably he could have gained the same personal end merely by the desertion of his friends and by remaining non-committal on vexed questions, but this he was also incapable of doing, not being "built on those lines."

In short he acted with wisdom, found the right path, and unflinchingly pursued that path, because it was right, knowing all the time that it led to the precipice of personal ruin. Of how many statesmen can this be said?

In the spring of 1899 General Hampton was engaged to come to Charleston to take a prominent part in a general meeting of Confederate Veterans, and was to be the guest while there of a friend. Just at that time his house, a short distance out of Columbia, and beyond the reach of fire-engines, caught fire and was burned to the ground. All his household goods were destroyed, nearly all his effects, and almost every personal article he possessed, including valuable papers—original documents—the loss of which was irreparable. He hardly more than saved the clothes which he was wearing. It is needless to remind the reader that his purse was also depleted before this. He was at this time in his eighty-second year. It was feared that this last misfortune, added to the burden which fate had been industriously piling upon him, might crush down, more or less, even his indomitable spirit. His friend, who had been expecting him as his guest at the reunion, wrote to him in some anxiety, and received a reply from which the following is an extract:

"I have saved some clothes, my gun, and fishing-tackle. We are in an outhouse, quite comfortable. If I had only saved my tent, I would be all right."

To another friend, who had written expressing the hope that he would make his promised visit, in spite of his fresh misfortune, he wrote:

"You see that I know you better than you did me, or you would never have expressed a doubt about my coming to Charleston. Did you ever know me to keep out of a fight

because one of my staff was ill? I shall fight the fight out to the end, for, as I wrote today, a fight is never lost, until its close."

The General came to Charleston, as had been previously arranged, and, in spite of being stripped of everything, exhibited the same dignity, urbanity, and geniality, as if nothing unusual had happened. He met his numerous friends and old comrades with a pleasure which was unmistakably genuine and not forced. He was never known to be more attractive and lovable. A genuine outburst of enthusiastic welcome greeted his appearance, whenever seen, not only from the inhabitants of his own State, but from every man, woman, and child, who looked upon the grand figure, more grand to their eyes in old age, bereft of everything but dignity, honor, and glory, than even when leading victorious squadrons, or standing the champion and sentinel of a people's redemption. In the procession he rode at the head of the old fellows of the Army of Northern Virginia, and as the immense column passed along the streets crowded from sidewalk to housetops, a wave of cheers from the throats of men and boys, and wild plaudits from the lips of women and little girls, rent the air, as his figure loomed up. A fine horse had been provided for him, but it was high-spirited and had not been exercised for several days, and at the unaccustomed sights and sounds would plunge and rear in a manner to have disconcerted many a younger man, but Hampton sat him with all the accustomed grace of a fine horseman.

In delivering a speech in the early part of the Spanish war, he recommended the men of the State to look to it that their quota of troops should be furnished and of proper material. Not that he was in favor of any but purely defensive wars, but that war was already commenced—the country was committed to it—and, besides, every breeze that blew from Cuba brought to our ears the heart-rending cries for help from the lips of women and babes herded like wild beasts in the death-pens called concentration camps. Little did we think then that humanity and natural sympathy for the sufferers there would be perverted by ambitious politicians into a similar war in the Philippines. Besides, a purely defensive war is not



necessarily, and should not be, fought on our own soil, but on that of the enemy. If indeed "war is hell," then let the pandemonium not be at our own doors. If, unhappily, we are ever involved in war with England, for instance, it would be the dictate of common sense, as well as of military prudence, to transfer the theatre to Canada. And a defensive war may very well compel us to protect the soil of these two continents from the aggressions of the buccaneers of Europe attempting to transplant in the Americas those antiquated relics of barbarism, imperial policies and standing armies. But God forbid all aggressive wars for "trade." It will be a sad day for our country if our President adopts that programme, for he is young and knows not what war really is, with all its unmentionable horrors, physical and moral. He is brave—no doubt will be found so, if ever tested—but it will not be *he*, but your boys, who will die miserably in the trenches and rot in the hospitals. *This is real war:*

'Tis a vision of ghastly faces,  
All pallid and worn with pain,  
Where the splendor of manful graces,  
Shines dim through a scarlet rain:—

In a wild and weird procession  
They sweep by my startled eyes,  
And stern with their fate's fruition,  
Seem melting in blood-red skies.

Or this (referring to South Africa, the "Christian Nations" in China, and the Philippines),

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,  
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range  
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass  
Your fresh fair virgins and your flowering infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious war,  
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,  
Do, with his smirched complexion, all fell feats  
Enlik'd to waste and desolation?

The Spanish War was not a real war at all, whatever some others may think from experiences in one or two skirmishes. It was merely a mobilization, as far as it went—a military demonstration—which had the desired effect, but it was not war. I know of an old soldier of four years' battles' teachings, and bearing the marks of the lessons engraved by bullets

on his body, meeting a "veteran of the Spanish War," and the latter, to make himself agreeable, claimed comradeship as a "veteran." The old man looked surprised, and then asked how that could be, for he was too young.

"I am a veteran of the Spanish War," explained the youth.

The old fellow looked at him for a moment in astonishment, and then remarked, in a low tone to himself:

"My God!"

Only those two words, but they expressed a world of premonition for the future to the unknowing present.

Shortly after the loss, a movement was set on foot to rebuild by public contributions General Hampton's house destroyed by fire. It was a spontaneous idea direct from the heart, prompted by universal regard and sympathy. The General was greatly touched by this evidence of feeling, but was unwilling that the project should be carried out, and, in order to let this be known to the public, wrote the following letter:

*"To the People of the State:*

"My duties during the past week at the Reunion in Charleston left me no opportunity of expressing to my friends my grateful sense of the spontaneous and almost universal sympathy shown by them for the loss I have recently sustained by fire. Let me now assure them that I am profoundly touched by their manifestation of kindness and by the proposal to rebuild my house.

"But they must pardon me for asking them to abandon this intended act of kindness, though the motives which prompt it are fully and gratefully appreciated. I cannot accept from my friends a testimonial of regard such as they propose; but the affection shown by them in wishing to reimburse me for my loss can never be forgotten, for it is prized by me far more than any gift from them could ever be.

"It is the duty of every citizen to serve his State whenever called on to do so, and his sole reward should be the consciousness of having fulfilled that obligation. If my fellow-citizens think, that I have ever been able to serve my State in any manner, I only discharged my duty in doing so, and

I am amply compensated for any services rendered by their verdict of 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

"I am, with heartfelt thanks for the great kindness shown me,  
Your fellow-citizen,  
"WADE HAMPTON."

This frank, manly, and dignified letter went home to all friends and neighbors and to the people at large, and also made a strong impression at the North, as evidenced by the comments of the press. It is a pleasure to say, however, that the project was carried out. It was thought better, instead of rebuilding the burned house, to buy a lot and erect a home for him in Columbia, because of his age making it advisable that he should be nearer to his friends and their personal attentions. In the residence thus provided he commenced his last sleep.

During the Boer War General Hampton, like nearly all Americans, sympathized with the heroic struggle of the South African Republics to maintain their liberty and independence. The New York *Herald* wrote a letter to him and to one or two others of the most eminent surviving officers of the Confederate Army, asking their views as to the best course for Roberts to pursue in his efforts to crush out the Republics. The General replied that he thought the best thing Roberts could do was to reëmbark his troops and take them home to England.

During the winter and spring of 1902 Mr. Roosevelt gave evidence of a desire to build up a respectable Republican party in South Carolina and some other States where it did not then exist, owing to the odium earned by the name during Reconstruction and for other reasons. In pursuance of this policy, some citizens of good standing in South Carolina were induced to take local Federal offices and it looked as if considerable headway would be made in that direction, and probably it would have been so if other considerations had not caused a change in the plans of the powers that be. Mr. McKinley's tactfulness and good nature, in connection with other circumstances, had produced a profound and widespread impression throughout the country, and by no means least at the South, where his murder by an execrable



assassin was regarded as a special misfortune to that section, not of course as great as that of Lincoln's, but of the same nature. There had never been a time since the contest of 1861-65 when sectional ill-feeling had apparently so entirely disappeared and when there seemed to be so good a prospect of political affairs throughout the country resuming the normal conditions prevailing before the troubles of 1861, and the causes producing them, which latter had for long ceased to exist. Nor has there even been a period when race-antagonism disappeared so completely at the South since the time when it was created by the Reconstruction Acts. Under the movement started in South Carolina by Mr. Roosevelt, who was at that time considered the heir to the policies and good will of Mr. McKinley, it was well understood that there was to be no political miscegenation, but that negrophilism, as a demagogical instrument, should disappear from politics, as sensible people, not seeking office, think it should do, for the good of both races, particularly of the negro. It was given out that there would be a divorce of politics from the negro (including an "*a mensa*" separation). It was understood that Mr. Roosevelt agreed that men of character accepting local Federal appointments would not thus, in any sense, be associated with negroes or mulattoes, for that he would appoint none except whites to important positions, thus recognizing the fundamental principle of representative government in selecting officials truly representative of the individuals and the interests of their constituencies. He certainly was believed to mean this, as attested by those whose assertions admit of no doubt but how far this can be reconciled to the nomination for Collector of the Port of Charleston of a mulatto unknown to commerce, the writer is unable to explain. It is manifest that the immediate success of such a movement as that referred to would very largely, if not altogether, depend upon the character, standing, and public influence of the appointees. If General Hampton could have been induced thus to take office, that would alone have gone a very long way to remove any political or social discredit which might otherwise attach to those doing the same thing, for there were many waverers who by

this would be turned into advocates. There were more individuals than it can elsewhere be believed who would have sacrificed their own judgment in following his, having always found him right in the end; and the adverse criticism of a large number would have been silenced, even if they did not follow him, and the hostile comments of the rest would have been moderated out of respect to the old chief. It would therefore have been a trump card in the game, and the game, provided the national policies of the party in power could be relished, or even tolerated, would commend itself to a large circle, particularly among the young, whose memories did not extend far back. Beside the desire and evident advantage of obtaining General Hampton's sanction, there is no doubt but that kindly feeling toward him, in old age and adversity stripped to the blast, played a considerable part with those conducting the programme and not least with the President.

I do not use here any information whatever derived from General Hampton, but, knowing his traits of character, it is not difficult to picture to one's self the interview between him and the friend deputed to sound him upon the subject of his accepting the appointment of postmaster at Columbia. One can imagine the old General, with clear, frank, wise eyes, and open countenance, upon which he who runs could read honor and good faith above all else, sitting in his arm-chair in his residence, a gift from the hearts of his people. His manner, always urbane and kindly, would probably be warmer than usual, as he listened to the proposition, for he would feel the good will manifested toward himself in it, combined with the political purpose, and his reply, though short and epigrammatic, must have been, we can feel sure, totally free from harshness. Then one cannot be at a loss as to the way in which the case was presented to him and the arguments in its favor: among other things, it would be said how much it would benefit the State and the South, thus eliminating the negro as the football of politics; how advisable it would be to have two legitimate parties in the State, thus removing all sectional friction, as was the case in normal times before the War and Reconstruction upset

everything: perhaps, in this connection, would be quoted the lines of Burke—certainly their purport would—that, “He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper”; then it would be urged that if a respectable administration party existed in the State she would no longer be always treated as a badly-behaved step-child, but would enjoy some of the advantages and favors, the bon-bons and nice things and kisses now monopolized by her dear half-sisters, who come in after dinner so sweet in pretty frocks; then, too, natives, or legitimate residents, would receive the emoluments of office, instead of, as hitherto, negroes and “carpet-baggers,” and the State would have a voice at Washington. He would be assured that, if he accepted the office, he would not be expected to take any more prominence in the movement than he desired; it was only his name that was asked for. No doubt, and with full sincerity, the pleasure felt at conferring so deserved an evidence of appreciation upon him, and the greater pleasure in thinking it would increase the comfort—or, rather, remove the sordid, pinching worries—of his old age, would be referred to. Knowing the General, anyone would be fully aware that the latter consideration would not influence his decision in the slightest; that, though he would give due weight—for the sake of his people’s good—to much (that is true) in the other arguments, yet his experience and wisdom had taught him to “put not your trust in princes,” and that there are vows, other than those of lovers, which are “made to be broken.” But beside and beyond and paramount to all this, we know that he was unalterably opposed to some of the principal national policies of the dominant party, including mountain-high protective tariff and militarism, and that, though liberal and entirely tolerant of the opinions of others adverse to his own, yet his were unchangeable, because founded on the rock of conviction. Probably, added to convictions, would be the sentiment toward the other party as one, though on occasions for a time erring in mental balance, which had yet never been heartless and criminal; had never sought to degrade, for political gain,



the cherished ideals of our race under the veil of pseudo-philanthropy.

One does not wonder at all, then, after listening to all, said judiciously and in a kindly, friendly spirit, his answer came unhesitatingly:

“Please tell them that I am not for sale.”

And yet he was then in straightened circumstances, and the salary attached to the office would have made him comfortable for the rest of his life—probably would have much prolonged it.

Late in December, 1901, General Hampton came to Charleston to attend a meeting there—the last public meeting he ever attended—of the old alumni of Columbia College, his *alma mater*. He was the oldest living alumnus there. The reunion with so many old friends was a great pleasure to them and to him, but he took a cold from which he appears never to have entirely recovered. In the following spring he became very ill, but bore up with so much courage and endurance that it was not until almost the end that his life was despaired of. On the morning of April 11, he succumbed.

To say that this event produced a profound sensation would not properly describe its effect. In Columbia, his home, and in Charleston, his birthplace, both of which had been unwaveringly devoted to him, and in many other places in the State and in families in the country, his death was felt as a personal bereavement, and among his old soldiers there was a still warmer hold of affection. At this time, the hearts of those who had been estranged from him politically went back to their love with a fervor of grief—or, more correctly speaking, the sentiment always within their hearts, now found vent in deep and earnest sorrow. Those for whom the miseries of Reconstruction had still a vivid memory acclaimed their sense of gratitude for inestimable services rendered, and the men intimately associated with him in those times wrote eloquent and touching tributes to the great statesman and pacificator. From other Southern States, through the press and otherwise, poured expressions of sorrow and appreciation no less sincere. The newspapers of the North, without an important exception, showed the

common heart-beat of a people comprehending, in great measure, the man, his noble character, and grand achievements.

It is a coincidence, that April 11 was the anniversary of the day in 1877, when the State House was delivered to him, thus rendering into his hands the last vestige of alien and negro rule.

On the day after his death memorial services were held at two churches in Charleston and at the Exposition grounds (now Hampton Park). Flags were at half-mast, even on the Federal buildings, and many places were draped in mourning. The same was true as to Columbia. In Charleston the courts adjourned, and Saturday was observed by proclamation of the Governor as a day of mourning, business houses being closed. Public societies and institutions held meetings and passed appropriate resolutions. There were sympathetic and appreciative utterances of public men throughout the country. General Longstreet said of him that he was "the greatest natural cavalry leader of our own or any other country."

Several days before his death he had a long talk with Bishop Capers. Among other things he then said, "From my heart I forgive all my enemies, if there are any men in South Carolina who are my enemies."

His mind was invariably clear up to twenty-four hours before the end, but during the last of that period he was unconscious frequently, or seemed so. He said in one of these intervals, "God bless all my people, black ar<sup>d</sup> white." Another time he was whispering something, and the watchers stooped over to listen. They caught the words, "All is black—My children on the field—Heroes forever! forever!" They asked if he meant his sons, Preston and Wade. He nodded his head in assent. They thought his mind wandering. Not so, it seemed to me. In the moment of death, his heart had flown back thirty-eight years and was on the battlefield of Burgess Mill with his two boys, one mortally wounded, the other he knew not how desperately, although he afterward recovered. Both had been sent to Richmond to the hospital; and the night closed down dark, dismal, and rainy, as he lay all the weary hours awake waiting for the

morning to renew the fight, and thinking meantime unceasingly of those poor boys of his; and now the father's heart was with them again, both dead now, he knows, but "heroes forever! forever!" Or were they then meeting again and lovingly greeting, just across the border-line—who can say?

The General's death could not but be a sorrow to all and bring a keen pang to his old soldiers and personal friends, and who, that knew him at all, was not among the latter? But in very truth

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,  
and naught for

Dispraise or blame—nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Yes, all this and much more can be said. He was in his 85th year, weighted down with many troubles. It could not be expected that his magnificent vitality could much longer remain unimpaired and few things can be more humiliating to a proud, high-spirited man, accustomed to tower above his fellows, than the consciousness of seriously diminished strength of mind and body, and this he was spared. But, above all, he died with a consciousness that would compensate anyone, if need be, for a death of torture, for to him had been given to perfect a record not only of almost unparalleled personal glory and honor, but which would for all time redound to the benefit of his whole country, and be a lasting and priceless heritage to all, if fully comprehended. Up to middle-life he had well-performed the duties of a man born to wealth and social and political importance, and had illumined with a light that detraction can never dim the true relation of master and slave. In short, he had fully come up to the most exalted standard of the much-abused, but very significant "grand old name of gentleman." In a war purely defensive, he had reached a height in his branch of the service certainly exceeded, if equaled, by none (attained—if attained—by no man but Forrest). But even this was the least of it, for, as leader, he had proved that, with proper discipline, the saying, "war is hell," is not correct in the sense intended, and the accepting it as correct tends to blunt the public conscience. "War is hell," as far as the miseries of battle-field, picket,



and hospital are concerned, and still more for the broken hearts at home. It is for this reason that war, for aught save defense, is only wholesale murder. But the inferno beyond this is within the control of the commander, and in Hampton's case this control was inexorably exercised. Amiable and kindly he undoubtedly was, but no willful disobedience of important orders was tolerated, and therefore the persons and property of non-combatants were sacred to his men, as witness the Chambersburg raid, the Gettysburg campaign, and others. I never knew or heard of but one occasion on which a life of one man of his own (Butler's) division was lost through disobedience of orders, and that occurred when a farmer's field was pillaged of corn to feed a favorite horse, and the boy was shot in the act by the sentry, which was a reminder to the troopers that they were soldiers, not schoolboys. In the campaign of 1865 in the Carolinas, orders (now on record) were issued to shoot all men, in whatever uniform dressed, found maltreating women, or maliciously setting fire to inhabited dwelling-houses, and this was done, and "hell" ameliorated as to its most demon-like doings, an example thus set in the nineteenth century which the twentieth would do well to follow. Hampton demonstrated, for all time, that men can be soldiers and at the same time conscientious, and that any General can make them so, if he desires.

If Hampton could look back upon his military record with a feeling of undying glory earned that would compensate for a thousand deaths, even more, perhaps, would his soul rejoice at the end in, possibly, the greater glory won in the battle for peace in 1876-7, the life and death struggle of a section of the Anglo-Saxon race? In his career in the United States Senate he knew that he served his people well and faithfully, and his private life, after his political career was ended, he could not but realize was a model of fortitude and dignity under great stress, as well as of sweetness of disposition and charm of character. Knowing all this, how could there be for him a "sting" to death? It was simply an order to the great soul to mount for the final review of the Supreme Commander-in-Chief, whose will no man had more thoroughly obeyed.

The funeral was to take place at Columbia on Sunday, April 13. By his dying request, it was not to be a military funeral. It proved to be the largest gathering of mourners ever witnessed in South Carolina, larger even than the demonstration at Calhoun's death. It was estimated that there were fully twenty thousand persons present, a considerable percentage of whom were blacks. When it is remembered that Columbia was not a large city, and the distance which strangers must travel to reach there, the number attending will be realized to have been great. Special trains were run from Charleston and other points to Columbia. His residence, where the body lay in state all day imbedded in the sweetest flowers of spring, was visited by thousands, and many a pathetic scene was enacted at this last farewell to the old General. Perhaps, in order to give some idea of the gathering, I had better simply insert a letter written just after returning from the funeral and published in the *News and Courier*.

"Like thousands of others, I went to Columbia last Sunday to be present at the funeral of the General.

"Hundreds were coming in by the railroads, and the town was full of those, who had come there from all parts of this State and neighboring States, and more distant places, all for the same purpose, induced by the same feeling of respect, admiration, gratitude to the man. There could have been no selfish, sordid motive for this—no trail of the dollar, or political lust—for he died poor, to his immortal honor. Even a man, whose name not long since was but a synonym for political opposition to Hampton, had come—to his eternal credit be it said—to pay the last mark of respect to the General.

"Whites and blacks thronged the streets, drawn together by a common sentiment. Children dressed in their best, and with grave, thoughtful little faces, added to the self-evident sincerity of the universal mourning. When the time came for the funeral procession to move from the house to the church, where the services were to take place, it is believed fully twenty thousand people were present. The hearse was driven by a negro with snow-white hair, who had belonged to

the General ever since he was born, and to whom 'freedom' had never meant estrangement and forgetfulness of life-long kindness received.

"In the procession everyone, men and women, the richest and the poorest, all walked—a horse was not to be seen, except those attached to the hearse, or drawing the carriages in which, for obvious reasons, the immediate family were placed. There were present old soldiers of historic renown, matrons and young girls. All along each side of the street, as we passed to the church, was a mass of grave, sympathetic faces.

"I did a lot of thinking during that short walk. I had seen in my time a good many public functions, where so-called 'tributes' were paid 'the nation's dead,' but never such a scene as this, where sincerity was shown in every face.

"As we passed by the pretty residences and charming grounds, evidences of thrift and prosperity, and remembered that if it were not a Sunday, the air would be throbbing with the hum of thousands of busy spindles, I thought, if it had not been for Hampton in the crisis of Reconstruction, these things would not now be.

"And I could not help thinking of a bright moonlight night many, many years ago, when, with one comrade only, I rode through the deserted streets of Columbia, the only sound that of our horses' hoofs, the only sights naked chimneys against the sky, and blackened ruins, and I reflected, *that* was Sherman's work, 'War is Hell'; *this* is Hampton's work, the peace of God.

"We entered the church, every space of which was filled by those who had come for the common purpose. And flowers everywhere, the sweet flowers of the Southern spring, tastefully arranged and made into artistic garlands by the loving hands of women. The impressive services soon began. Bishop Capers, a gallant and distinguished soldier of the Southern Cross, and an intimate friend of the General, officiated. At times his voice trembled with feeling he could not repress. The chancel was filled with the choristers, girls and boys, and their sweet young voices and the solemn wails



of the organ, made the heart thrill. The very crucifix at the altar seemed to shine with a light I had never seen before.

"I am not an emotional man—far from it—and with Anglo-Saxon shame-facedness of betraying any external evidences of feeling, but I did much thinking. I thought of Hampton, my beau ideal of a true soldier, in the days of my boyhood; of some of his superb military movements in Virginia, which I, with thousands of better men, had witnessed; of Hampton, like a paladin of romance, charging almost single-handed an entire company, killing three with his own hand, chasing the fugitives within the lines of their own army; of Hampton, one misty morning at gray dawn, putting into operation a consummately conceived plan to blot out with an inferior force Kilpatrick's entire Cavalry Corps; of Hampton sweeping over Kilpatrick's camp in a charge like an avalanche from the mountains, the most terrible cavalry charge, as Kilpatrick said in his official report, that he had ever witnessed.

"Then I recalled Hampton in his glorious old age, shorn of wealth, deprived of political power or influence in his own State, escaping from his burnt home, with all his household gods and comforts lost, and yet with undiminished courage and unfailing fortitude, and always ready with a charming smile and handshake for the poorest of his old soldiers and by example thus exerting a wide-spread influence for good.

"Thinking of all these things, I realized that others too—thousands—were then having similar thoughts, and that the memory of Hampton was a mutual bond between us all, a common ground upon which all good men can meet in sympathy, whatever may be their politics. And it seemed to me, without exaggeration, that the soul of Hampton was present and spoke in the music of the organ his dying words, 'May God bless all my people, black and white,' and that 'all his people' should unite in raising a monument to be the outward and visible sign of his perpetual influence for good.

"I was very much pleased to learn after leaving the churchyard, that a movement was contemplated [which has since developed into action] to erect a bronze equestrian statue of Hampton in Columbia. It seems especially appropriate that

Columbia, the Capital, should thus commemorate the military immortality of Hampton, leaving to Charleston, acting for the people of the State and of the United States, to perpetuate by a memorial his career as a statesman, who rescued from destruction civil liberty."

In the churchyard, beneath a venerable live-oak, surrounded with the flowers he loved, they laid all that was mortal of him to rest. Obeying his wish, there was no military pageant, but around his grave were some of "the old Division" (Butler's), who performed the last offices for their General,

And drooping low in solemn trall,  
All battle-stained, and bullet-torn,  
More plaintive far than human wail,  
Hung banners oft in triumph borne!

and from a bugle was sounded the last farewell.

Whose was the hand, that painted thee, O Death!  
In the false aspect of a ruthless foe,  
Despair and sorrow waiting on thy breath—  
O! gentle Power, who could have wronged thee so?





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